LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE

Modern Screen

PERIODICAL DIVISION

APRIL 34

10

CENTS



The Quints

MANY MORE PICTURES OF THE QUINTUPLETS

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—See Page 36



Here's to Irresistible YOU . . . a toast and a challenge! There IS an Irresistible YOU whether you have discovered it or not. To be irresistible, is the art of being a woman. To help you to be irresistible, is the art of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME.

You'll discover your own allure through the thrilling emotional lift of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. It is lasting and as exciting as champagne, gay as cocktails for two. There is further allure in the tender texture of Irresistible Face Powder and in the provocative challenge of Irresistible Lip Lure, the new lipstick. Try all the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Each has some special feature that gives you glorious new loveliness. Certified pure, laboratory tested and approved.



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IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. FACE POWDER. ROUGE. LIP LURE. MASCARA. COLD CREAM. COLOGNE. BRILLIANTINE. TALC.



SAYS DEBUTANTE

Savage!

A DEBUTANTE AND A DENTIST QUARREL ABOUT A RIB OF BEEF

Sensible!



SAYS DENTIST



(*But the civilized way to combat* "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" *is* IPANA *and* MASSAGE)

IN THIS PICTURE, you see a girl chewing vigorously on a rib of beef. Viewed from the angle of good manners, it's pretty bad . . . And the debutante is right when she says, "It's simply savage!"

But the dentist is right, too. And it needn't surprise you to hear *any* dentist say: "That's a good, common-sense demonstration of the *healthy* way to use teeth and gums."

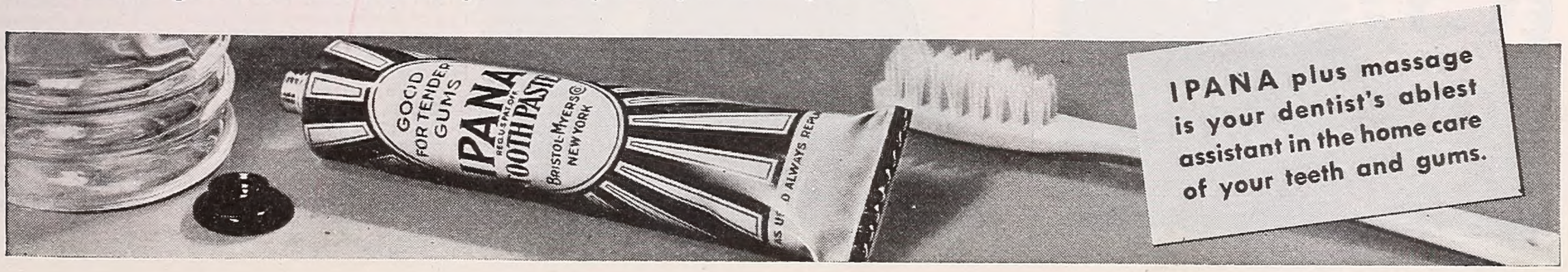
In modern dental circles, it is freely admitted that the lack of coarse foods and vigorous chewing is largely responsible for a host of gum disorders. Naturally, gums grow sensitive on a soft food diet. Naturally, they grow flabby, weak and tender. And, naturally, that warning "tinge of pink" eventually appears upon your tooth brush.

"Pink Tooth Brush" Tells the Truth

And the truth is—your teeth and gums need better care. You should change to Ipana plus massage . . . You should begin, today, the double duty you must practice for complete oral health. So start now to massage your gums with Ipana every time you brush your teeth. Rub a little extra Ipana into your gums, on brush or fingertip—and do it regularly.

For Ipana plus massage helps stimulate circulation. It helps your gums win back their firmness. It helps them recover their strength and their resistance. They feel livelier, better, healthier. And healthy gums have little to fear from the really serious gum troubles—gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease.

So be reasonable. For your smile's sake, for the sake of your good looks and your good health—begin today with Ipana plus massage.



FEB 29 1936

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OVERNIGHT

I LOST THAT DIZZY AND BILIOUS FEELING

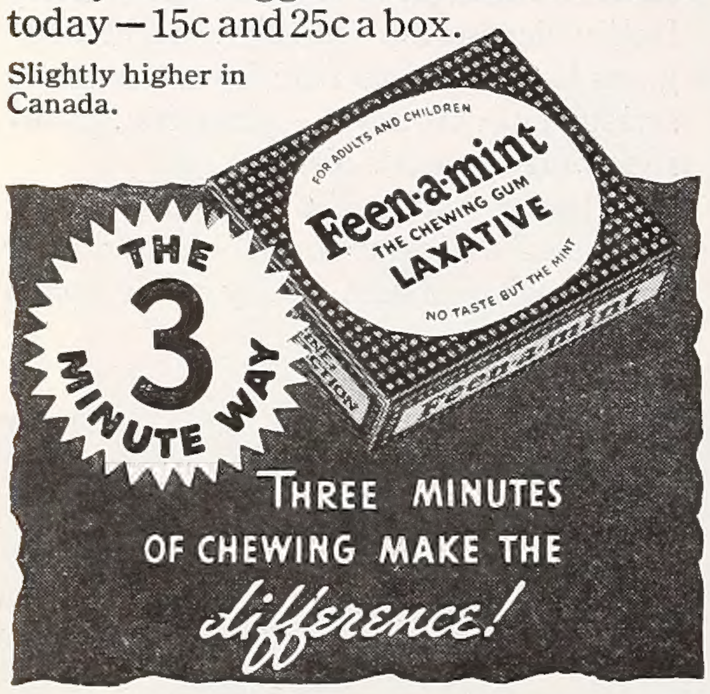


TODAY I FEEL LIKE A MILLION!

AND HERE'S HOW I DID IT!

When I went to bed last night, I felt dizzy and bilious. So I tried the FEEN-A-MINT 3-minute way that I've been reading about. I just chewed delicious FEEN-A-MINT for 3 minutes, and today I feel like a million dollars. What a difference from the harsh, griping action of old-fashioned "all-at-once" cathartics! It's good for the children too. They love its fresh, minty chewing-gum taste. And don't forget—FEEN-A-MINT is not habit-forming. Ask your druggist for FEEN-A-MINT today—15c and 25c a box.

Slightly higher in Canada.



MODERN SCREEN

NOW SHOWING

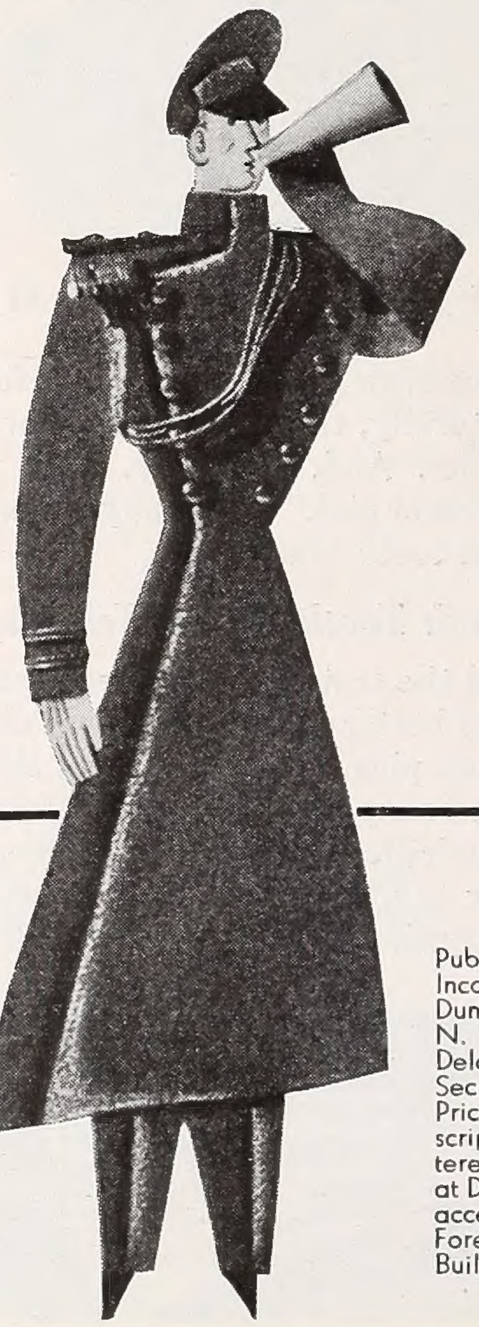
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ADELIA BIRD, Associate Editor

ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor

LEO TOWNSEND, Hollywood Editor



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THE GREAT ZIEGFELD
WILLIAM POWELL
As "The Great Ziegfeld"
MYRNA LOY
As loyal, devoted Billie Burke
LUISE RAINER
As tempestuous, irresistible Anna Held
VIRGINIA BRUCE
A "Glorified" Ziegfeld girl
FRANK MORGAN
As Ziegfeld's life-long rival
FANNIE BRICE
The inimitable Fannie herself
LEON ERROL
With his trick knee
GILDA GRAY
The original "Shimmy" Girl, herself
RAY BOLGER
Eccentric Dancing Sensation
NAT PENDLETON
As Sandow, the Strong Man
ANN PENNINGTON
Herself, dimpled knees and all
HARRIET HOCTOR
Ziegfeld's Greatest Dancing Star
REGINALD OWEN
As Ziegfeld's Manager
A. A. TRIMBLE
As Will Rogers
BUDDY DOYLE
As Eddie Cantor
JOSEPH CAWTHORN
As Dr. Ziegfeld
W. W. DEARBORN
As Daniel Frohman
RAYMOND WALBURN
Sage, Ziegfeld's Press Agent
JEAN CHATBURN
Mary Lou, Ziegfeld's protege
HERMAN BING
Ziegfeld's Costumer
WILLIAM DEMAREST
As Gene Buck
200 — GLORIFIED GIRLS — 200
Costumes by ADRIAN
Screen Play by
WM. ANTHONY McGUIRE
Directed by
ROBERT Z. LEONARD
HUNT STROMBERG
Producer
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
The Life and Loves of the World's Greatest Showman
2 YEARS IN PRODUCTION!
GREATEST MUSICAL HIT!
Now, in one flashing musical comes all that the great Ziegfeld gave the world in his crowded lifetime! American girlhood glorified . . . great Ziegfeld stars . . . the melodies he made immortal . . . and a new "Follies" with all the lavishness of Ziegfeld! You follow his fabulous private life . . . his tempestuous romance with Anna Held . . . his deep and ardent love for Billie Burke . . . All in M-G-M's biggest musical triumph!

MODERN SCREEN MOVIE SCOREBOARD

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Accent on Youth (Paramount)	3★
Age of Indiscretion (M-G-M)	2★
Ah, Wilderness (M-G-M)	4★
Alias Bulldog Drummond (GB)	2★
Alias Mary Dow (Universal)	2★
Alibi Ike (Warners)	3★
Alice Adams (RKO)	4★
Anna Karenina (M-G-M)	4★
Annapolis Farewell (Paramount)	2½★
Annie Oakley (RKO)	4★
The Arizonian (RKO)	3★
Bad Boy (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Barbary Coast (United Artists)	3★
Becky Sharp (RKO)	3★
The Bishop Misbehaves (M-G-M)	3★
Black Fury (First National)	4★
Black Sheep (Fox)	2★
Break of Hearts (RKO)	3★
Brewster's Millions (United Artists)	2★
The Bride Comes Home (Paramount)	3★
The Bride of Frankenstein (Universal)	3★
Bright Lights (First National)	3★
Broadway Hostess (First National)	1★
Broadway Melody of 1936 (M-G-M)	4★
Call of the Wild (20th Century)	3★
The Calling of Dan Matthews (Columbia)	1★
Captain Blood (Warners)	4★
Cardinal Richelieu (United Artists)	4★
Car 99 (Paramount)	3★
Case of the Curious Bride (First National)	3★
The Case of the Lucky Legs (First National)	2★
Ceiling Zero (Warners)	4★
Charlie Chan in Egypt (Fox)	3★
Charlie Chan in Shanghai (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Charlie Chan's Secret (20th Century-Fox)	2★
China Seas (M-G-M)	4★
Clive of India (20th Century)	4★
College Rhythm (Paramount)	3★
Collegiate (Paramount)	2½★
Coronado (Paramount)	1★
Crime and Punishment (Columbia)	3★
The Crime of Dr. Crespi (John H. Auer)	2★
The Crusades (Paramount)	4★
Curly Top (Fox)	3★
Dangerous (Warners)	3½★
Dangerous Waters (Universal)	2★
Dante's Inferno (Fox)	2★
The Dark Angel (Sam Goldwyn)	4★
The Daring Young Man (Fox)	2★
David Copperfield (M-G-M)	5★
Diamond Jim (Universal)	3★
Don't Bet on Blondes (Warners)	2★
Doubting Thomas (Fox)	3★
Dr. Socrates (Warners)	2★
East of Java (Universal)	2★
Escapade (M-G-M)	3★
Escape Me Never (United Artists)	3★
Every Night at Eight (Paramount)	2★
Exclusive Story (M-G-M)	2½★
Fang and Claw (RKO)	2★
The Farmer Takes a Wife (Fox)	3★
A Feather in Her Hat (Columbia)	2★
First a Girl (GB)	2½★
The Flame Within (M-G-M)	2★
Forsaking All Others (M-G-M)	3★
Four Hours to Kill (Paramount)	3★
Freshman Love (Warners)	2★
Frisco Kid (Warners)	3★
Front Page Woman (Warners)	3★
The Gay Deception (20th Century-Fox)	3★
The Ghost Goes West (United Artists)	4★
The Gilded Lily (Paramount)	3★
Ginger (Fox)	3★
The Girl Friend (Columbia)	1★
The Girl from 10th Ave. (First National)	2★
The Glass Key (Paramount)	3★
Goin' to Town (Paramount)	3★
Go into Your Dance (First National)	3★
Goose and the Gander (First National)	2★
Grand Exit (Columbia)	1★
The Great Impersonation (Universal)	2★
Hands Across the Table (Paramount)	3★
Harmony Lane (Mascot)	2★
Here Comes Cookie (Paramount)	3★
Here Comes the Band (M-G-M)	1★
Here's to Romance (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Hold 'Em Yale (Paramount)	3★
Hooray for Love (RKO)	2★
I Dream Too Much (RKO)	3★
I Found Stella Parish (Warners)	2★
If You Could Only Cook (Columbia)	4★
I Live for Love (Warners)	2★
I Live My Life (M-G-M)	2★
The Informer (RKO)	4★
In Old Kentucky (20th Century-Fox)	3★
In Person (RKO)	2★
The Invisible Ray (Universal)	1½★
The Irish in Us (First National)	3★
The Iron Duke (GB)	3★
It Happened in New York (Universal)	3★
It's in the Air (M-G-M)	2★
Jalna (RKO)	3★
Java Head (First Division)	2★
King of Burlesque (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
King of the Damned (GB)	1½★
King Solomon of Broadway (Universal)	1★
Laddie (RKO)	3★
Lady Tubbs (Universal)	2★
The Last Days of Pompeii (RKO)	4★
Last of the Pagans (M-G-M)	2★
The Last Outpost (Paramount)	2★
The Leavenworth Case (Republic)	2★
Let 'Em Have It (United Artists)	3★
Let's Live Tonight (Columbia)	2★
Life Begins at Forty (Fox)	4★
Little Big Shot (Warners)	2★
The Little Colonel (Fox)	3★
The Littlest Rebel (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Lives of a Bengal Lancer (Paramount)	5★
Living on Velvet (Warners)	2★
Love Me Forever (Columbia)	4★
Loves of a Dictator (GB)	3★
Mad Love (M-G-M)	2★
Manhattan Moon (Universal)	1★
Man of Iron (Warners)	1★
The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Mark of the Vampire (M-G-M)	2★
Mary Burns, Fugitive (Paramount)	3★
Magnificent Obsession (Universal)	2½★
The Melody Lingers On (United Artists)	2★
Men of Tomorrow (London Films)	1★
Men Without Names (Paramount)	3★
Metropolitan (20th Century-Fox)	4★
A Midsummer Night's Dream (Warners)	5★
Millions in the Air (Paramount)	1★
Mississippi (Paramount)	3★
Miss Pacific Fleet (Warners)	1½★
Mr. Dynamite (Universal)	2★
The Morals of Marcus (GB)	1★
Murder in the Fleet (M-G-M)	2★
Murder Man (M-G-M)	2★
The Murder of Dr. Harrigan (First National)	2★
Music is Magic (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
Muss 'Em Up (RKO)	2★
Mutiny on the Bounty (M-G-M)	4★
Naughty Marietta (M-G-M)	4★
Navy Wife (20th Century-Fox)	2★
New Adventures of Tarzan (Republic)	1★
Next Time We Love (Universal)	3★
A Night at the Opera (M-G-M)	4★
A Night at the Ritz (Warners)	2★
No More Ladies (M-G-M)	3★
Oil for the Lamps of China (First National)	4★
Old Curiosity Shop (BIP)	2½★
$1000 a Minute (Republic)	2★
One Way Ticket (Columbia)	2½★
Orchids to You (Fox)	2★
Our Little Girl (Fox)	2★
Page Miss Glory (Warners)	3★
Paris in Spring (Paramount)	3★
The Payoff (Warners)	2★
The People's Enemy (RKO)	2★
People Will Talk (Paramount)	2★
The Perfect Gentleman (M-G-M)	2★
Personal Maid's Secret (Warners)	2★
Peter Ibbetson (Paramount)	3★
Princess O'Hara (Universal)	3★
Professional Soldier (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Public Hero No. 1 (M-G-M)	3★
The Public Menace (Columbia)	1★
The Rainmakers (RKO)	1★
The Raven (Universal)	2★
Red Salute (Reliance-United Artists)	2★
Remember Last Night? (Universal)	2★
Rendezvous (M-G-M)	3★
The Return of Peter Grimm (RKO)	3★
Riffraff (M-G-M)	2½★
Roberta (RKO)	5★
Rose Marie (M-G-M)	4★
Rose of the Rancho (Paramount)	2★
Scrooge (Hagen-Twickenham)	2½★
The Secret Bride (Warners)	3★
Seven Keys to Baldpate (RKO)	2★
Shadow of Doubt (M-G-M)	3★
Shanghai (Paramount)	2★
She (RKO)	2★
She Couldn't Take It (Columbia)	2½★
She Married Her Boss (Columbia)	4★
Shipmates Forever (First National)	3★
A Shot in the Dark (Chesterfield)	2★
Show Them No Mercy (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Silk Hat Kid (Fox)	1★
Smart Girl (Paramount)	2★
Society Doctor (M-G-M)	3★
So Red the Rose (Paramount)	3★
Special Agent (Warners)	2★
Splendor (Sam Goldwyn)	2★
Star of Midnight (M-G-M)	3★
Stars Over Broadway (Warners)	3★
Steamboat Round the Bend (Fox)	3★
Strike Me Pink (Sam Goldwyn)	3★
Sylvia Scarlett (RKO)	2½★
A Tale of Two Cities (M-G-M)	5★
Thanks a Million (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
The 39 Steps (GB)	4★
This is the Life (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Three Kids and a Queen (Universal)	2★
Three Live Ghosts (M-G-M)	2★
The Three Musketeers (RKO)	3★
Thunder in the Night (Fox)	2★
Times Square Lady (M-G-M)	2★
To Beat the Band (RKO)	2★
Too Tough to Kill (Columbia)	1★
Top Hat (RKO)	4★
Transatlantic Tunnel (GB)	3★
Transient Lady (Universal)	2★
Traveling Saleslady (First National)	2★
The Triumph of Sherlock Holmes (GB)	2★
Two in the Dark (RKO)	2½★
Two for Tonight (Paramount)	1★
Vagabond Lady (M-G-M)	2★
Way Down East (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Wedding Night (Sam Goldwyn)	4★
We're in the Money (Warners)	2★
We're Only Human (RKO)	2★
The Werewolf of London (Universal)	2★
West Point of the Air (M-G-M)	3★
Whipsaw (M-G-M)	2½★
The Widow from Monte Carlo (Warners)	2★
Wings in the Dark (Paramount)	3★
Your Uncle Dudley (20th Century-Fox)	2★

You'll find this chart simple to follow and a valuable guide in choosing film entertainment. Instead of giving you the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under the heading, General Rating, beside each picture. Ratings: 5★, extraordinary; 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor.



Look!—Ruby's got a new dancing partner! With Paul Draper, sensational Broadway importation, she does her dandiest dancing to date to the tune of Warren & Dubin's new hits, in this swell story which Alfred E. Green directed.



And what a comedy team this turns out to be! Yet Hugh and Louise are just part of a convulsing cast that includes Marie Wilson, Luis Alberni, Berton Churchill, and Olin Howard.

A DOZEN GREAT STARS

Go 'Round and 'Round in

COLLEEN

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH



Warner Bros.' Stunning New Musical Displays the Terpsichorean Talents of Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Joan Blondell, Jack Oakie, Paul Draper and—of All People!—Louise Fazenda and Hugh Herbert, While the Rhythm of Four Swell New Song Hits Comes Out Here . . .



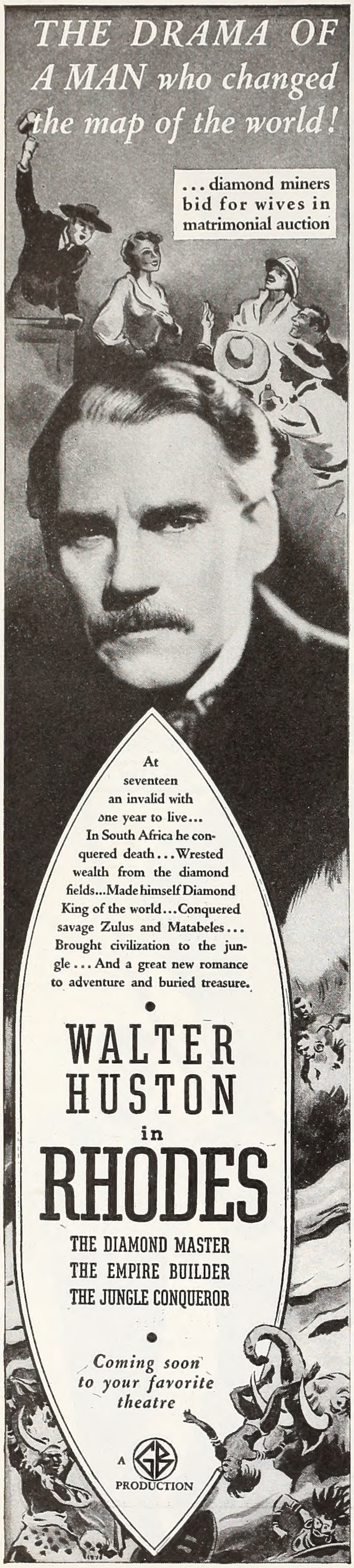


And just for good measure, 200 assorted Hollywood lovelies go to town in an up-to-the-second fashion show and other lavish dance numbers staged by Bobby Connolly!

Between love scenes with Ruby, Dick vocalizes "You Gotta Know How To Dance", "Summer Night" and "I Don't Have To Dream Again"

Everything's Oakie-Doakie when Jack and Joan "swing it" to the strains of "Boulevardier From The Bronx".







7—Wendy Barrie models a smart turtle-neck style sweater which has a new feature of buttoning down the back. Note the trick pockets and the cuff finish to the sleeves.



8—Marsha Hunt wears a trim jacket, cleverly knitted with wide revers and a vest-like cut. Instructions for making the long Ascot scarf are included in the pattern.

JOIN THE HOLLYWOOD *Knitters*

Here are two new star sweater styles

THERE'S twice as much kick to knitting something when you know that the finished article is an exact copy of a style sponsored by a Hollywood star.

This month, two of the younger Hollywood knitters, Marsha Hunt and Wendy Barrie, send you knitting instructions for their pet sweaters. One is a sporty looking turtle-neck style, just what you would expect an outdoorish English girl like Wendy to wear. And the other is one of those indispensable sweater jackets which Marsha Hunt declares she uses with a matching skirt to make a trim suit.

Sweaters are an important item in new spring wardrobes. And if you send in for instructions, promptly, you can have a smart new one finished in time for the first warm days when you can go without a coat or jacket. Wendy's sweater is perfect for sports wear and can be made in very light yarns, as well as the medium-weight one pictured. Marsha's jacket style can be combined with blouses or other sweaters, in the manner of the popular twin sets.

These are easy to make, because we will send you the full instructions as given to Wendy and Marsha by the famous yarn company who designed them. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Adelia Bird, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

And when writing in for the instructions, be sure to mention by number which style you wish—you may have both, if you like, but please send an extra stamped, self-addressed envelope if you want both. Remember instructions are *free!*



. . . worshipping the ground she walked on . . . loving her with a fierce loyalty . . . yet at the same time stealing his way into the flinty heart of a proud, tyrannical nobleman and teaching him the meaning of kindness.

Freddie Bartholomew breathes life into Frances Hodgson Burnett's beloved character, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and gives a performance in the world-famous story that will indelibly stamp itself upon your heart. Dolores Costello Barrymore as "Dearest" his mother, returns to the screen lovelier and more radiant than ever. She will delight the millions of fans who have been eagerly awaiting her return.

We'd like to be modest in our statements about this picture — but the facts speak for themselves . . . It has a magnificent cast — a perfect story — was directed by John Cromwell who thrilled you with "Of Human Bondage" — produced by David O. Selznick who gave you "David Copperfield" and the screenplay was written by Hugh Walpole, noted English author.

It is a picture that is marked for major screen honors in 1936!

Selznick International Pictures, Inc., *Presents*

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY

with

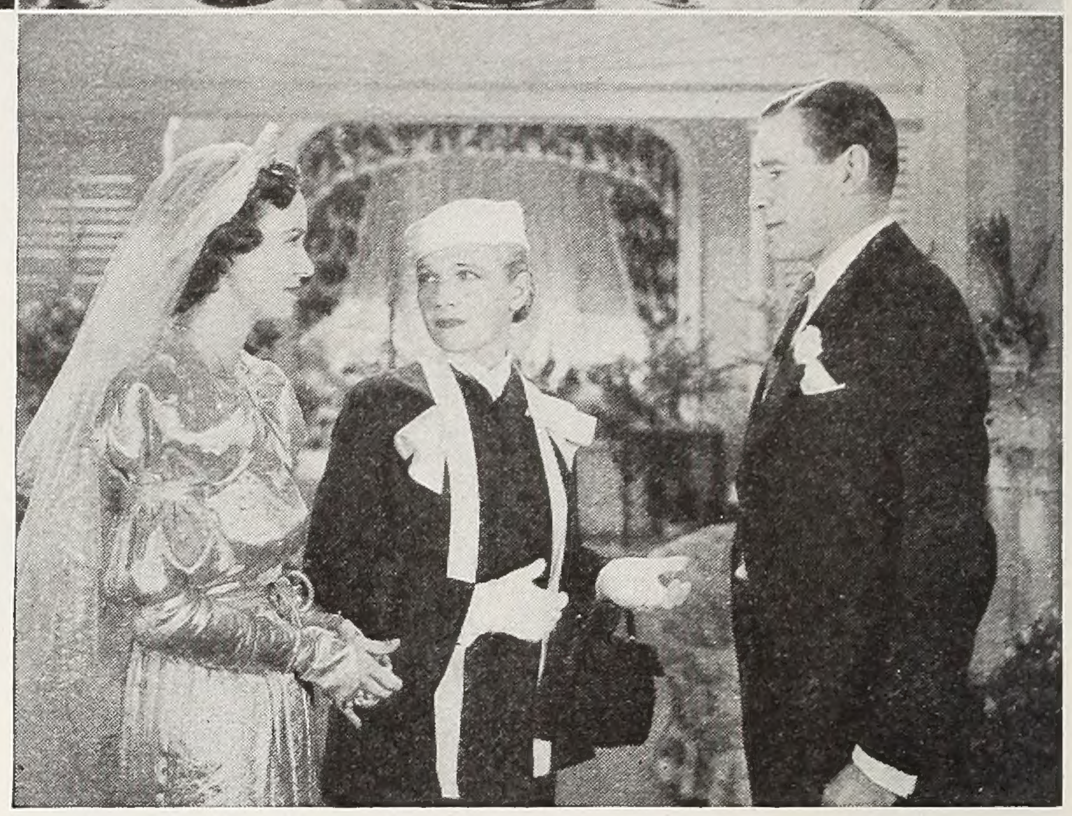
FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW *and* **DOLORES COSTELLO BARRYMORE**

Mickey Rooney • C. Aubrey Smith • Guy Kibbee • Henry Stephenson
E. E. Clive • Una O'Connor • Jackie Searle • Ivan Simpson • Jessie Ralph

PRODUCED BY DAVID O. SELZNICK Released thru UNITED ARTISTS







(Above) The long-awaited "Rose Marie" won't disappoint the Nelson Eddy-Jeanette MacDonald fans. In fact, you'll like it as much as you did "Naughty Marietta." (Above, left) And "Anything Goes," another musical, in a different vein, with Bing Crosby and Ethel Merman, offers an hour's enjoyment. (Right) Margaret Lindsay, Ann Harding and Herbert Marshall do good work in "The Lady Consents."

See Modern Screen's Movie Scoreboard on page 6

REVIEWS

A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

BY LEO TOWNSEND

★★★★ Rose Marie (M-G-M)

It probably comes under the head of good news for the Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy fans to report that their second co-starring venture is as appealing and as entertaining as was "Naughty Marietta," their first. As usual, La Belle MacDonald is as lovely to look at as she is pleasant to hear, and Nelson Eddy maintains the virility in both voice and appearance which won him so many feminine fans. If you are familiar with "Rose Marie," it is hardly necessary to inform you that Jeanette plays an opera star who falls in love with one of Canada's Mounted Police. The cop on horseback, of course, is Nelson Eddy, which is fortunate indeed, for their joint rendition of "The Indian Love Call," against a breath-taking north woods background, is one of the picture's most enjoyable moments. Other vocal numbers of note are Mr. Eddy's singing of "Rose Marie" and Miss MacDonald's humorous and catchy "Pardon Me, Madame." Others in the cast are Allan Jones, who sings with Miss MacDonald in a Romeo-and-Juliet scene, James Stewart, Reginald Owen, Alan Mowbray and Gilda Gray, who does things with her torso. In a word or two, it is a delightful screen musical.

Preview Postscripts

The fifty members of cast and crew who went on location for this picture agreed that it was like a six-weeks' vacation. Lake Tahoe was chosen for the location site, with Tahoe Lodge as headquarters. Members of the outfit had cabins surrounding the lodge, where all gathered for dinner. Until nine o'clock every evening they would gather around the fireplace, play games, tell stories and listen to Eddy and MacDonald practice duets. Nine o'clock was the unbroken bedtime rule, since 4:30 was the unbroken daily starting rule. In order to catch the first morning sun the company had to pack their way into the woods on mules for a few hours before dawn. So intent was the company on really roughing it, that beans were voted the favorite luncheon dish. Jeanette MacDonald is seriously considering doing over her delicate French blue and poudre pink dressing-room on the studio lot with bear skins and deer heads, now that she's back from the wilds. Bob Ritchie, the MacDonald heart interest for lo these many years, slew a wild-cat for a birthday gift for Jeanette while on a visit to the location set . . . Woody Van Dyke wielded the megaphone on this one. Van Dyke is a typical outdoor picture man, and is known as the best location director in the business. "Trader Horn," "Eskimo," and such epics are among his past work. Also "Naughty Marietta." Van Dyke admits he has only an average musical ear, but lays his success with musicals to the fact that movie audiences have only an average ear, too. Therefore he knows what they want. . . . Nelson Eddy was under contract to M-G-M for two years before facing a camera. Until the right picture came up, the studio wasn't going to risk their treasure. With "Naughty Marietta" the blonde baritone proved more than worth the gamble. In spite of setting every feminine heart aflutter, Mr. Eddy is one of Hollywood's most dyed-in-the-wool bachelors. Frances Marion, ace scenarist, seems to be the best gal in emergencies. Nelson's been touring the country in a series of song recitals.

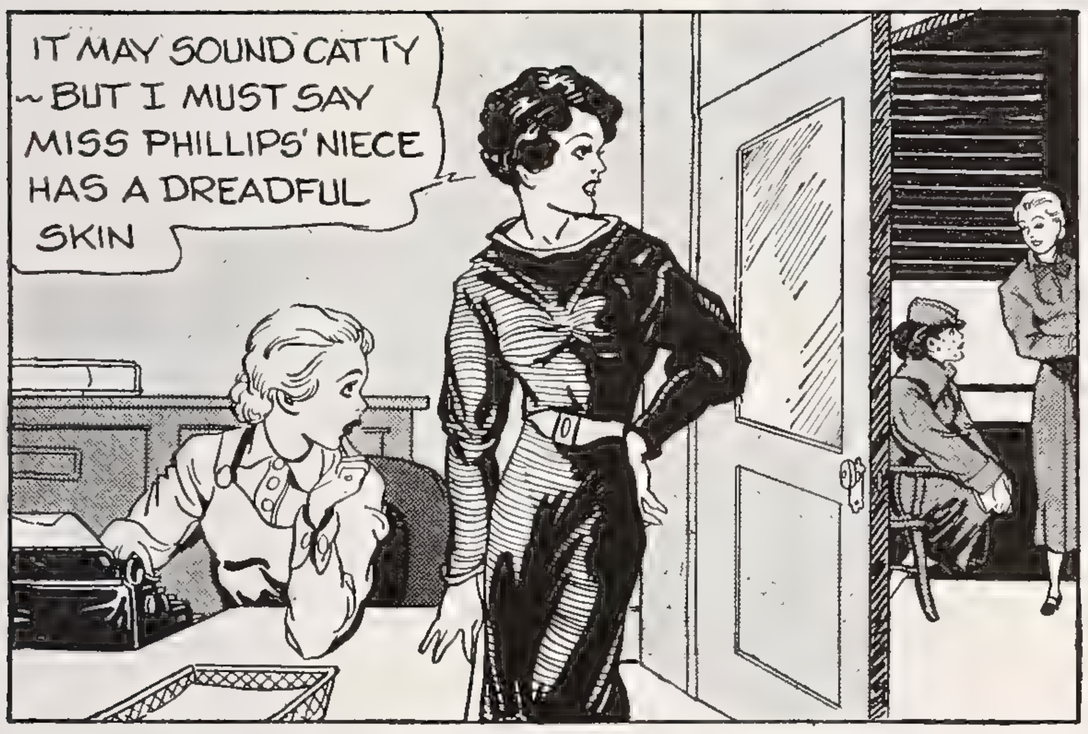
(*Continued on page 12*)



But Aunt Laura comes to the Rescue













—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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Don't let Adolescent Pimples give YOU a job problem

FROM the beginning of adolescence—at about 13 until 25, or even longer—young people are frequently worried by pimples.

Important glands develop and final growth takes place during this time. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples pop out!

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Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.

The cinema offers you de luxe entertainment—it's a month of hits, folks

(*Continued from page 10*)

★★★★ The Petrified Forest
(Warners)

A combination gas station and lunch counter in a remote section of Arizona affords a setting for what many will herald as Leslie Howard's best picture. Certainly the quiet charm of his portrayal of the neurotic and ultra-sophisticated Alan Squier equals anything he has done on the screen, including his memorable work in "Of Human Bondage" and "Berkeley Square." "The Petrified Forest," with Mr. Howard in the lead, was one of Broadway's finest stage dramas a season or so ago. Fortunately for movie audiences, the Brothers Warner have seen fit to retain the intelligent Robert E. Sherwood dialogue almost in its entirety. Additional welcome news is that the cast includes Humphrey Bogart, who so skillfully played the villain of the piece in the New York production, and Bette Davis, one of the few young ladies of the screen who is not out of her class in the company of Mr. H. The story tells of a wanderer, jaded with life, who happens into a roadside lunch stand operated by Miss Davis. Another unexpected guest is killer Duke Mantee, an outlaw whose philosophy is strangely similar to that of the wanderer, in that they are both seeking something they know does not exist for them. The drama that follows at this lonely outpost becomes the most completely satisfying film of the month.

Preview Postscripts

The cast and crew on this one were hidden



Irene Dunne and Robert Taylor in "The Magnificent Obsession."

behind gas-masks for some seven weeks. It took that long to make the picture, and almost the entire play was filmed amid flying sands on Stage 8. Warners had transported about three tons of desert to the studio lot, several carloads of cactus and other desert vegetation. The outdoor set looked more like desert than the Sahara when the property execs finished their job. But what they hadn't reckoned with was a Hollywood gale. Windy weather is, of course, very unusual in these parts, but windy weather it was for the duration of the filming. Besides gas-masks, the cast resorted to ear muffs, blinders and gallons of throat spray . . . Except for the climate Leslie Howard could have sailed smoothly through this flicker. After several months in the Broadway version of the role he had the lines down pretty pat . . . Humphrey Bogart is the only other actor from the original cast. This marks Mr. Bogart's debut as a toughie. For years he's played the juvenile—the guy who comes on swinging a tennis racket and invites all superfluous ones on the stage for a jolly game . . . Dick Foran was initiated into a new role for



Madge Evans, Franchot Tone and the promising Louise Henry in "Exclusive Story."

this production, too. Known as the "Singing Cowboy," Dick has yodelled himself hoarse in almost every celluloider up to this one. Princeton, though, remembers him more for his half-backing than his warbling. Instead of landing a bond job for doing proud by his alma mater, Dick landed in the Philadelphia Symphony. A studio sleuth heard him there and thought he'd go over big in horse-operas. So westerns it was, until this, his first big chance at drammer . . . Genevieve Tobin and Leslie Howard staged a gala reunion first day on the set. Some years back, La Tobin graced a Howard play, "Murray Hill," on Broadway.

★★★ Anything Goes
(Paramount)

This country, which for two years found extreme pleasure in chanting "You're the top, you're the Coliseum, etc.," now has an opportunity to view the musical shenanigans to which those memorable lines belong. The fact that the screen version of Broadway's smash musical comedy is neither the top nor the Coliseum should not keep you from seeing it. The Hollywood edition of "Anything Goes" turns out to be average entertainment pointed up by two or three outstanding musi-comic sequences. Everything—well, practically everything—happens aboard a transatlantic liner which numbers among its passengers Bing Crosby, Ethel Merman, Ida Lupino, Arthur Treacher and Charlie Ruggles. Bing is a guy who climbed aboard



Olivia de Havilland and Errol Flynn in "Captain Blood."

at the last minute just to be near Ida Lupino; Ethel Merman is a night club chanteuse who has reformed and become a lady evangelist, mostly because there's more money in that sort of thing; and Charlie Ruggles is Moon-Face Martin, Public Enemy No. 13, who strolls about the deck in clerical attire, hoping thus to thwart the minions of the law. With such a passenger list, one is correct in expecting a lively comedy interspersed with the able chanting of Crosby and Merman. Our only disappointment is Charlie Ruggles' misconception of the role which Victor Moore made so hilarious on Broadway.

Preview Postscripts

Oscar Lau, head of Paramount's prop department, should be given due credit for his part in this flicker. "I've been nursemaid to cockroaches, a chaperon to an elephant, dentist to a wild boar and wet-nurse to a colt," he moans, "but now—now!—I'm barber to a Pomeranian pooch!" That pooch is the one you see with Bing Crosby. Every time a retake was needed the purp had to be shaved. So many retakes were ordered at odd times during the day, that Lau finally decided to give the Pomeranian a shave every morning before himself . . . Miss Ethel Merman is one young woman who takes advantage of woman's prerogative to change her mind. Arriving here a few months back, Miss M. made one potent remark re. Hollywood. "Hick town," quoth she. But now says Ethel, "Hollywood is the most maligned town in the world. It's a nice comfortable place." From secretary to one of Broadway's favorite torch singers is apt to get a girl rattled . . . Bing Crosby has suppressed desires. He wants to be a combination newspaperman-novelist-short-story writer. Since he made his movie debut with Paul Whiteman in "King of Jazz," the lad with the strange growth in his throat which gives him that unique vocal quality, has come a long way. But he wants to work. Says singing is just fun and nothing else to him. Two Crosby brothers, Larry and Ted, are writers, so maybe there's a chance for Bing to amount to something.

★★★ Strike Me Pink
(Samuel Goldwyn)

"Strike Me Pink" is, as you probably know by now, the new Eddie Cantor picture. As a major comic, there are those who do not consider Cantor in the same league with the Chaplins, the Fieldses, and the Marxes, which may account for the fact that his producer always manages to surround him with a galaxy of other (*Continued on page 105*)

STUDIO ADDRESSES

Columbia Studios, 1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.

Samuel Goldwyn Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Mascot Studios, 6001 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif.

Republic Studios, 9336 W. Washington Blvd., Culver City, Calif.

RKO-Radio Studios, 780 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.

20th Century-Fox Studios, Box 900, Beverly Hills, Cal.

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Walter Wanger Productions, 1040 North Las Palmas, Hollywood, Cal.

Warner Bros.-First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

ABEL, WALTER: RKO-Radio.
AHERNE, BRIAN: M-G-M.
ALBERNI, LUIS: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
ALBERTSON, FRANK: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
ALBRIGHT, HARDIE: Free lance. Write him at Mascot.
ALEXANDER, KATHERINE: Free lance. Write her at M-G-M.
ALEXANDER, ROSS: Warner Bros.
ALLAN, ELIZABETH: M-G-M.
ALLEN, GRACIE: Paramount.
ALLEN, JUDITH: Paramount.
ALLEN, ROBERT: Columbia.
ALLWYN, ASTRID: 20th Century-Fox.
AMES, ADRIENNE: Free lance. Write her at Paramount.
AMES, ROSEMARY: 20th Century-Fox.
ANGEL, HEATHER: RKO-Radio.
ARLEDGE, JOHN: RKO-Radio.
ARLEN, RICHARD: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
ARLISS, GEORGE: United Artists.
ARMETTA, HENRY: Universal.
ARMSTRONG, ROBERT: Warner Bros.
ARNOLD, EDWARD: Universal.
ARTHUR, JEAN: Columbia.
ASTAIRE, FRED: RKO-Radio.
ASTHER, NILS: RKO-Radio.
ASTOR, MARY: Warner Bros.
ATWILL, LIONEL: Paramount.
AUTRY, GENE: Republic.
AYRES, LEW: Republic.
BAKER, BENNY: Paramount.
BANCROFT, GEORGE: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
BARBIER, GEORGE: Paramount.
BARKER, PHILLIP: Walter Wanger.
BARNES, BINNIE: Universal.
BARNETT, VINCE: Universal.
BARRAT, ROBERT: Warner Bros.
BARRIE, MONA: 20th Century-Fox.
BARRIE, WENDY: Paramount.
BARRYMORE, JOHN: M-G-M.
BARRYMORE, LIONEL: M-G-M.
BARTHELMESS, RICHARD: Warner Bros.
BARTHOLOMEW, FREDDIE: M-G-M.
BARTLETT, MICHAEL: Columbia.
BAXTER, ALAN: Walter Wanger.
BAXTER, JANE: United Artists.
BAXTER, WARNER: 20th Century-Fox.
BEAL, JOHN: RKO-Radio.
BECK, THOMAS: 20th Century-Fox.
BEECHER, JANET: Paramount.
BEERY, NOAH, JR.: Universal.
BEERY, WALLACE: M-G-M.
BELLAMY, MADGE: 20th Century-Fox.
BELLAMY, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
BENCHLEY, ROBERT: M-G-M.
BENEDICT, WILLIAM: 20th Century-Fox.
BENNETT, CONSTANCE: Free lance. Write her at M-G-M.
BENNETT, JOAN: Walter Wanger.
BENNY, JACK: M-G-M.
BERGNER, ELISABETH: United Artists.
BERNIE, BEN: Paramount.
BICKFORD, CHARLES: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
BIRELL, TALA: Columbia.
BLACKMER, SIDNEY: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
BLAKELEY, JAMES: Columbia.
BLANE, SALLY: Columbia.
BLONDELL, JOAN: Warner Bros.
BLORE, ERIC: RKO-Radio.
BLUE, MONTE: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
BOLAND, MARY: Paramount.
BOLES, GLEN: Warner Bros.
BOLES, JOHN: 20th Century-Fox.
BOYER, CHARLES: Walter Wanger.
BRADLEY, GRACE: Paramount.
BRADY, ALICE: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
BREAKSTONE, GEORGE: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
BRENDEL, EL: Warner Bros.
BRENT, EVELYN: Free lance. Write her at Paramount.
BRENT, GEORGE: Warner Bros.
BREWSTER, JUNE: RKO-Radio.

(*Continued on page* 115)



THE ONE—Flaxen-haired. Serene gray-blue eyes. A cool ivory skin.

THE OTHER—Soft brown hair. Eyes the same color, alight with mischief. Skin creamy, almost olive.

Over 200 girls' skin color-analyzed!

THE two girls are utterly different. Who would think they could use the same shade of powder?

But look!—the blonde's cool coloring would certainly fade with too light a powder shade. Her skin lights up, warms—only with a certain brunette shade. The very one the other girl uses to clear and freshen her creamy skin!

It's Pond's lively Brunette shade that gives each one what she needs!

New shades enliven skin

Which type are you? That's a thing for your skin to decide—not your hair. See whether your skin needs brightening, clearing or warming up. Then choose the Pond's shade that does that very thing!—one of the five offered at right.

Every one contains new important tints that add life to the skin. With an optical machine, Pond's discovered these tints hidden in skin itself. Among them, the *bright blue* that makes fair skin dazzling! The *brilliant green* that makes creamy skin glow!

Now, these beauty-giving tints are blended *invisibly* into Pond's new Powder shades. Thus, they bring transparency and glow to any skin!

BRUNETTE clears, brightens creamy skin
ROSE BRUNETTE warms dull, faded skin
ROSE CREAM gives fair skin a radiance
NATURAL brings a blonde transparency
LIGHT CREAM gives a cool, velvety finish

Fine textured, Pond's Powder feels smoother on the skin. Spreads softly, easily. Never cakes or clogs. The larger sizes come in lovely glass jars—to show shade and texture, keep the powder perfumed. Prices reduced, 35¢ and 70¢. 10¢ and 20¢ boxes, increased in size.

FREE 5 Lively New Shades
Mail Coupon today

(This offer expires June 1, 1936)

POND'S, Dept. D94, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's new Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

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FASHION points to your finger tips and you answer with lustrous nails *tinted by Chic*. A deluxe polish in a large exquisite bottle that is a revelation in nail polish satisfaction. Chic is smooth, non-chipping and although instant-drying it refuses to thicken in the bottle. Chic applies so easily it makes changing your polish a pleasure. Chic wears, too, and with a variety of shades, either transparent or creme, you are ready to tone your finger tips to either a demure or dashing mood. *There is a Chic Polish Remover and a Chic Cuticle Remover of equal value!*

Chic Manicure Aids, at all Five and Ten Cent Stores. 10¢



Learn facts about your favorite players

NOTE: Since there have been so many requests for brief life stories of the following players, it will again be impossible to print the names of our readers. Please consider yourself automatically included.

HENRY WILCOXON: This very popular gentleman was born and raised in the British West Indies, his birth place, Dominica, the date September 8, 1905. After finishing his education at Harrison College, Bridgetown, Barbados, and at Woolmere College, Kingston, Jamaica, he went to England when he was sixteen and obtained a job as clerk in a milling firm. He rose to buyer on the Corn Exchange, but decided he wanted to become an actor. His rich, mellow voice so impressed an agent over the telephone that he was given a tryout and a part in a London show. He toured England six times with traveling troupes and was with the Birmingham Repertory Company for eight seasons. On the London stage he appeared in 25 shows, and during the day time played in movies. In January, 1934, he was brought to this country for the first time to play Marc Antony in "Cleopatra," his American picture debut. He is a very good artist, a capable amateur boxer and a fine swimmer. Aviation is one of his hobbies, and he is an avid collector of antiques. Mr. Wilcoxon stands 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 190 pounds, has blue-green eyes and brown hair. At present he is in England working in "A Woman Alone" in which he appears with Anna Sten. In all probability he will be assigned to the role of Samson in "Samson and Delilah," which may be made shortly. Your letters will reach him at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal., on his return to this country.

VIRGINIA SCHNEIDER, New York, N. Y.—The part of the little girl, Annabelle, in "She Married Her Boss," was taken by Edith Fellows. Joan Crawford was born in San Antonio, Tex.

JOHNNY DOWNS: And now, my children, let us consider the living example of what an "Our Gang" child actor can grow up to be. No kidding, Johnny crashed Hollywood in 1921 when he was 8 years old, and, decked out in curls and Lord Fauntleroy collars, became the original juvenile in the very first of the "Our Gang" comedies. Born John Morey Downs in Brooklyn, N. Y., on October 10, 1913, he went to Hollywood because his father, Lt. Morey H. Downs, U. S. Naval aviator, was stationed in San Diego. After he had outgrown his "Gang" roles, he clipped the curls and toured in vaudeville under the management of his father, who had retired from the Navy. Then Broadway beckoned and Johnny was prominently featured in a number of plays. In March, 1935, Paramount signed him to a contract, and his two most recent pictures for them are "Coronado" and "So Red the Rose." His next picture will be "Everybody's Old Man."

FRANCIS LEDERER: The story of his rise to fame is one of the most amazing in the history of the theatre. Son of a poor leather merchant, Frantisek Lederer was born in Prague, Czechoslovakia, on Nov. 6, 1906. He was born with the theatre instinct, and it was due to his insistent presence at a Prague theatre that he won his first engagement as super. Offered a dramatic course by an old actor for $2.50, Lederer showed such promise that he was awarded an acting scholarship at the Prague Academy. To help finance his schooling it was necessary for him to work at outside jobs such as washing windows, sweeping floors and making deliveries for a small department store. Then Lederer began to get small stage roles, from which he graduated to leading roles in the Moravian provinces. It was this experience, multiplied many times by appearances through Central Europe in stock companies in over 200 parts that brought out his amazing versatility. In Berlin he scored his first international success opposite Elisabeth Bergner in "Romeo and Juliet." Having repeated this triumph in London, he switched to musical comedy, "Wonderbar," and won even greater acclaim. Then to America where he became the outstanding matinee idol in "Autumn Crocus." Hollywood put in her bid and his first picture was "Man of Two Worlds."

Shortly after arriving in Hollywood Francis launched his now famous World Peace Federation, which is financed entirely by him. Mr. Lederer lives in a modest home in Hollywood which is equipped with a complete gymnasium in which he keeps himself physically fit. He is 6 feet tall and weighs 156 pounds, has unruly dark hair and flashing dark eyes. He is divorced from Ada Mjedly, whom he married abroad, and is now seen most often in the company of Mary Anita Loos, niece of the well known writer. He loves music, literature and the arts. He has been selected as the leading man for "One Rainy Afternoon," the first Pickford-Lasky production. You may write him at the United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

MARY ELLEN McCRACKEN, Lincoln, Neb.—It's all an act! Harpo Marx is only dumb on the screen, and can speak perfectly when he wants to. Johnny Arledge (whose brief life story appears below) played the part of Coxswain, the boy who gave his life for the Navy in "Shipmates Forever." The very superior butler who played in "Curly Top," "Remember Last Night" and many others is Arthur Treacher—the gentlemanly gentleman's gentleman.

JOHNNY ARLEDGE: One of Hollywood's most promising young players, Johnson was born in Crockett, Texas, on March 12, 1907. Educated in Texas public schools and graduated from the University of Texas, Johnny was a capable pianist when quite young. Two years after graduation, he made his entry into the theatre world as an accompanist in vaudeville. He came to Hollywood, then, and worked in a mail order house and a creamery while waiting to crash the films. His first screen role was a bit in Paul Whiteman's "King of Jazz." On the stage, he got his first bit with Pauline Frederick in "Crimson Hour" and did so well that the same management cast him in "Up Pops the Devil." He also played the difficult role of the half-wit son in "Tobacco Road." Johnny is 5 feet 10½ inches tall, weighs 151 pounds, has blond hair and green-blue eyes and is married. He is under contract to RKO-Radio Studios, 780 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Cal., and his latest screen appearance is in "Thoroughbreds All."

JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON: That is her honest-to-goodness name, and she was born in Seattle, Wash., on October 12, 1909. Her mother (Leona Roberts) is an actress and Josephine was educated for a stage career. As a child she played a small part in "The Little Princess," a Mary Pickford silent movie. Then she continued her education in the public schools of Seattle, winning a scholarship to the Cornish School of Music and Drama. Miss Hutchinson made her theatrical debut in Washington, D. C., where she played stock for three years. Her important stage work, though, was done with Eva Le Gallienne's New York Civic Repertory Company, in which she played a variety of roles. She has travelled a lot, hates prying people and names swimming and riding as her favorite outdoor sports. Miss Hutchinson was married to Robert Bell for three years and is now the wife of James Townsend. She is 5 feet 4½ inches tall, weighs 110 pounds and has red hair and golden brown eyes. Her first talkie appearance was in "Happiness Ahead" and her most recent is "The Story of Louis Pasteur." Following that she will probably be in "I Married a Doctor," for Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, Calif., where you may write her.

DOLORES DEL RIO: Was born in the state of Durango, Mexico, August 3, 1905, the only child of J. L. and Antonia Asunsolo. Until she was 5 Dolores lived on her father's ranch, then the family moved to Mexico City where she entered the Convent of St. Joseph, and remained there for 8 years. In 1919 her parents took her to Europe where she was presented to the King and Queen of Spain, and on her return to Mexico reentered St. Joseph's Convent for another year. At a society bazaar she met Jaime del Rio and five months later they were married. After seven years they were divorced, and her husband died seven months after that. On an invitation from an American film producer who saw her dance at a social function, Dolores went to Hollywood in August, 1925. Her first picture was "Joanna" with Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall starred. Her first starring picture was "Ramona," which followed shortly after "What Price Glory." She is now happily married to Cedric Gibbons, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer art director. Not the hot-house flower she appears, Dolores goes in heavily for sports—plays tennis, swims, fishes and hikes. She loves travel and beautiful clothes; she collects books and art objects; and likes to fuss around in her garden. Miss Del Rio is 5 feet 3½ inches tall, weighs 115 pounds and has shimmering black hair and black eyes. Her most recent picture is "The Widow From Monte Carlo." Write her at Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, Cal.

(*Continued on page 121*)

If you would like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, fill in and send us the coupon on page 122. General questions, of course, will be answered here, too. Those asked most frequently and the most interesting ones receive first preference. And not too many at a time, please. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

GRAND ENTERTAINMENT!



CAPRA'S NEWEST TRIUMPH!

Gary Cooper

A GENTLEMAN GOES TO TOWN

JEAN ARTHUR

George Bancroft • Lionel Stander • Douglass Dumbrille • Raymond Walburn • Margaret Matzenauer • H. B. Warner • Warren Hymer

A **FRANK CAPRA** PRODUCTION



Screen play by Robert Riskin From the story by Clarence Budington Kelland



GOLDEN-VOICED STAR IN HER GAYEST AND GRANDEST PICTURE!

Grace Moore

THE KING STEPS OUT

FRANCHOT TONE

Walter Connolly • Raymond Walburn

Victor Jory

Directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG

Glorious Music by FRITZ KREISLER *Screen play by Sidney Buchman Lyrics by Dorothy Fields*



WONDER SHOW OF 1936!

STORMING AMERICA IN A MIGHTY SONG CRESCENDO!

THE MUSIC GOES 'ROUND

HARRY RICHMAN
ROCHELLE HUDSON
WALTER CONNOLLY

FARLEY and RILEY
and their 'Round and 'Round Music

Douglass Dumbrille • Lionel Stander

Directed by VICTOR SCHERTZINGER

Screen play by Jo Swerling Story by Sidney Buchman

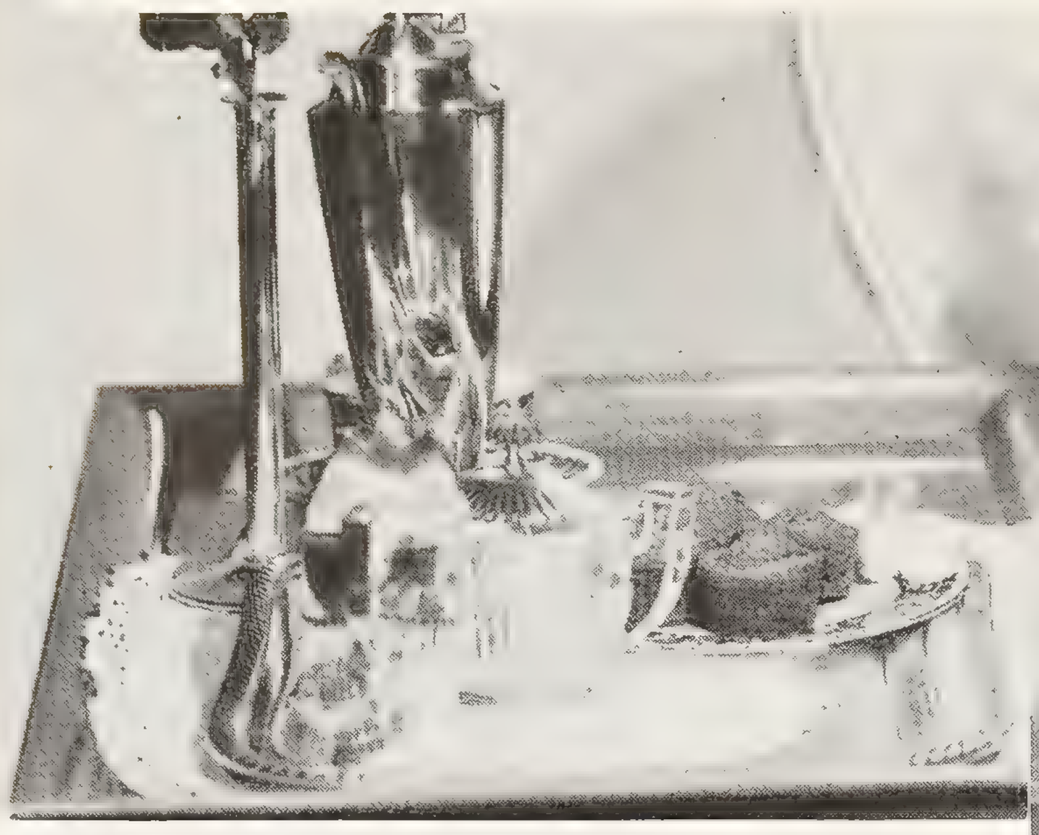
Music and Lyrics by Lew Brown-Harry Akst and Victor Schertzinger

COLUMBIA PICTURES

EASY MEALS ARE JEANETTE'S *Dish*

BY MARJORIE DEEN





Jeanette MacDonald breakfasts on banana bran muffins and stewed pears. Recipes for making these tempting muffins are yours for the asking.



"Even company meals need not be elaborate," La MacDonald observed to our Modern Hostess

THERE HAVE been countless stories and jokes which play up the sad culinary attempts of the young bride. If you have never been "a young bride" you would, most likely, laugh merrily at these tall tales of burned stews, solid concrete biscuits and India-rubber pie crusts, described, alas, with more accuracy than sympathy. But to the woman who has turned out a dish that was a complete failure, or a dinner that proved to be a "flop," I assure you it is no laughing matter.

"Why is it," moaned a young friend of mine recently, as she reviewed for my sympathetic ears the previous night's dinner fiasco, "why *is* it that it always seems to happen when you particularly want things to go right? Here I was entertaining such an important customer of my husband's, too, and everything went wrong! The fruit cup was too sweet, the soup curdled, the roast was overdone, the potatoes underdone, the vegetables watery, the salad limp and the dessert frightful! I could have screamed. Finally I did wash the dishes in salt tears. It was supposed to be such a fancy dinner, too; several courses, all with spiffy, odd dishes and lots and lots of extras."

Right then and there I understood what had happened to my young friend—what so often happens when we attempt to do more than our experience and our patience equip us to do successfully. It is far better, as I pointed out to the upset young woman, to attempt less and carry it through with éclat. And it is certainly much wiser to serve fewer things and have each one just right. Doubtless, it was a talk I had had recently with Jeanette Mac-

Donald that clarified my thoughts on this subject and inspired these words of advice.

For Jeanette, who, as you have had many an occasion to observe, is famous for her gay and easy singing, advises serving meals characterized by a similar effortless ease.

IN ORDER to make your guests feel welcome and at home," said Jeanette, "you must never let them realize that their visit caused frantic planning and hours of tiresome preparation with a final burst of nervous, irritating bustle and activity upon their arrival.

"It's just like singing and acting, when you stop to think of it," she went on. "A singer who announces an approaching high note, which is not within the range of her voice, by a frozen expression compounded of mingled determination and doubt; an actress who, without any genuine feeling for, or understanding of, a role, grabs a big scene like a terrier does a rat and proceeds to shake out every drop of emotion; a housewife who, at the sound of the word company kicks over the carefully built up budget, raids the market, nags her family and wrecks her nerves—they are much alike. For they are all attempting far more than they are able to carry out successfully and far, far more than is wise or necessary.

"We could learn a great deal from the French when it comes to meals," observed Jeanette, who has travelled extensively abroad and has closely observed the customs of other lands.

IN FRANCE each housewife prides herself on one or two dishes in which she excels," she informed me. "One such dish becomes the main feature of the meal, the outstanding culinary triumph for which that particular repast will be remembered by all who partake of it. It need not be elaborate, either—a simple *pot-au-feu,* a light *omelette aux fines herbes,* or perhaps only a salad. Ah, but it must be 'of a perfection' as they say. This featured dish is made of the best ingredients available. It is seasoned with skill and discretion and it is cooked with loving care. Then it is served with the utmost pride and an expression on the face that announces to all those present that here indeed is a masterpiece. For, to the French housewife, this is her big moment. However, with meals, as with singing or acting, there should never be any visible straining for an effect."

To illustrate her thought further, Jeanette outlined for me several menus for the type of meals she enjoys. Al- (*Continued on page 86*)

"Dolly . . . you've started a lot of gossip!"





1. "Look at these panties, Mother. They've got everybody on the block talking about dolly and you."

"Why, what's the matter? I wash dolly's clothes right in with my regular wash."



2. "I told 'em you do—and that nice new lady up the street said *that's* the trouble. She's afraid your washes have tattle-tale gray like hers used to. Even though you work hard, your soap leaves dirt behind and the clothes show it."



3. "Dear me! Is that all the new neighbor said?"

"Nope! She said you ought to change to Fels-Naptha Soap same as she did—'cause its wonderful *golden soap* and *heaps of naptha* chase out every teeny speck of dirt—and clothes look a million times whiter."

FEW WEEKS LATER . . .



4. At the new neighbor's house. "So Mother tried Fels-Naptha Soap just like you told me. And now her clothes look so swell she baked you this apple pie."

"Well! Well! Tell your mother that Fels-Naptha is a wonder for silk things, too—and maybe she'll bake me a big chocolate cake!"

© 1936, FELS & CO.

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"

with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!







You need a good stock of brushes. Ann Darling shows you some of the many beauty lifts they give you. Left to right top of page: the complexion brush for finishing make-up, next a paint brush to point up lip rouge and the indispensable mascara brush. Below right: the hair brush, used vigorously, and clothes brush.



TAKE YOUR BEAUTY INVENTORY

First take stock of yourself, give credit where it's due, then work hard on your liabilities

BY MARY BIDDLE

HAVE YOU ever had a truth meeting with yourself? You know . . . the kind that you and your special chums used to have after school, with all of you sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, to any questions that you asked each other. Sometimes they said things that stung you cruelly and that you may have wept over a tiny bit in secret. Then again, maybe you just set your teeth and went to work to see what you could do about the criticisms.

Your mirror can give you the most thorough kind of a truth meeting, if you put it in the honest daylight, and let it be honest with you. The trouble is that we get so used to the same old face peering back at us, that we don't really see ourselves. And then we're soft, too, soft about our tender little egos. We love to alibi and excuse ourselves all over the place because we've let our complexions go, or because our hair is six-ways-for-Sunday. Oh, yes, "we've been too busy, we got in late last night, we'll do better tomorrow." There's not one of you so all-fired perfect that you can't improve, and there's not one of you so hopeless that you haven't some points, or at least one point, that you can work on for all you're worth.

This time of the year was just made for self-truth meetings and beauty inventories. It's still far enough away from summer and the beach for you to accomplish a lot before you get into that all too truth-telling bathing suit. You still have time enough, too, to do something about your hair, complexion and make-up before you go shopping for a brand new Easter bonnet.

WHAT DOES your skin need? Is it dry, and sort of wizened up into fine lines? Is it muddy, or sallow, or just generally dejected looking? How is your hair? Dull and lifeless after these months of tight-fitting winter hats? Untidy, because you've been making excuses to yourself about "waiting for a spring permanent"? Are your hands and nails



grubby after daily sessions with the furnace, and with pulling the kids around on a sled? Is your make-up careless? Would your dress look the better for a good brushing and a change to fresh collars and cuffs? If the image in your mirror were your best chum, would she say, "You look positively smooth today, a regular Norma Shearer the Second!"? Or would she say, "You certainly are getting sloppy, Mary Ann. Why don't you fix yourself up a bit?"

I remember a girl who used to work in my office some years ago. She wasn't pretty exactly—no, I don't believe that she was pretty at all, but she was the cleanest, most radiant sort of a person you've ever met. Everyone liked her. Her boss always said, "She's such a nice, well-groomed girl, I like to have her around." And this youngster, who had a painfully small salary at that time, managed to be one of the outstanding assets of the office. I know for a fact that that girl never thought of starting out in the morning without a shower or tub bath, that every night before going to bed, she would douse her gloves and hose and lingerie in warm sudsy water, and have everything freshly clean waiting for her in the morning. She scrubbed, brushed and polished herself and her clothes until she positively radiated perfect grooming. That's what we want to be for spring, clean and gay! We want to turn in our old complexions and old make-up for new.

APPEARANCES, most of them, could all stand more brushing up. And when I say that I mean it, literally as well as figuratively speaking. My small brother had the right idea, even while I couldn't quite appreciate it, when he made very lavish use of my bath brush one day on a stray "mutt" dog he had corralled from heaven knows where. He told me enthusiastically that the brush was "swell." It really was, too, though I was hardly mollified by the compliment. It has a spray right down its middle section, so it's a hand spray and a bath brush all in one. It isn't particularly cheap, but if you haven't any regular shower apparatus, it's a nice solution to the quick bath problem. Personally, I like it for my hair, it's grand for getting all the soap out after an energetic shampoo.

Ann Darling, M-G-M player, has a positive fetish for brushes. She has a brush for every beauty chore, from an ample-sized clothes brush down to a tiny eyebrow brush. Do you want me to tell you what your beauty inventory should show when it comes to (*Continued on page 79*)

"Camay can bring Every Girl's Loveliness to Light"



BALTIMORE, MD.

Camay made my skin lovelier than I thought it ever could be. With Camay, every girl can bring her own loveliness to light.

Sincerely,

Leslie De Buske

(Mrs. Charles De Buske)

October 2, 1935

THERE's a girl in the heart of Maryland—the former Leslie Condon. Athletic as a boy by day, she's unusually lovely across the dinner table. And how does she manage it—how does she keep her skin so smooth, so young, so alluring? Mrs. De Buske's *own* answer—is Camay!

And once you try Camay, *your answer will be the same.* For Camay's rich lather cleanses so thoroughly—but always very, *very* gently. It leaves your skin feeling fresh and smooth—leaves it with a flower fragrance--leaves it with a youthfulness that wins admiring eyes. Convince yourself that Camay is an efficient—a true beauty aid. Do it today—*do it now.* The price of a half-dozen cakes is surprisingly low.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.



CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women

PAT'S PAL, "BANKSY"

BY JERRY ASHER



Pat is still young and giddy enough to need a guiding hand—"Banksy" is it! Pat's next picture is with George Brent in "His First Wife."

THE FRIENDSHIP existing between Patricia Ellis and "Banksy," her colored maid, is one of the untold stories of Hollywood. Over a period of ten years the loyalty, the friendship, the companionship and the kindly philosophy of her servant, have been the guiding powers in Pat's life.

"Banksy" is no ordinary servant and never has been regarded as such. A woman of amazing intelligence, she has hovered in the background while Patricia grew up. Never once has "Banksy" forgotten that her position is that of maid. And yet her tremendous understanding reveals a soul that seldom belongs to those who are destined to spend their lives in servitude.

" 'Banksy' is an angel," says Patricia. "I don't know how I would get along without her. In times of trouble she's always stood by me. I hate to think of some of the messes I might have been in if 'Banksy,' in her wise way, hadn't stepped in and saved the situation. For example, when I first started at the studio, being used to my own servants, I began by ordering the hairdressers and wardrobe women to do things for me. I didn't mean any harm. I thought they were there for that purpose. After the second day, 'Banksy' came to me. 'Patricia honey,' were her words, 'you'll never get along if you behave like that. I'm your maid and I work for you. But these people on the set are working *with* you—not for you.' I was so ashamed of myself but so grateful to 'Banksy' for teaching me a good lesson.

"Sometimes I think 'Banksy' is unusually hard on me, but everything she has ever predicted, has always come true. Whenever I make a new friend, 'Banksy' gives him the acid test. Her first impression is always lasting. Ofttimes I do not agree but later on I find out my mistake. 'Banksy' has an amazing knowledge of human character. She's so intuitive, no one can fool her. On her day off she goes to see five shows. She's my severest critic and the best audience in the world. Her suggestions are just and constructive. She never pats me on the back unless she feels I deserve it. I don't think she's ever yet told me that I've done my best work. If she did start to 'yes' me, I think I should lose all my faith in her.

"Everyone loves 'Banksy' on the sets. The electricians tell her the latest jokes, the hairdressers let her in on all the studio gossip. She can get anything she wants out of anyone. She has a wonderful way of handling people and making them respect her. And never once does she give the impression of being fresh or demanding anything that isn't coming to her. As a small child, I remember that she never tried to fool me. I grew up knowing I could trust her. For years she has been devoted to me and my family. She has a wonderful understanding of us all."

THE FRIENDSHIP between Patricia and "Banksy" started when Pat was a very little girl. (She is only eighteen today.) In those days her name was O'Brien. Her mother had divorced Mr. O'Brien with the understanding that during the summer months the children (Pat has two brothers) were to remain with their mother and the father was to keep them during the school year. Quite unexpectedly Alexander Leftwich, a famous New York producer, came on the scene and Mrs. O'Brien was swept off her feet. They were married soon after.

At the time of his marriage, Leftwich was producing a show. Quite unexpectedly his leading lady passed away. Her colored maid, named Helen Banks, came to him for a job. She was hired on the spot and with the new Mrs. Leftwich and her children, "Banksy" went to a Connecticut farm for the summer.

When it came time to return to school, Patricia suffered from a mastoid infection. While her mother took the other children back to their father, "Banksy" took

You'd never guess who advises Pat Ellis on her most intimate, personal problems!

Patricia on to New York to see a specialist. From that moment on, she never left the little girl's side. Because both of her parents were so busy, Patricia would spend summer vacations and take long trips with "Banksy." Gradually a bond of friendship sprang up. Mrs. Leftwich went away every chance she could, but she knew Patricia was in safe hands. "Banksy," forced to go out and work at the age of fourteen and starving for affection, poured all her kindliness out upon Patricia.

AT THE RIPE old age of thirteen, Patricia became a leading lady. She had appeared in school plays and loved acting. At Christmas time, instead of going home for the holidays, she wrote to her mother and begged permission to go to Chamberlain Brown and apply for a job in his stock company. Reluctantly her mother consented. Patricia remained with the stock company for a year. Max Arnow, then an agent and now the Warner Brothers casting director, asked to make a screen test of Patricia. Her parents didn't take it seriously for a moment but Patricia made the test, nevertheless. Two weeks later, accompanied by her mother and "Banksy," she was on her way to Hollywood. Patricia celebrated (*Continued on page 114*)

If you had X-Ray Eyes



you'd never again take a harsh, quick-acting cathartic!

Be sure the laxative YOU take is correctly timed

You don't need to be a professor of physiology to figure this out. When you take a harsh, quick-acting cathartic that races through your alimentary tract in a couple of hours, you're shocking and jolting your system. No wonder its violent action leaves you weak and exhausted.

Unassimilated food is rushed through your intestines. Valuable fluids are drained away. The delicate membranes become irritated. And you have stomach pains. Drastic purgatives should be employed only upon the advice of a doctor.

What a correctly timed laxative means:

When we say that Ex-Lax is a correctly timed laxative, this is what we mean: Ex-Lax takes from 6 to 8 hours to act. You take one or two of the tablets when you go to bed. You sleep through the night . . . *undisturbed!* In the morning, Ex-Lax takes effect. And the effects are thorough and complete, yet so gentle and mild you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

No stomach pains. No "upset" feeling. No embarrassment during the day. And Ex-Lax is so easy to take—it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

Good for all ages

Ex-Lax is equally good for grown-ups and children . . . for *every* member of the family. It is used by more people than any other laxative in the whole world. The next time you need a laxative ask your druggist for a box of Ex-Lax. *And refuse to accept a substitute.* Ex-Lax costs only ten cents—unless you want the big family size, and that's a quarter.

When Nature forgets — remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!

(*Paste this on a penny postcard*)

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170 MM-46
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Age.....

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., 736 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal)

THE HOUSE OF MORGAN

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER



It isn't Fate, but Alma, who makes Frank's important decisions

FRANK MORGAN insists he wouldn't be where he is today if it weren't for his wife, Alma. And I insist Alma Morgan wouldn't be where she is today if it weren't for Frank. Actually we're both right. And that's my story.

There was a time, years ago when Frank played in stock in Detroit, when the Morgans didn't find it any too easy to get along. They had to save half of Frank's salary against the between-engagement days inevitable in any actor's life. They lived in an inexpensive flat, but their living expenses always seemed to be more than they had anticipated. And there was their boy, who scuffed all decency out of his shoes within a single week and ruined his new pants sliding into the home plate of a sand lot.

Besides, Frank and Alma had the flavor of discouragement with which to contend. Frank didn't get along the way some did. Already Katherine Cornell and Kenneth McKenna, who once had been members of his supporting casts, had forged ahead, made Broadway. Sometimes Frank thought he might have been better off had he remained in the minor executive position made for him in the family firm when he left Cornell. Often enough, he used to wonder if he wasn't just another conservative business man gone wrong; if he hadn't overemphasized that creative strain he always had convinced himself he possessed.

This was the state of affairs in the House of Morgan when a letter came from Frank's mother asking him to return to New York and take the place in the firm which had been vacant since his father's death some months before. Mrs. Wupperman (that, as you probably know, is Frank's right name) wrote that the Board of Directors had voted to pay him fifteen thousand dollars a year and to give him an appreciable block of company stock yearly in lieu of a bonus. Mrs. Wupperman thought this an offer which Frank, grubbing along in the theatre, could hardly refuse, providing he was in his right mind.

I SAW myself sitting behind my father's desk," Frank told me, "interviewing men of affairs. Answering any one of the three desk phones. Pouring a drink of water from the vacuum bottle, clearing my throat, saying, 'As I see it . . .!' And while none of this jibed with the picture I had of myself, I was, nevertheless, mindful that it represented security, and also that security should be the

His excellent work in "The Perfect Gentleman," "Naughty Marietta" and "I Live My Life" has earned star ranking for Frank Morgan in his forthcoming pictures. Left, a typical Frank Morgan pose. Below, with Mrs. Morgan at a preview.



prime consideration for a man who has a wife and son."

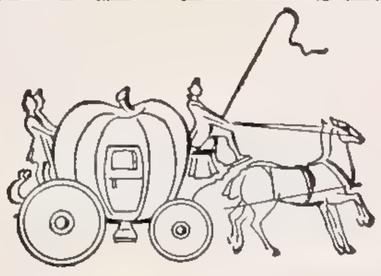
Frank wished that letter never had come. However, keeping his face free of any expression which might commit him one way or the other, he handed it across the breakfast table to Alma. She read it, and also keeping her face free of any expression which might commit her one way or the other, handed it back to him.

"It's your happiness," she said simply.

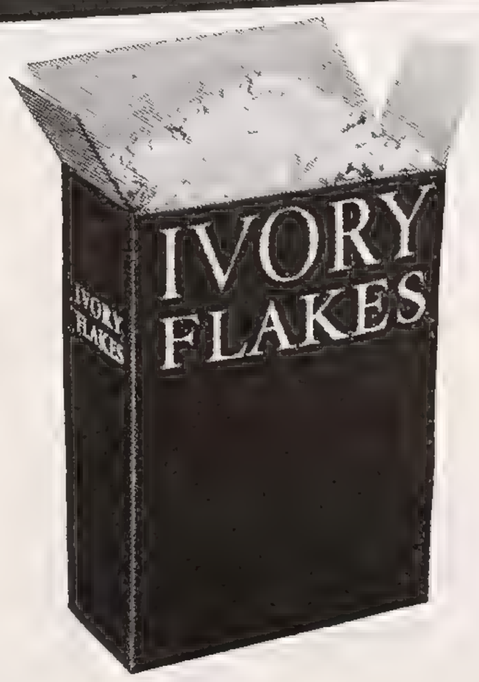
"But," he argued tenderly, "it's your happiness, too."

Alma Morgan brushed her son's unruly hair (*Continued on page* 118)

CINDERELLA* tags these dresses "Wash with Ivory Flakes"







These adorable dresses are the heart's-desire of every little girl who sees them. What a thrill for your own small darling to be decked out in one of these lovable Cinderella frocks!... And don't you worry! Although the materials are fine, the colors dainty, the trimming tricks bright—they'll *stay* that way, if you give them gentle Ivory Flakes care. These Cinderella Frocks may be washed by hand or washing machine—in lukewarm suds of pure Ivory Flakes. That's the finest way to wash dainty little girls' clothes (as often as you please)—and the *safest!*

* Makers of the famous Cinderella Frocks for children recommend that they be washed in Ivory Flakes. Exact washing directions are tagged on each dress.

99 44/100% pure

EYE MAKE-UP

done in good taste



Beautiful eyes are the most important feature of any woman's charm—that is why fastidious women who wish to be exquisitely groomed in eye make-up demand *Maybelline* eye beauty aids. They know that the modern magic of these fine cosmetic creations gives them the *natural* appearance of beautiful eyes. Not to use Maybelline eye beauty aids is sheer neglect of charm. When you see what lovely long, dark lashes, softly shaded lids, and gracefully formed eyebrows Maybelline eye beauty aids can give you, you'll adore these exquisite eye cosmetics. You will want the entire line of Maybelline eye beauty aids to effect a perfect harmony in your complete eye make-up. Try them today—they will open your eyes to new beauty—eye make-up done in good taste!



The Mascara in BLACK, BROWN, *or* BLUE.

Ten cent sizes obtainable at all leading Ten Cent Stores.

Maybelline

MASCARA

EYE SHADOW . . . EYEBROW PENCIL

EYELASH TONIC CREAM . . . EYEBROW BRUSH

BETWEEN YOU 'N' ME



You can make some pin money, if you'll sit down and write us an interesting letter.

Cash prizes for your movie thoughts!

Let us have your frank opinions, pro and con, on films, players, or any phase of motion pictures that interests you. Ten dollars in prizes will be awarded each month for the six most interesting letters submitted—1st prize, $5; five 2nd prizes of $1 each. Be sure to send your full name and address. Modern Screen reserves the right to publish letters in whole or in part. Address: Between You and Me, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

$5 Prize Letter
The Public Be Praised

Films have improved considerably of late, but so have audiences! They have proved this by taking more kindly to simple pictures such as "Alice Adams" and "Little Women"; by their appreciation of historical subjects such as "Henry the Eighth"; by their admiration for actors who have brilliant technique rather than good looks; by acclaiming the superb dancing of Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers and Eleanor Powell and so helping to banish the stupidities of the Busby Berkeley creations; and by welcoming operatic stars of the calibre of Lawrence Tibbett, Lily Pons and Grace Moore.

Hollywood is making bigger and better pictures and is finding a receptive movie public. No longer is the name of a big star relied upon to carry a picture to success. Particular attention is given to casting, with "bit" parts filled by prominent players.

British pictures are improving and finding favor in the eyes of American filmgoers. Hollywood, fired by strong competition from across the Atlantic, is putting on a big show. 1936 is going to be a banner year in motion pictures. Hail to a new era and farewell to cheap claptrap pictures!—Wiley Ballard, Charlotte, N. C.

(*We agree with you—but heartily.*)

$1 Prize Letter
A Code of Ethics for Moviegoers?

Have you ever ploughed your way gropingly over an assortment of knees, legs, and feet to locate a seat somewhere over there in the darkness of a movie audience? Have you ever sat in front of an excited youngster who kicked your chair leg with the rapidity and regularity of a native beating a tom-tom?

Have you ever glared indignantly at some disturbing menace who proceeded to open a cellophane-wrapped confection which crackled noisily right when the dialogue reached a new high in interest? Or worse yet, have you ever used all your will power to refrain from screaming when some thoughtless individual chewed and smacked relentlessly away on a piece of pungent and sickeningly scented gum?

Have you ever played peek-a-boo behind the heads of an amorous couple who cooed and petted during the entire performance? I say have you *ever?* Grrrrrrr.

Recently a code of ethics for safe driving has been highly publicized. Personally, I think a code of ethics, promoted by the theatre managements and embodying



A young lady from Lynbrook turns up her nose at her neighbors at picture shows.

rules for silence and courtesy, would go a long way towards greater enjoyment for the movie public in general.—Harriet Bossard, Lynbrook, N. Y.

(*You have nothing on a friend of ours cause t'other afternoon she was sitting next to a housewife who was busy shelling peas, of all things, during the entire show. Now, if you'd had that to cope with in your cinema travels, you'd have our deepest sympathy.*)

$1 Prize Letter
Them's Fightin' Woids

Between you and me, I'm fed up. I'm fed up with people who are fed up with



How an Indiana fan reacted after reading our recent interview with Bette Davis!

this actress or that actor. Granted that there are screen stars who, for the general good of the world, should be given the gate. But why must movie fans clutter up the columns of MODERN SCREEN with their demands that such stars be sent on a one-way trip to Siberia or other remote regions? Such demands will do more good in the producers' offices. If Moo V. Fan "just can't stand" Miss Whoozis or Mr. What's-his-name, he would be a lot happier and money ahead if, when his pet peeve came to town, he would stay home and play dominoes instead of spending money on a show that he knows he won't enjoy and then tear home and spend three cents more on a complaint to "Between You and Me."

I am sure that I'm not the only reader of MODERN SCREEN who is tired of people who take up space with their complaints that could better be filled with real news by Leo T. or more of those candid shots by Scotty.—James Elliott, Dallas, Texas.

(Come on, Modern Screen-ers, you're not going to let this gent from Texas get away with that, are you? Or are you?)

$1 Prize Letter Blame Us for One Broken New Year's Resolution!

To think my favorite movie magazine would be the cause of my breaking my New Year's resolution. I had determined to "speak no evil, hear no evil, and see no evil" this year. And then came Bette Davis' enlightening remarks in your February issue consigning women with careers to be shot.

I have witnessed several of Miss Davis' screen performances and had just forced myself to recognize her ability in spite of my thorough dislike of her, when she makes these statements concerning women.

Don't you have a comic section that you could substitute when you receive such information from a conceited star like Miss D? I really believe she would find no trouble in retiring from her "career." I am sure her public would survive very well.

I've been a cat, but when I think of the many truly great women, who have given their lives to make this world a happier place to live in, being discussed by a young, conceited, intolerant person like Miss Davis, I wonder who has a right to live.—D. H. Conrad, Indianapolis, Ind.

(Gosh, but we're sorry! We had no idea that a few words from Miss Davis' lips would cause anyone any mental scruples.)

(Continued on page 91)

From Heartache to HEART-THROBS



Before you dress! . . . clothe yourself with the lasting fragrance of MAVIS

Recipe for feminine charm . . . a daily dusting with the fragrant glamour of Mavis. Mavis is more than a talcum—so protective to your skin, but with the added allure of tantalizing Parisian fragrance. You'll love the velvety feel of Mavis, and the way it protects your skin from dryness. Be lovely, be feminine, keep the constant flower-like freshness that men adore—*try Mavis!*

Mavis Talcum in 25¢, 50¢ and $1 sizes at drug and department stores—convenient 10¢ size at 5-and-10¢ stores. We invite you to try Mavis—convenient coupon below.

MAVIS

Genuine Mavis Talcum

IN THE RED CONTAINER



V. VIVAUDOU, INC.,
580 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

I enclose 10¢. Please send by return mail the convenient size of Mavis Talcum—so I can try its fragrant loveliness.

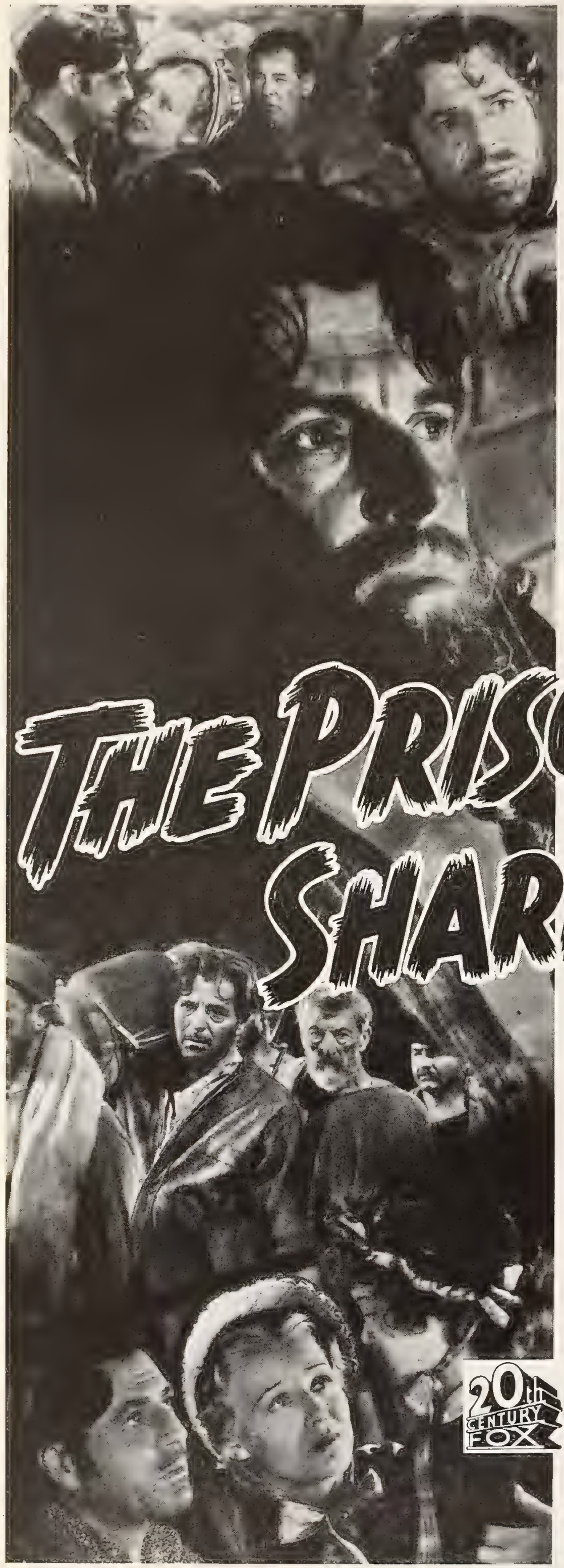
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*City*_____

*State*_____

MM-4



TORTURED
BY A NATION FOR HIS ACT OF MERCY!

Tricked by fate into helping an assassin, an innocent man is torn from the woman he loves...shackled... condemned to a living death on a fever island where brutes are masters and sharks are guards!

THE STARK DRAMA
of "I am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang"

THE MIGHTY POWER
of "Les Miserables"

THE PRISONER of SHARK ISLAND

Starring WARNER
BAXTER
with
GLORIA STUART
CLAUDE GILLINGWATER
ARTHUR BYRON
O. P. HEGGIE
HARRY CAREY
AND A CAST OF ONE THOUSAND

A DARRYL F. ZANUCK
20th CENTURY PRODUCTION

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck
Directed by John Ford
Associate Producer and Screen Play
by Nunnally Johnson
Based on the life of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd

The True Story of a Nation's Hidden Shame



Brief holidays are all that a capable and popular actress like Ann can hope for. With two pictures just completed, the Sothern hurried into still a third, "Don't Gamble with Love," in which Bruce Cabot is her teammate. The dashing, young Roger Pryor is still her constant interest.



Janet Gaynor, Dick Powell

Meet the charming "Small Town Girl!" Yes, it's Janet Gaynor again and looking gayer than she has in ages. Working at a new studio for the first time in a number of years, Janet seems to be keyed up to a new vivacity. Her leading man is none other than that young heart-breaker, Bob Taylor. This should be an exciting team. As for Dick Powell, this popular gent is twosoming again with his and the fans' favorite screen girl friend, Ruby Keeler, and the opus is "Colleen." Any songs in it? Well, with Dick, what do you think?



Nelson Eddy
Jean Parker



Nelson Eddy in "civies" again after days of wearing the uniform of the stalwart Canadian Mounted Police for "Rose Marie." Eddy shouldn't let so many months go by between pictures, especially when the fans clamor so loudly for him. And Jean Parker, having had the fun of a trip to England to play in "The Ghost Goes West" with Robert Donat, is back home and busy with Fred Stone in "Farmer in the Dell."



You won't recognize the smooth Tone head when you see him all curled up for "Princess Charming" with Grace Moore. And it gives him an unexpectedly dashing foreign air for one so American. Franchot works hard with excellent results, as usual.

Franchot Tone



Little Miss T. goes very nautical for her beguiling role of granddaughter in "Captain January." Guy Kibbee is the lighthouse keeper of that beloved old tale. And just wait 'til you see Buddy Ebsen and Shirley dance together. They're too swell!

Shirley Temple

JEAN HARLOW IS JEALOUS OF YOU

The world should be her oyster, but she thinks you are the people who have all the luck!

BY GLADYS HALL

JEAN HARLOW is jealous of all you girls, city-bred or small-town, who lead perfectly normal, natural lives—who do your jobs, close your desks when the work is done, relax, have a good time and are able to forget how your face looks, what the public is thinking of your most casual gestures and whether you should be getting nine hours' sleep instead of three.

She envies you your leisure, your chance to develop yourselves, your real selves and not your professional personalities. She envies you your right to live minus an audience which never closes its eyes and never goes home from a show on which no curtain of privacy ever drops.

Jean knows what you are thinking—that she has fame, success, luxuries, youth, beauty and love, and that upon her shining head the treasures of the earth are heaped in boundless good measure. . . .

For these things you envy *her,* and reasonably. Jean doesn't minimize these blessings. She doesn't say that she "longs to get away from it all." Not on your life. Jean's sane, crystal-clear mind functions far too honestly for that. On the contrary, she says she wouldn't get away from it if she could. The excitements of her life have become necessary to her. She couldn't live comfortably, now, without her half-hour engagement book, the continuous ringing of telephones, conferences, fittings, interviews, photographs, et al.

And she loves the work itself.

But—she does wish that she had never begun it at all. Now that she has begun she will never stop of her own volition—she can't. She doesn't know why, except that it is like a virus in the blood which cannot be ejected.

JEAN FEELS what all public characters feel, public characters who are really normal, private citizens at heart.

She is a simple person. And her envy of you other girls is predicated upon one thing—that she is completely natural and to be forced, however great the rewards, to lead a completely unnatural life just plain gets on the Harlow nerves. *(Continued on page 102)*

Jean with the ever-devoted Bill Powell.



And with Spencer Tracy in a scene from "Riffraff."





Emilie

Yvonne

At right, no Hollywood night life for Emilie, Yvonne, Cecile, Annette and Marie! These five starlets retire early. Nor has their forthcoming debut in "The Country Doctor" made these screen ingenues even the least bit self-conscious. Cameras are just another toy to them!

AN OFF-SCREEN GLIMPSE OF THE *Quints*

The Mam'selles Dionne are completely unruffled by fame, stardom and riches

Copyright 1936 NEA Service, Inc.

Cecile

Annette

Marie

Below, left and right, the five-star babies have fun. That's Yvonne, the rascal, making eyes at the cameraman. And at the right, Cecile and Marie, on either end, look wistful, but Emile sniffs the food, Yvonne laughs gaily and Annette works on a leg!

Cary Grant, once married, again enjoys the freedom of a popular man-about-town. But does he like it?

Cary may skip trite social formalities, but he never fails to remember the little, thoughtful gestures to his friends. He's been making an English picture.

BACHELOR AT LARGE

BY VIVIAN HOWARD

WHEN I asked Mae West what she thought of Cary Grant, she was cryptic. "Cary Grant is a flash," she said and left me to figure it out. Looking at him gives one an immediate idea of what Mae meant: flashing black eyes, white teeth, a flashing smile over an unexpected dimple, all of which is backed up by boyish flashes of wit, and a continual over-supply of bubbling good spirits.

He doesn't walk, he bounds. His loping stride carries him to his destination far ahead of those earthbound souls who content themselves with walking. And while he waits for them to catch up with him, instead of marking time, he taps out an original routine and hums snatches of the latest popular song to restrain his natural impatience.

Despite his romantic appearance, this boyish impatience prevents him from playing the great and attentive lover in private life. Since details rather bore him, and since he's also apt to be somewhat absent-minded, his current lady friend (whoever she may be—for they change periodically) finds him a charming but somewhat irresponsible and unpredictable courtier. Should he be taking her out to dine, she's lucky if he arrives at her home only a half hour late. It seldom, if ever, occurs to him to send her a corsage to wear. And if the thought does strike him, as he's taking an opponent to town in a hot set of tennis or ping-pong (usually this happens five minutes before he's due to call for his charmer—and he not even shaved or showered!), he arrives, minus flowers. Then he and his lady, together, spend half an hour or so hunting for just the right florist.

IT'S NOT that Cary is lacking in natural courtesy or thoughtfulness. It is simply that this type of conventional behavior doesn't seem of fundamental importance to him. His natural spontaneity rebels at such stiff formalities. He far prefers to act on the spur of the moment.

So that, having planned to spend a week-end at some elaborate house party in Malibu, and having invited a girl to go along—the lady sits and waits for Cary for two hours—they being due at their host's house at, say—eight o'clock Saturday evening. Her temperature falls steadily and her ire rises. At ten o'clock, the telephone rings. It's Cary. He can't understand her frigid tone, because he and two other couples have just decided that it would be much more fun to ditch the boring affair and start off for Arrowhead, or Arizona, or Palm Springs or a Mexican fishing trip. And will she please throw some old clothes in her overnight bag, they'll be right over!

I've yet to meet the girl who hasn't! Despite her annoyance, her pride, and her vows never to see him again. For Cary has that fatal fascination, if you know what I mean!

Although Cary would deny it, emphatically, he is extremely idealistic in regard to women. He loathes blatancy, vulgarity, and scatter-brained butterflies. The women whom he truly admires are those who primarily are companionable, have great understanding and tolerance—particularly of impulsive chaps like Cary.

Capable of great and loyal friendship, he numbers among his closest friends, two or three women whose appeal is in no way dependent upon beauty or fame. And these go on being important to him through the thick and thin of his frequent romantic flare-ups with his changing heart interests. His tender thoughtfulness, toward these women, is very touching (Cary would writhe if he knew that adjective had been used to describe his perfectly natural impulses).

ONE OF these close women friends was a secretary at Paramount when Cary first arrived in Hollywood. He admired her sane intelligence, he depended upon her judgment. He constantly turned to her for advice.

Being new in Hollywood, and extremely sensitive, he feared people would misunderstand him. He dreaded that he might "do the wrong thing." When he first became mildly successful and his option at the studio had been taken up, he wanted to buy a new car. He had been driving an old sports model and had been very happy in it—but alas!—the top was now leaking and the whole thing was practically falling to pieces. But, until his secretary friend convinced him he was being supersensitive, he put off doing anything about a new one, because he was afraid people would think he'd "gone Hollywood."

To her also, he delegated the difficult task of first judging his performances in the previews of each new picture he made. Each (*Continued on page 94*)

Left, Betty Furness seems to be the girl fickle Cary is concentrating upon right now. And right, with Katharine Hepburn in "Sylvia Scarlett," his most successful picture to date.





Paul Cavanagh came to some amazing conclusions about Mae, playing with her in "Goin' to Town."

HAS MAE WEST A DUAL PERSONALITY?

Mae advises you to go after your man boldly, but Hollywood's smoothest gents claim she doesn't practice what she preaches

BY HILARY LYNN



THE PURPOSE of this story is to report two conversations. Just that. You can draw your own conclusions. They're bound to be interesting!

"The reason people go for my pictures in a big way is that I don't make 'em afraid of sex. Know what I mean?"

I didn't . . . quite. So Mae went on to elaborate.

"I take sex with a laugh. I don't let it get me. Get me?"

I was beginning to catch on.

In a turquoise satin negligee, very simple but very Patou, Mae was lounging in her boudoir—a perfect atmosphere for our conversation.

It was a gold and white boudoir—even to the telephone. White magnolias and gardenias in gold and white vases. A tantalizing scent like heavy tropical flowers touched with moonlight. Soft white rugs on the floor. The sparkle of crystal candelabra. Mirrors lining the walls. Even a mirror above the white, satin-covered bed on which Mae was relaxing, as disturbingly radiant as Cleo and Delilah all rolled into one.



For the first time I had a close-up of Mae's eyes. They're the poet's favorite dewy violet—and the lashes, like Garbo's (as was just recently revealed after all these years of silence) are not the handiwork of a make-up man—they're the real McCoy. Black, long, silky, and with that devastating upswing.

"Love and sex may be considered old-fashioned by some," continued Mae, "but they still come in for their quota of after-dinner conversation along with the Italo-Ethiopian situation and what John Barrymore's next move might be.

"Everybody has his pet theory about how sex should be presented on the screen. Some say it should be done away with entirely. Personally," and here Mae gave me one of those slow, smouldering glances and lazily stretched her white arms, "I think that might offer difficulties. Others say it should be camouflaged. I might go for that theory myself some day. Some say it isn't good for the kiddies. Well, not in overdoses.

AND WHO hasn't heard the old gag that, 'there's too much sex in the movies and not enough good, clean fun? Give us more Shirley Temple and Westerns by Zane Grey.'

"While others declare: 'We'll take a little sex with our movies, but we'll take it wrapped in orange blossoms and yards of Rosepoint lace. We'd like it set in a cottage for two, in a room with a view—.' You know, the way they staged it when Gaynor and Farrell were screen lovey-doveying.

"I've even met the kind of fellahs who like to see sex rear its wicked head in a cosmopolitan atmosphere, where ladies with foreign accents and husbands who don't understand them, slither in and out of art museums, officers' balls, and hot houses filled with orchids and tiger lilies.

"Then again, some folks like it sprinkled with tears, pale shining eyes and choking farewells. The 'it's-better-to-have-loved-and-lost-than-never-to-have-loved-at-all' sort of thing. Like those pictures, (*Continued on page 98*)

YOUR GIRL FRIDAY'S BUDDY

BY CHARLES DARNTON



Courtesy N. Y. American

Buddy's Girl Friday is Walter Winchell's, too.

Buddy Ebsen's fast feet are not this gent's only claim to fame

BY ALL the rules of Horatio Alger this story really ought to be titled "Small Town Boy Makes Good." For droll Buddy Ebsen, slow of tongue but fast of feet, has made a dancing hit second only to that of the incomparable Eleanor Powell in "Broadway Melody of 1936." He is Hollywood's homeliest—and funniest—find in many a moon.

Orchids to Walter Winchell. Why? Well, you see, Buddy is a Winchell happy event. Not that my old friend Walter is his pappy. But that lynx-eyed columnist, once a hoofer himself, discovered him. Nor is this all. Because of that Columbusing a few years back, Buddy rates a double happy event. Believe it or not, this plain and simple newcomer to the screen is, of all things, the husband of no less a sophisticate than W. W.'s famed "Girl Friday"!

Imagine finding her sitting primly in their Westwood home while Buddy unlimbered himself on a sofa, when I dropped in for a neighborly call. Paradoxically, two persons farther apart couldn't possibly be closer together.

THAT UNIQUE domestic scene offered a rare study in contrasts. There was the little woman, as Buddy may call her if he's a brave man, with all Broadway at her finger-tips, and there was her hubby looking for all the world as though he'd never been off Main Street.

They had me blinking. It wasn't hard to recognize Buddy—for except that he'd had a hair-cut he was just as advertised. But Your Girl Friday, demure, wren-like, sheltered, didn't in the least suggest her worldly-wise alter ego, indeed she seemed (*Continued on page 72*)



Pint-sized Shirley and six-foot Buddy tap their way through "Captain January."



"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"

A new treat awaits movie fans, judging from Hollywood reports about Paramount's "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." Sylvia Sidney, Fred MacMurray and Henry Fonda have the star roles supported by Fred Stone, Nigel Bruce, Robert Barret, Fuzzy Knight and Little Spanky McFarland. Henry Hathaway, brilliant director of "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," has the directorial assignment. Walter Wanger produces. Most interesting, is the fact that "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" is the first full-length outdoor romantic drama to be produced in natural color*. Those who have seen it say the scenes are breath-taking in their beauty.

* Technicolor process



LUCKY IN Love

In that interesting screen triangle of Clark Gable, Myrna Loy and Jean Harlow in "Wife vs. Secretary," we have a suspicion that Miss L., the wife, gets the lucky break at the fade-out. Anyway, here she is in a most devoted pose with Clark.

"Dawned, I'M SURE"

What happens when star meets star in Hollywood? Several celebrities tell their funny experiences

Zasu Pitts didn't meet her next door neighbor, Claudette Colbert, for over a year—and when she did! Irene Dunne's maid had to introduce her to the star she wanted most to meet. And one of Joan Bennett's best friends today is a star who went out of her way to meet Joan. Below, left to right, Zasu, Irene and Joan.







BY KATHERINE ALBERT

MY FRIEND, who had never been there, and I were talking about Hollywood the other day. She asked me if Kay Francis and Janet Gaynor were good friends.

"I don't know," I said. "I don't believe they've ever met."

She was appalled at that. "Never met? But they are both products of Hollywood—both famous stars. Surely, no introduction would be necessary!"

She talked on. She could not believe that it was possible for one star in Hollywood not to know every other star. Certainly, she reasoned, they were just one big family. Not always a happy family perhaps—they might have their fights and feuds—but not to *know* each other . . . Well!

A few days later I was chatting with Claudette Colbert and I told her of my friend's misapprehension. "It is silly that we all don't know each other, isn't it?" Claudette said. "Often it causes embarrassing situations."

And that gave me the idea that it might be fun to discover just how these world-famous people, whom everybody knows, get to meet each other.

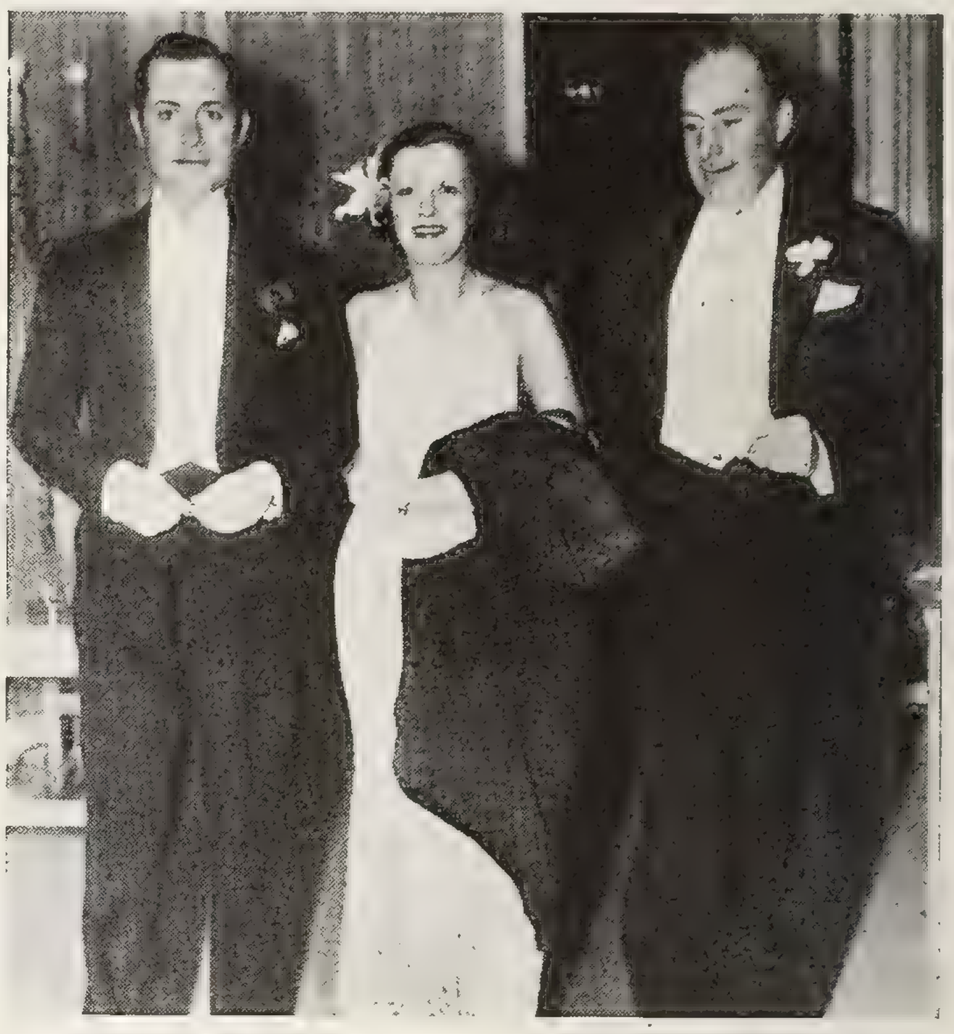
For a year Claudette Colbert and Zasu Pitts had been next door neighbors. Yet, except for the times when each had seen the other's likeness on the screen, they had never so much as caught a glimpse of each other. Hollywood etiquette did not demand that Zasu call on Claudette when she moved next door. Both were busy women. There is no time for this sort of social flubdubbery in the film capital. Of course, Zasu knew that Claudette was her neighbor. If there were any sugar borrowing or back-fence talk, it was done by the servants.

And then, after a year of such neighborly proximity, they actually saw each other on the Paramount lot. They both stared, curiously—just as you would stare if you saw Claudette Colbert or Zasu (*Continued on page 122*)



Photos by Scotty
Illustration by Russell Patterson

The Ambassador was the scene of a swank dinner for H. G. Wells. Here's Bob Montgomery with the Alan Mowbrays.



Commotion amounting almost to a furor was created when Margaret Sullavan marched into the "Rose Marie" preview in the company of ex-hubby Henry Fonda. The two have always been friends, even during their married life, and they're co-starring in "The Moon's Our Home." So consider the lady's indignation when the ever-present Scotty stepped up and snapped their photo. It was an outrage, averred Miss Sullavan. Frankly, it's not an outrage. A photographer's business is to obtain pictures with news interest, and certainly a photo of a well-known star attending a preview with a former husband comes under the head of news, even in Hollywood. That's why Miss Sullavan's attitude strikes us as being a trifle absurd. If a girl wants privacy, a preview attended by half the movie colony is hardly a haven of sclitude.

■ ■ ■

And what new foreign star tells every lady interviewer she is beautiful and lovely, and that her mere presence fills him with emotion? Now everyone knows that, while all lady interviewers are charming, intelligent and witty, not all of them are Dietrichs to look upon. What's more, they talk, and now they all know that the imported gentleman has whispered the same sweet nothings to each and every one of them. Half of the girls are beginning to think he isn't sincere.

■ ■ ■

Now that Irene Hervey has been seen out once or twice with Addison Randall, the rumor hounds are trying to link Bob Taylor with several other young ladies about town. Most persistent are the reports of a romance involving the handsome Mr. T. with Janet Gaynor. Just as a coincidence, Bob and Janet have recently finished making "Small Town Girl" together. You wouldn't be supposing this beautiful romance existed mainly in that idyllic domain known as a studio publicity department, would you?

Parties, previews, romances and rumors galore keep our gossip-purveyor on the run about Hollywood—and is the news hot!

Kay Francis and Delmar Daves leave the "Lady Consents" preview. Are they married everyone asks? They won't say.



H. G. Wells, noted English guest of honor, leaves his party with two fair gals. Paulette Goddard, left, and Anita Loos.



Speaking of beautiful romances—with the scent of ambrosia furnished by studio press agents—perhaps the most touching was that well-publicized rhapsody, the Courtship of Harry Richman. Harry, it seems, is co-starred with Rochelle Hudson in "The Music Goes 'Round." During the picture's production the local press was full of trivia concerning Mr. Richman's undying regard for Miss Hudson and Miss Hudson's romantic feelings toward Mr. Richman. The minute the picture was completed, however, something came to blight this beautiful alliance, and not another word was heard of their *Great Love*. In other words, the publicity goes 'round and around, and we try to keep it from coming out here.

■ ■ ■

Tragedy on the ice: During a big skating scene for "Wife vs. Secretary," which stars Jean Harlow, Clark Gable and Myrna Loy, Miss Harlow was scheduled to go into a rather fancy fall. She refused on the grounds that she had no woolens and wasn't in the mood for falling on practically nothing but Harlow, for which you can hardly blame her. Her director agreed, and for a full hour the studio was searched, but there wasn't a woolie in all of Culver City. So, for her art, and for her employers, Jean gritted her teeth and graciously did the fall. These days she winces when someone says, "Won't you sit down, Miss Harlow?"

■ ■ ■

While we're on the subject, here's a secret Binnie Barnes wouldn't want you to know. Seems that Binnie was on location for "Sutter's Gold" in a region noted for its fog and wind. Binnie's costume, to make things more uncomfortable, happened to be a blue organdie dress. But the Barnes ingenuity overcame such difficulties, and here is the secret. Under the organdie La Barnes is comfortably equipped with long pink woolen undies and a pair of high black Russian boots. These items hardly go with organdie gowns, but they do keep a girl from freezing.

■ ■ ■

Note to Producers: Please buy Ann Harding a new story. The one she's been wearing for the past several seasons is getting just a trifle frayed around the edges. Miss Harding has appeared in "sacrificing wife" dramas so often that the public must be weary of feeling sorry for her. Many things have happened in this world since that style of story first startled audiences—the airplane has supplanted the horse, Fulton has invented the steamboat, and Alexander Bell is working on a gadget called the telephone—and we think Ann would look swell in one of the newer models. Something streamlined, let us say.

■ ■ ■

Out here if someone tells you a certain star is terrific, he means the certain star is B. O. If you don't know what B. O. is, then we don't know why we're telling you all this. B. O. is Box Office, the wooden image worshipped by all good Hollywood pagans. If a star is Box Office, it simply means that his or her appeal is of such magnitude that vast quantities of citizens, the world over, pay tribute to see him, even though they must sit through a double feature bill, two shorts, a newsreel and five acts of vaudeville to do so. Hence it will probably be of interest to know that the great god Box Office has selected ten names from all the lists of 1935's bright stars, and dubbed them Terrific. They are, in the order of their B. O. importance: Shirley Temple, Will Rogers, Clark Gable, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers; Joan Crawford, Claudette Colbert, Dick Powell, Wallace Beery, Joe E. Brown (surprise?) and James Cagney. Allah has spoken.



Ann Harding, vacationing in the big city, leaves New York's Gotham Hotel.

Fred MacMurray and his best gal, Lillian Lamont. These two are an inseparable duo.

Merle Oberon arrives with her current beau, David Niven, for an evening at the Club Seville.



Gladys Swarthout and the destined-to-be-popular Erin O'Brien-Moore at Basil Rathbone's.



Two sorrowing figures at Jack Gilbert's funeral, Leatrice Joy, former wife, and their daughter.

Here's something that would have made the $10,000-a-week sirens of the old silent days furious with envy. It seems that one of the items in Claudette Colbert Pressman's new home is a bed done up almost entirely in satin. We didn't see the price tag but we have it from unimpeachable sources that it was marked $3,000. Perhaps that would have been a mere couch in those golden days, but in these parlous times it's terrific. Did some one say "some bunk"?

■ ■ ■

Have you been wondering about Mary Brian? Well, we have, and here's what we discovered. Mary's in London, still starring in "Charlot's Revue," and still denying romantic rumors, just as she denied them in Hollywood. The young blades of London are decidedly Brian-conscious, and even the manager of her hotel sends her a daily offering of fresh flowers. Men, are we going to relinquish America's Girl Friend to the British? Think it over.

■ ■ ■

Stuart Erwin can't understand his prize-winning bulldog. After knocking off blue ribbons at severel dog shows, Stu readied his pride and joy for the Palm Springs show. The dog wandered out and stuffed himself with dates, and by the time the judges took a look at him he was a fine example of a dog with a hangover. The following week the dog got next to a plentiful quantity of rich food and came down with the gout. Right now he subsists on dog biscuit and water, and Stu hasn't any appetite whatsoever.

■ ■ ■

There's a new hoofer about to amaze screen audiences with her tapability, and she's none other than Irene Dunne! Irene took lessons in taps from LeRoy Prinz for her role in "Show Boat," and Mr. Prinz is telling his friends that Irene is a natural tapster, or is it tapstress? We can't imagine it, but Mr. P. swears by it, so you'll have to see "Show Boat" if you want his statement verified.

■ ■ ■

More Questions Without Answers: The wife of a prominent English star is constantly guarding her husband from the





Grace Moore and husband Valentin Parera, snapped leaving "Rose Marie" preview.



Gertrude Michaels, Johnny Farrow and Maureen O'Sullivan make merry at the Club Seville.



Mary Pickford dances gaily with Leslie Howard at a party she gave for Lady Mendl.



Polly Ann Young, her fiance, Carter Herman, and Loretta Young at Wally Ford's party.



The much-beaued-about-town Mary Carlisle with Phil Reed at the Club Seville, too.

NEWS

wiles of the local sirens, but she topped all her previous efforts at an Assistance League luncheon the other day. A certain glamorous gal star rushed over to the couple, greeted the wife and planted a friendly kiss on the countenance of the blushing male. Since a kiss is not an unusual salute in Hollywood, you can imagine the young lady's embarrassment when she found herself on the receiving end of a violent push from the irate wife.

■ ■ ■

Fay Wray, just back from England, parked her bags at the Gotham in New York for a few days. And the same day the Melvyn Douglas's (Helen Gahagan) checked out of this popular hostelry on their way back to the coast. Poor Fay must feel like a gal without a country for she has spent the major part of the past year madly commuting back and forth across the briny to keep picture engagements in both England and Hollywood. Fortunately for her, her beloved spouse, John Monk Saunders, has been spending most of his time in England, too, thus saving them miserable separations and transatlantic phone bills!

■ ■ ■

And speaking of New York, who do you suppose stole into town without a single reporter catching sight of her? None other than Gloria Swanson. La Swanson, who used to stir up a peck of press excitement, must have felt a trifle forlorn to be the forgotten woman. It is whispered that Gloria and Herbert Marshall are only nodding these days.

And from Hollywood comes word that Herbert is transatlantic phoning his wife, Edna Best. So-o-o.

■ ■ ■

And what's this about Simone Simon? The little mademoiselle from gay Paree was brought to these waiting shores amid much publicity and much shouting of "Vive la France!" In a few short months her studio taught her English and placed her in "Under Two Flags," with Ronald Colman and Victor McLaglen. After two weeks of production it was announced that Mlle. Simon retired from the cast under doctor's orders. She was replaced by Claudette Colbert, by the way. Observers, however, point out a typographical error in the announcement. "Director's orders" would be more correct, they insist, for it seems that playing a Cuban girl in an American picture was a little too bewildering for the little French lady, so she retired from the cast—with a French-English dictionary under one arm and a tutor under the other.

■ ■ ■

The death of John Gilbert marks the end of an era in Hollywood, for he was one of the last of the glamorous names of the silent days. Always attractive to women, his constant companion during his last few months was Marlene Dietrich. That she felt his passing deeply is attested to by those who saw her on the Paramount lot the day after his death. Although she worked, so as not to hold up production, there were two nurses in constant attendance. (*Cont'd on page 124*)

And look who's walking into the party! None other than Jeanette MacDonald radiantly happy and squired by Henry Fonda.



Top above, the Harmon Nelsons (Bette Davis) pose for Scotty. And Bette, with her hair darker again, looks like a little girl. Below, Loretta Young steps out with Janet Gaynor's former husband, Lydell Peck.

Hollywood's gayest gals and lads have themselves a big time at

. . . THE BLACK









Top above, a jolly foursome consisted of David Niven with his best girl, Merle Oberon; Norma Shearer and husband, Irving Thalberg. Norma was one of the few who didn't observe the "black and white" dress edict. Below, Janet Gaynor, Gene Raymond, Marion Davies and Dolores Del Rio have fun.

Top above, Scotty snaps a fivesome—the Bill Gargans, the Harold Lloyds and Dolores Costello Barrymore in a fetching white wig. And below, the hostess, Carole Lombard, all done up in white tulle and violets. Cesar Romero is the lucky fellow who has her attention for the moment.

Carole Lombard's swanky Mayfair party. Here's how they looked!

AND WHITE BALL

SHE KNOWS Wives!

And Myrna Loy, unmarried herself, tells you all about them here

BY S. R. MOOK

ONE NIGHT, not too long ago, Jobyna and Dick Arlen, Bing and Dixie Crosby and I were sitting around gabbing.

Somehow the talk got around to "The Thin Man" and, naturally, to Myrna Loy's swell portrayal of the wife in it.

"*There* was a wife for you," Dick remarked with a meaning glance at Joby.

"Amen!" said Mr. Crosby devoutly, although he smiled when he said it.

Joby threw a pillow at Dick while Dixie fingered a marble ash tray more or less absently.

The conversation was hastily changed before there were any casualties. But, when I reached home, where I could meditate in peace and comfort on one of my favorite topics—marriage—I began thinking about Myrna again.

There is a girl who never has been married—or, if she has been, she's keeping very still about it—yet she probably has played more and different types of wife, and played them convincingly than (*Continued on page 119*)

Myrna, who has played a variety of screen wives, wonders how she would react to marriage off-screen. Below, with her constant beau, Arthur Hornblow.





ALMOST AN OLD MAID

BY WELDON MELICK



Ronald Burla, her better half, is just about perfect, thinks Miss Merkel.



Una has helped many of her fans with their problems on love and marriage.

HERE'S ONE I'll bet even Ripley wouldn't believe! Una Merkel was once resigned to the unwelcome fate of becoming an old maid! With millions of unattached males in the world, not one favored the shy, awkward little Kentucky girl with so much as a passing glance.

Although she is one of the most happily married girls in the movie colony today—the happiest, to hear her version of it—Una has known what it is to want companionship and see all the girls but herself receiving flattering attentions from young swains.

For other girls who have faced that problem, she feels a sympathetic kinship, and for them she has a heart-warming message which perhaps no other screen idol is qualified, by both experience and understanding, to give.

Picnics and parties given by the younger set in Covington and Philadelphia, where Una grew up, were not enhanced by the tinkling chatterbox voice which now makes a picnic of any picture to which it is a party. Even later, when Una was posing for illustrations in a confession magazine—illustrating stories in which she had illegitimate children by the score, during working hours—men didn't even offer her a seat on the subway.

THE STORY of the screen's most popular comedienne is the more unusual because the lives of models and actresses are supposed to be glutted with battalions of males, and the worries of a film beauty who tries to remember mother's advice are enough to turn her hair platinum blonde overnight. But in all of Una Merkel's cloister-like existence in the midst of plenty, she only got one opportunity to slap a man.

I hope I don't make her sound like the "before" half of the ad for freckle cream, or a course in "How You Too May Cultivate and Harvest Men." I'm sure it was the boys in Covington who were cross-eyed.

It's difficult to sit on a lounge with one of the most charming and delightful women of the screen and try to imagine her as a self-conscious wall-flower who was so afraid of boys that they thought she wanted to be that way. I wouldn't have believed that this personable young blonde had ever got a good start toward spinsterhood, if she hadn't admitted it. But when Una Merkel tells you something, you believe it. Her sincerity is the second thing you note about her. The first is how sleekly stunning she is in black. While the glamor gals affect aprons and organdie between sirening assignments, La Merkel, off the set, knocks your lamps out with the latest chic creations of New York and Paris—possibly a delayed compensation for drab days in a convent, and working days in New York, when an umbrella and outsize rubbers were the most striking accessories in her wardrobe.

But she is a homebody, for all her style, and wouldn't starve to death if you locked her in a kitchen with the makings. She'd know what to do if you got a cold in the chest. If you gave her a pile of socks to darn, she wouldn't do it with her *(Continued to page 88)*

Una Merkel's advice to the Misses who would be Missus

Will increasing screen success push Rochelle Hudson into the glamorous star class she now spurns?

MAYBE IT would be better if you didn't tell what I said on the set that day a year ago. People might misunderstand and think I was crazy."

Rochelle readily admitted the conversation I referred to. I was afraid that she wouldn't. Especially since she had, during the past few months, seen her name put in the column of the box office ledger that spells cash.

That's what you like about this Hudson gal. She has a mind of her own and she is not afraid to express it.

"After all," she went on, "why shouldn't I say that the glamor and glitter that goes with being a motion picture actress does not thrill me. It doesn't. That I am not eager for a career. It's the truth. That I am not reaching for fame. I have seen how disappointing that can be. That I don't want to be a star. I have seen too many stars take a tail spin.

Rochelle considers acting a job, not a career.

"A year ago I was so fed up with the whole business I was ready to quit. I don't want to quit now. I have a good job. And I am enjoying my work because I am making progress. I don't want to quit until I have become tops. I would want to be tops in anything I undertook."

To this veteran of nineteen, acting is a job, not a career. "Tops" is success, not stardom. Laugh if you want to, but here is a beautiful girl who would rather be looked upon as an industrious young person intent upon her work than a motion picture actress wrapped in glamor.

"I have been building for a career ever since I can remember," she said. "When I was born my mother vowed she was going to give me the opportunity to do the thing she had always wanted to do. 'Amount to something,' as she put it. I was to have the training, foundation, or whatever you want to call it to enable me to do something artistic—

something fine, the chance to take myself out of the everyday humdrum existence. In other words, she wanted to see in me a reflection of what she had wanted to be. She never wavered in that purpose.

"At three I was studying the piano and taking dancing lessons. At six I was memorizing verse. Before long I was learning ten pages of drama a week. That taught me to concentrate. That is why today I learn lines so easily. When it was discovered that my voice had possibilities, I was given vocal training.

"Although I was considered precocious, I had to work. Mother often stood over me to keep me at the piano. How I hated to sit down to those cold keys." She made a wry face at the thought of it.

"MY TEACHERS used to warn my parents that I would have a breakdown. Mother was criticized for forcing me. But she knew what she was doing. I was active and quick to learn and it didn't hurt me a bit. At any rate I was never ill then—nor since then.

"Today when I see other girls in this business, many of them older than I, just starting on the piano, dancing or voice, I realize how lucky I am. After Mother put me on my own feet she left me to work out my own salvation."

Rochelle was fourteen when she signed a contract with RKO. Since she attended school on the lot, either her work or studies took her to the studio every day. And so, the studio became her world. She saw stars made and broken. She saw the effect of fame and money upon newcomers and old-timers. The excitement and glamor that surrounds a movie set was her daily fare. During those months her mental and physical training, her entire routine, was chosen to promote her career.

"Most people think that acting before the camera is fun," she said, "that the hours spent at a studio are gay and amusing. The dramatic roles I do are a responsibility. They weigh me down. (*Continued on page 84*)

BY RILLA PAGE PALMBORG

SHE DOESN'T WANT fame



With Norman Foster in Everybody's Old Man." Nice work by Rochelle.



And with Harry Richman in "The Music Goes 'Round" and

LESLIE HOWARD —

There's great mystery in
and serious, this blond chap has

BY RUTH RANKIN



LADIES AND gentlemen—especially ladies.

The following discourse, concerning a literate and articulate actor, contains not one word about his lovelife, per se. Intentionally, it omits speculation direct or indirect regarding his marriage, his amorous dalliance, if any, his preference for blondes or brunettes, also if any.

Mr. Leslie Howard entertains the controversial opinion that a man may be an actor and also have a private life. You will, one hopes, agree that he can at least *try*. Possibly you may even find it refreshing to discover an actor who wants a private life.

This explanatory digression has nothing to do with the subject matter, except as an early illustration of Leslie's rebellious nature. Imagine an actor daring to want a private life!

Those of you, who regard Mr. Howard and sex-appeal as interchangeably synonymous, will perhaps be pained, or anyway surprised, to find out that other things do go on in his mind.

But before we progress to his mind, how's about analyzing the appeal. (Did I hear cheers from the ladies?) What is it Leslie has which no other actor has? Where does he keep it? Does he put it on and take it off or is it always there?

Well, now you have me. It's that thing called charm. Without it, there is a not particularly personable, slightly skinny gent in an old loose tweed jacket and trousers with a patch on the seat and tortoise-rimmed glasses, pulling on a blunt pipe. With it, there is Leslie Howard.

IT WORKS in various ways its wonders to perform—but it always works. For instance, two very chic Upper-Crust young matrons arrive from New York and it is my pleasure to introduce them to a studio. Well, a studio is a studio, and I make arrangements accordingly. But no, I was wrong. They only want to go to the studio where *Leslie Howard* is making a picture—and the only actor they want to meet is *Leslie Howard*. Tie *that*. And here I figured they were pretty darn lucky to see *any* studio! And it seemed fairly reasonable that since Howard was working on a picture, he wouldn't send out any brass bands to meet us . . . Ha, I was wrong again.

The gals were fairly skeptical. This Howard now, he was just a legendary character who charmed people, willy-nilly, on the screen and (*Continued on page 96*)

PERENNIAL CHARMER

Howard's appeal. Unassuming something other stars envy



Left, Leslie, Jr., Howard's daughter, is so interested in her dad's career that she spent days writing a happy ending to "The Petrified Forest," because the producers thought they wanted it that way! Here they are.

Left, Leslie and Bette Davis in a scene from "Petrified Forest." Leslie had a way of quietly napping in his or Bette's car between scenes! And, like Garbo, he likes to sneak home early, much to the director's discomfort.

. . . MIRACLE IN

Little did the lovely Olivia de Havilland realize what Fate had







(Above) This amazing night picture of the world-famous Hollywood Bowl, crowded to the very rim, was the scene of Max Reinhardt's outdoor production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," in which Olivia de Havilland met Opportunity and Fame. Left, Olivia's first meeting with Reinhardt, and as she looks today.

BY
RAMON
ROMERO

HOLLYWOOD BOWL

in store for her on that eventful evening in 1934 . . .





IN THE huge, egg-shaped orchestra pit of Hollywood Bowl, in the summer of 1934, a miracle occurred. In this cradle of immortal music a motion picture star was born. Not a new composer nor a master of the baton, but of all things, a cinema celebrity!

In the sight of forty thousand pairs of eyes this new actress emerged from the unknown, to be discovered by the largest single audience that has ever discovered a favorite upon whom to heap its plaudits. Out of the magical forest of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" she came—a vision as lovely as Dame Fame has ever bowed to. At the beginning of the eventful evening the program listed her merely as the "Hermia" of the Bard's play. But before the moon had risen much higher over the Bowl that night, it was Olivia de Havilland who was remembered. The next morning her fate was sealed. Hollywood came to bid.

More than a year has passed since that momentous evening when Olivia de Havilland's career was born in Hollywood's gigantic amphitheatre under the stars. In that incredibly short time Olivia has risen from an unknown "Little Theatre" actress to a picture personage. Her screen interpretation of Hermia, too, has won her praise.

Two of the most coveted roles of the new crop of pictures have been awarded Olivia on the strength of the critical reception accorded her in the Reinhardt fantasy. In "Captain Blood," Olivia and another newcomer, Errol Flynn, carried the burden of histrionic honors on their slim shoulders, with nary a big box-office name to bolster up production values. To add glory to glory, she is playing opposite Fredric March in "Anthony Adverse."

When I lunched with her recently, Olivia did not hesitate to express doubts as to her future in the Hollywood crazy-quilt. Although her charming rendition of Hermia had won for her the same role in the screen play, there was no way of foretelling what her camera-portrait of the same character would bring. Like a doctor who waits for the crisis in the illness of a patient, she waited for the day when she would know definitely whether her good fortune was merely a dream come to an end, or the beginning of a long screen life.

AS ANXIOUS as she was for the decisive answer, she was prepared not to be heartbroken should it mean that her efforts to be a movie actress had failed. Success had come too easily. It was not something over which she had brooded, planned, slaved. If ever a Cinderella story found its counterpart in actual life, it was true in this case. Unreasonable, because as she says herself, it seems almost unfair for anyone to walk into a motion picture career as painlessly as she did when Hollywood is full of talented girls wasting away waiting for a decent opportunity.

"Before all this happened I never seriously consideed a professional career," she confessed with her usual frankness. "I've never contemplated very much on the sacrifice involved in carving out a career for oneself. Of course, I've read dozens of biographies about the careers of great people, and of the tragic time they had. I cried myself sick over Katharine Hepburn's Eve Lovelace in "Morning Glory," but I've never had the same situations occur in my own life. I, personally, am going to let fate take its course."

"Even successful people must make sacrifices," I contended. "Should you be accepted as a success in the film version of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' there is every chance you will eventually become a star. As a star, you must be prepared to make more sacrifices than you would, say, if your present option isn't renewed, and you are turned out to find a place for yourself in some other studio."

"Should that happen," she (*Continued on page 100*)

BUTLERS ARE ONLY SKIN DEEP

BY FAITH SERVICE



Arthur Treacher, screen butler de luxe, with Ida Lupino in "Anything Goes."

BUTLERS BY
ED GRAHAM



ARE BUTLERS, like beauty, only skin deep?

Scratch a butler and do you find the "gentleman's gentleman," his soul in the service of caviar, his heart in the honing of a razor strop?

In plain terms, if you should scratch Eric Blore as he draws the "bawth" for Edward Everett Horton or serves pigeons' hearts and puns to Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, if you should scratch Arthur Treacher as he draws back a chair for Shirley Temple, if you should scratch Ivan Simpson as he serves tea for Mr. Arliss—what would you find?

Messrs. Blore, Treacher and Simpson are Englishmen three. They hail from the Isle of Butlers. Of perfect butlers. For when is a butler not a butler might be answered thisaway—when he is not an Englishman. Still, it is reasonable to surmise that when Messrs. Blore, Treacher and Simpson were yet unbreeched they did not plan their future lives in terms of buttling for Astaire, Temple and Arliss. They doubtless expected to be buttled.

What is the man behind the screen butler like? Does servitude, even in films, nip the arrogant soul of the man until he instinctively passes the *pâté de fois gras* and says "Sir" to inferior young moppets?

Do Messrs. Blore, Treacher and Simpson resent being butlers? What are they like when the napkin is removed from their arms?

I scratched Eric Blore and found: A whimsical gentleman. A very charming gentleman. A most sophisticated gentleman. A gentleman who is no slouch with the ladies, who is, indeed, married to Clara Mackin, one-time actress and a celebrated beauty. The father of a son of eight. A father who disciplines his only son with Milne-esque poetry—Milne with a dark dash of Poe.

Mr. Blore read me one of his poems. He recited it with fire and fervor. He went further and gave us permission to print part of it. Eventually, it will be included in a book of Blore verse. For, among other things, I found, when I lunched with Mr. Blore, the gentleman, is that he is rated as the second best lyricist in all England. Before he recited the poem to me he said, "I recommend this to all fathers of sons. I find that it absolved me from the unpleasant duty of castigation!"

And here is a verse and chorus from "The Scroggins":

When I was quite a little
boy,
And disobeyed my daddy,
He used to hit
Me where I sit
He hadn't ought to! Had
he?
But then if I was very bad,
Too bad for Daddy's flog-
gin's,
He'd frighten me
By saying he
Would send me to the
Scroggins.
Then to the telephone he'd
go
And ring up SCRANTON
0-0-0!

Oh! The Scroggins are
terrible people,



Three famous screen gentlemen's "gentlemen," Eric Blore,



Eric Blore, outraged valet to Edward Everett Horton, in a "Top Hat" scene.



Ivan Simpson, the "old retainer" type, with Miriam Hopkins in "Splendor."

Such terrible people the Scroggins;
Especially Missus,
Who hisses and hisses.
She hates little boys and the reason for this is
She can't stand the smell of 'em.
Just hear her tell of 'em,
"Little boys smell, sir, and that is the hell of 'em."
Take it from me,
It is better to be
With Mummy and Daddy
and floggin's
Than to stay for a day
In that house far away
With the terrible, terrible
Scroggins!



And I wish you could have heard Mr. Blore doing "The Scroggins." The way he rolled his S's and his eyes when he "rang up Scranton 0-0-0" was a treat!

While delving into the Blore biography, I discovered that Mr. Blore is the only son of an English professor, a professor so learned in the classics that he reads Greek and Latin as we read Walter Winchell. A father who had predestined his only son for the law, for government service. It certainly never occurred to the scholarly elder Blore, the bibliophile, that his Eric would one day be "in service."

And what is more, Mr. Blore studied law. He passed his civil service examinations, though he tried not to. And he then passed into an insurance office, only to pass out of it as soon as possible and onto the stage. His first stage appearance was at the Spa Theatre, Bridlington, England, in the year 1908. He then toured Australia and the provinces and then did four years at the front. He was with the Royal Flying Corps and also conducted the 36th Divisional Concert Party in France, being unable to keep the theatre out of the trenches. And at the front he first met Herbert Marshall, his friend through the years.



After the War he reappeared on the London stage, at the Wyndham Theatre, in "His Little Widows," and audiences laughed him from one success to another, until his butler in the stage production of "The Gay Divorcee" brought him to Hollywood to repeat that character on the screen.

Eric Blore loathes buttling. He said, "I wouldn't mind, you know, playing a butler with character, such a butler, for instance, as Wodehouse's 'Jeeves.' But I do object, quite violently, to being typed. I do resent the once-a-butler-always-a-butler mold into which the movies seem to have hurled me.

"I have no objections to butlers on the grounds that might be supposed. I do not consider them inferior persons. On the contrary, a (*Continued on page 89*)

Ivan Simpson and Arthur Treacher, reveal their real selves

BY MADAME SYLVIA



We believe that one of the most vital factors in the success of a motion picture is the physical attractiveness of its stars, and realize that instructive comment on this subject by a recognized authority will be of interest to our readers. MODERN SCREEN is, therefore, glad to announce the appointment of Madame Sylvia as its Beauty Critic of Motion Pictures.



Losing or gaining is a cinch, Sylvia claims, if you follow the rules—the same tips she gives the Hollywood stars

Carole Lombard has to keep an eagle eye on the thighs and hips. As a matter of fact, she has to diet and exercise all the time—or else.

FAT? THIN?—YOU



For those of you with scrawny necks, and shoulder blades that protrude noticeably—spots which the too-thin Loretta Young needs to round out—there are diets and exercises to build you up in no time.

Ann Dvorak is another one of those all-around skinny girls who could gain, if she went about it in the right way. Norma Shearer, on the other hand, has to work to keep slim—especially her waistline and arms.



RIGHT SMACK at the beginning, let me say this: you can have a good figure. You bet your sweet life you can. Barring out-and-out defects of bone structure and serious glandular disturbances, there is nothing that can keep you from being slim, graceful and decently proportioned. It will take time, determination, honesty (with yourself) and hard work. But, babies, you can have it and I'm not telling you any poetic beauty folderol when I say it. But it's up to you. What are you going to do? Be lazy and stay fat? Whine and stay thin? Or work and be beautiful? You're going to be beautiful? That's the stuff! And Sylvia will help you.

This month, I want to discuss really stubborn cases: the fat girl who has tried, honestly, to lose and can't; and the thin girl who has tried, honestly, to gain and can't.

On these pages, are the pictures of four Hollywood stars whom I shall use to illustrate certain points in this article. Norma Shearer and Carole Lombard have had considerable difficulty in their lives in keeping off excess weight. Norma's trouble is a tendency to heavy upper arms and a thickness through the waist. Carole's trouble is a tendency to heavy thighs and *derriere*. Ann Dvorak and Loretta Young have had difficulty in putting on weight. Ann is thin all over. Loretta must fight against that gaunt look around the collar bones and a too-thin neck. I'm going to take up more extreme cases than these girls illustrate, too.

OH, YES, I've heard all the excuses! I don't want to be too hard on you, but, truly, some of the reasons women give me for not improving their figures make me so mad I could pop!

"Fat runs in our family," is a prize one. So! Your Aunt Tabitha looked like a blimp . . . therefore you must look like a blimp. "I have a weak heart . . . I can't exercise." If you really have a weak heart—if a doctor has told you that you have a weak heart—you can't, of course, play tournament tennis or run the 100-yard sprint in nothing flat. But you needn't eat mashed potatoes, need you? "I'm anemic—I can't diet." Oh, yes, you can, baby. Yes, you can! Leave it to mama. I'll give you a diet—right here in this article—just as soon as I get a couple of statements down on paper that I don't want to forget.

First of all, let's take a really extreme case: the girl who is just plain fat. Not merely hefty or bulgy in spots, but fat. She *thinks* she (*Continued on page 92*)

CAN BE JUST RIGHT!

HE'D RATHER BE A TEACHER

BY DORA ALBERT

JOHN HOWARD didn't want to be an actor. He had no more intention of becoming one than the man in the moon. Although he belonged to the college dramatic society at Western Reserve University in Cleveland, he laughed politely when friends told him, "You ought to be in pictures."

He knew of too many young men who had staked everything on fortune's dice, and tried to get work on the stage or in pictures. He knew of several who had taken half a dozen tests for pictures, and who had simply landed on the road that leads to nowhere. He had no intention of breaking his heart trying to buck an impossible game. Instead he planned to study for a Ph.D. degree and become a professor of English.

It seems absurd that anyone so attractive should be teaching Chaucer, yet if the wheel of fortune had not spun 'round for him he would today be spending his time in research work on the classics of literature.

One day a talent scout came to Cleveland to see a girl who was playing a part in the touring company of "Men in White." The girl turned out to be rather a disappointment, and the scout decided to leave town the next morning. That night he had dinner with a friend, who said to him, "Say, it's (*Continued on page 82*)

John Howard, unusual young man, hit the movies in an unusual way

HER HERO!

You don't know Robert Donat unless you've seen him through Jean Parker's idolizing eyes

BY MAUDE LATHAM

IF YOU have envied Jean Parker at different steps in her career, you will be actually "green" now, for she has spent four months in England playing opposite Robert Donat in "The Ghost Goes West." And Jean has never been so thrilled in her life!

"If anyone had told me," she said, "that I would play a lead with Robert Donat, I should have been positive that Santa Claus had come to stay twelve months a year."

Of course, you are jumping to the conclusion that Jean has fallen in love with Donat. And you were never more right in your life! But perhaps in not the exact manner you suspect. She is in love with him as she is in love with Chopin and Leonardo da Vinci, for she believes that Donat is as much an artist in his line as these men were in theirs, that he brings to the screen something indescribable that sets him apart from all other actors.

Jean is changed since she worked with Donat. No longer is she so serious, worried, and eternally wondering about the outcome of everything she does. She is like someone who has visited a psychoanalyst and had her inhibitions released, like a college girl who has received A Double Plus on her first examinations. She explains:

"Mr. Donat made me realize how important relaxation is while portraying a character. 'You must get yourself out of the way,' he would say, 'while you are giving the public someone else.' Furthermore, he insisted that I must play every scene, whether tragedy or comedy, with a sense of humor. Often he stopped rehearsals and said something to make me laugh, then said, 'Now, open your hands; drop them; relax. You can never play a scene when you are tense like that.'

"That sounds simple enough, but I did relax for the first time, and I believe I learned even more from watching every move he made than I could possibly explain to you."



BUT DONAT'S influence on Jean didn't begin with her picture work with him, rather it began at the time she had her first glimpse of him on the screen in "Henry the Eighth." From that moment, she had no difficulty in answering the eternal question, "Who is your favorite actor?"

When Jean was notified that she would do a picture in London, there were hundreds of details to be attended to, so she had no time to make inquiries about the picture she was to make.

Imagine her delight, on arriving in London, in being told that she was to play opposite Robert Donat! It took her breath away. She and her guardian, Mrs. Jessie Wright, were taken to the Claridge. When shown to her suite, Jean found awaiting her the most gorgeous box of flowers she had ever seen. When her surprise and nervousness abated sufficiently for her to open it, she found the card reading, "Hoping your stay in London will be a happy one. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Donat."

As she began meeting people connected with the production, one after another said, "You are going to love working with Robert Donat." As if she hadn't dreamed of this for ages!

"And then, would you believe it," she continued, "everything went badly. My work was unbelievably stiff and both of us were so shy and without any (*Continued on page 78*)

SUITED TO HOLLYWOOD'S

Easter favorites you'll see smart cinema-ites wearing



Virginia Bruce, right, wearing a man-tailored gray woolen suit, overplaided lightly in a pale orange. Her hat is gray felt and her buttonhole bouquet is an orange-hued carnation!

WHEN FASHION dictators say, "Suits lead every other costume in importance this spring," they are talking Hollywood's language. For Hollywood is one of the most suit-conscious towns in the country.

Any native Hollywoodian will tell you that one of the best places to track down celebrities is at Watson's, the tailor shop that supplies the smartest stars with their stunning hand-tailored suits. You can go in there almost any day and run a pretty good chance of seeing Claudette Colbert having a fitting, Marlene Dietrich picking out fabrics, or Carole Lombard adding another suit to her already large wardrobe.

So many of you worry about whether or not you can wear a suit. I think most of you can wear some form of suit. Unless you are moderately slender, however, you had better pass up the mannish tailored suit. You won't find that a hardship, because there are so many other types of suits from which to choose that you will never mind not wearing the more trying (for your figure), strictly tailored style. Here are some of the suit types that will be popular this spring.

First is the classic tailormade, just mentioned. It can be called the most important style because it will be more generally worn by smart women all over the country. It is a direct steal from a man's suit. It should have shoulders slightly exaggerated in their squareness. It has notched lapels with a buttonhole, trick pockets and a nipped-in effect at the waist. It can be single or double-breasted, although the single-breasted type has an edge on the other. Its length varies—cuff length, like a man's jacket, being the smartest. The skirt is slender, with only pleats or tucks for detailing.

Suiting fabrics, hairline striped worsteds, checks, tweeds and worsted flannels are the materials for these suits. As to colors, navy is, of course, a big favorite. Then there's a grand new color called Postman's Blue, actually the shade that your letter-carrier's uniform sports. It has a rather military air and is perfect for the tailormade suit. Gray is looking up, too, as a suit shade, although a lot of you probably

BY ADELIA BIRD



In panel at left, top row, left to right, Gladys Swarthout in mixed tweed jacket with brown wool skirt. And Carole Lombard in beige suiting, beautifully tailored, with sables. Below, left to right, Madge Evans in light blue, yarn-stitched felt with trick crown. Also Margaret Callahan in black broadcloth with tucked-bosom shirt.



Above, left to right, Una Merkel prefers knitted suits with smart matching hats. Hers is a tweed knit jacket with a plain hairy wool knit skirt. That bag is a tricky affair in oxblood brown calf with a watch that really works and nailheads to point out the time. Next a young English star, Lillie Palmer, wears a hopsack green tweed suit with well-chosen black accessories. That big bag is a very new size and style for suits this season. Jane Wyatt wears a beige woolen sports suit overplaided in brown—the jacket is made on reefer lines, double-breasted. The Ascot scarf is a smart finishing touch. And at the right, Mona Barrie wears the dressmaker type of spring suit—this cleverly combines a plain woolen with gaily printed blouse, trimming and handbag. The suit is gray, the print blue, white and gray and her hat and shoes in navy.

will pass it up for the more generally becoming beige and brown tones.

And I can hear you all crying now, "What about the length of our suit skirts?" Well, according to the fashion-powers-that-be and one of Hollywood's well-known designers, Lambert, you can make your hemline between thirteen and fourteen inches from the ground. Lambert advocates the shorter length of fourteen inches. He says, "Fourteen inches will not be too much for daytime lengths. This means, I think, that waistlines will stay put. In spite of rumors that rise wraith-like now and then in favor of lowered waists, women so far have refused to take them seriously. And with shorter skirts, the tendency toward shoes with lower heels will remain, especially for spectator sports and country wear."

Carole Lombard follows the Lambert prediction with a very short skirt for the beige suit shown on page 57. This is a perfect example of the man-tailored type in a smooth suit fabric. Note the (*Continued on page 74*)

Unless Camels thoroughly please you— they cost you nothing!





Camels are mild in the best sense of the word—mild in flavor and, even more important, so mild you can smoke all you want.

To emphasize our confidence that you will recognize the superiority of Camel's costlier tobaccos...we want you to try them at our risk.

See if you don't agree with Mrs. Allston Boyer, Miss Dorothy Paine, Mrs. William Wetmore, and the other discerning women throughout the country who have learned that in cigarettes the cost of the tobaccos and the skill with which they are blended are all-important.

MRS. ALLSTON BOYER (*Above*): "I notice that if I'm tired a Camel freshens me up. Lots of people have told me the same thing. I can smoke all I want, too, and they never upset my nerves."

MISS DOROTHY PAINE (*Above right*): "Of course I smoke Camels. They have such a grand, smooth flavor. And they never make my nerves jumpy. When I'm all tired out, a Camel sets me right again."

MRS. WILLIAM T. WETMORE (*Right*): "Everywhere you go they're smoking Camels. Their smoother, richer flavor seems to fit in with the gayer life we are leading again. They are made from more expensive tobaccos."





Costlier Tobaccos!

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

Money-Back Invitation to try Camels

Smoke 10 fragrant Camels. If you don't find them the mildest, best-flavored cigarettes you ever smoked, return the package with the rest of the cigarettes in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund your full purchase price, plus postage.

(Signed)
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

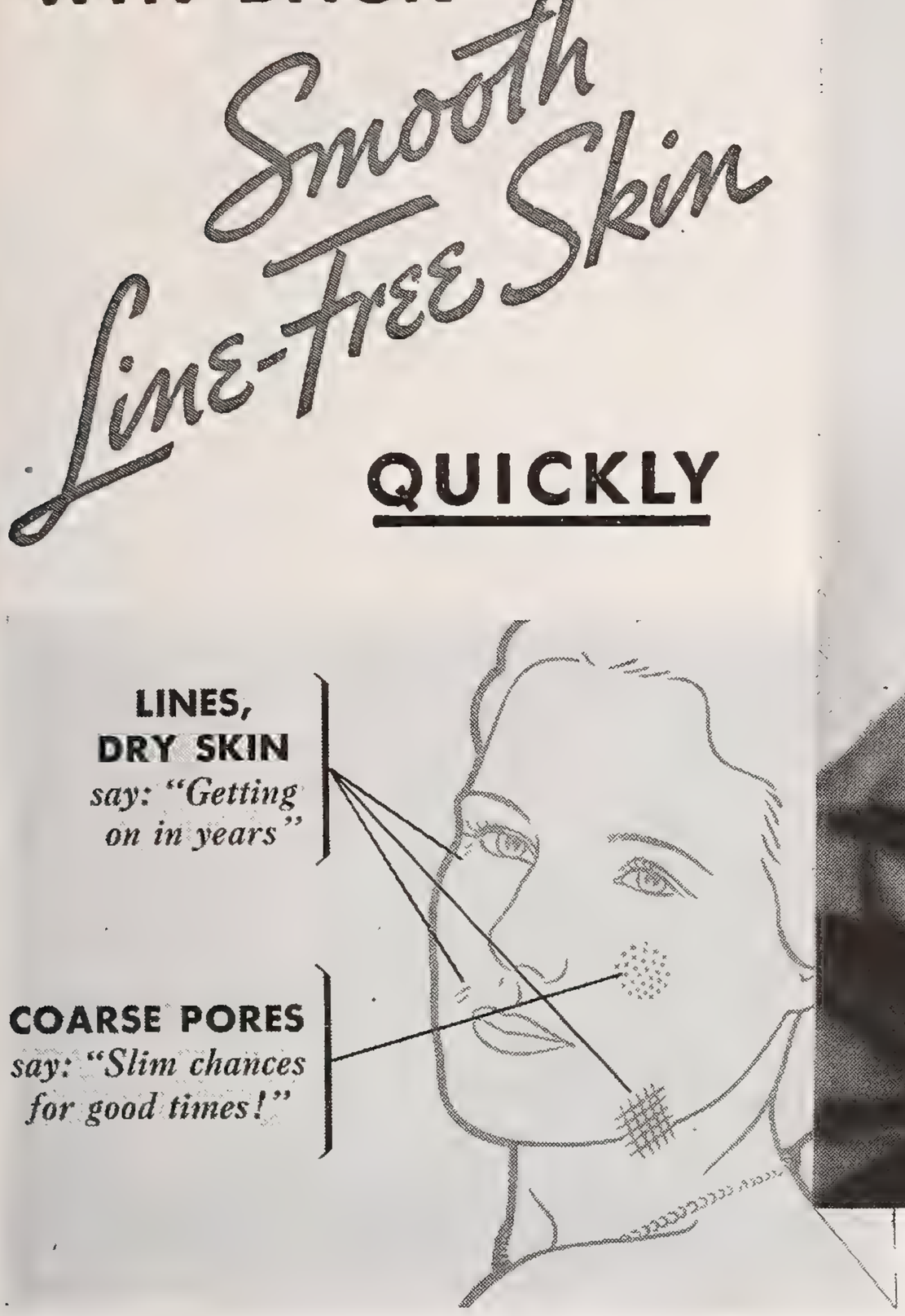
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THESE THREE

Behold three charming people who have their lives very much messed up by an evil-minded child. Merle Oberon, Joel McCrea and Miriam Hopkins in "These Three." Miriam looks as if she might be destined to be the loser. Yes?

WIN BACK *Smooth Line-Free Skin* QUICKLY





Miss Isabel Parker has that exquisite but delicate type of skin which often gets lined early: "Pond's Cold Cream actually ends dryness—smooths away little lines."

—*rouse that faulty* Under Skin

A PRETTY skin always wins friendly glances! It's not surprising that a coarse or dull skin is the reason many a nice girl is hardly noticed. Blackheads, blemishes draw positive criticism. Men seem to think that a good skin comes naturally!

But actually that good skin is something most of us have to work for—And *can* win!

When lines come—blackheads, blemishes—it's a sign that *under* the skin you see, something has gone wrong.

How to reach the under tissues

Look at the diagram of the skin below. See the nerves, fibres, glands in the under layers. In your teens, these busily carry nourishment to your skin. When they slow, skin faults begin.

You've got to fight these skin faults off . . . rouse that faulty underskin. And you can!—by faithful use of Pond's invigorating deep-skin treatment.

Pond's Cold Cream, with its specially processed fine oils, travels deep into the pores. Right away it softens dirt—Floats out the clogging matter.



Eleanor Gould

now Mrs. Ludlow W. Stevens, daughter of the late Jay Gould: "Even the first treatment with Pond's Cold Cream made my skin seem finer textured."

Now your pores are free! Your skin is ready for a fresh application of this youth-giving cream. Pat it in smartly. Feel the blood tingling. Your skin alive! Glowing. You have wakened that sleepy underskin!

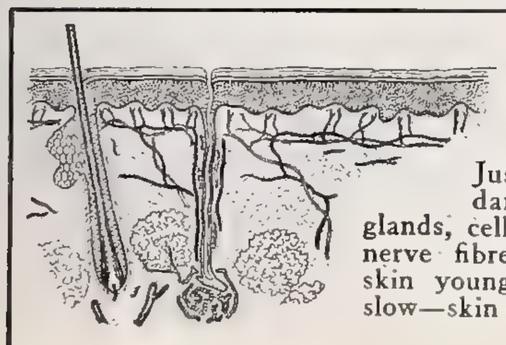
Do this regularly—note the improvement. Color livened. Skin smoother. In time, pores refined. Lines softened.

This famous Pond's treatment does more than cleanse. It brings to skin that fresh vital look that we all call beauty . . .

Every night, pat in Pond's Cold Cream to bring out dirt, make-up, skin secretions . . . Wipe it off! Pat in more cream briskly . . . to rouse that faulty underskin, to win back smooth, line-free skin!

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment—Your skin becomes softer every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Pond's Cold Cream is pure. Germs cannot live in it.



Where Skin Age begins..

Just below that dark layer, tiny glands, cells, muscle and nerve fibres keep outer skin young. When they slow—skin dries out, ages!

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE

and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. D-50, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company

Your hands

WILL LEAD A LOVELIER LIFE
ALL . . WEEK . . LONG!



GLAZO IS WORLD-FAMOUS
FOR BEAUTY AND LONG WEAR

WOMEN are becoming more critical, more discriminating in the beauty preparations they use. They expect a nail polish not only to be outstandingly lovely but to apply easily without streaking and to wear for days longer than polishes they used to know.

Because Glazo has these virtues, its fame has circled the world. It is famous for its glorious fashion-approved shades. It is famous for solving the streaking problem and for amazing ease of application. It is famous for giving 2 to 4 days longer wear, without peeling or chipping.

Glazo shares its success with you, and is now only 20 cents. Do try it, and see how much lovelier your hands can be!



IN CANADA 25 CENTS

GLAZO

. . The Smart Manicure

Your Girl Friday's Buddy

(*Continued from page 42*)

just the type of girl who might at any moment go out into the kitchen and come back with a plate of home-made fudge.

Under the circumstances the only thing to feel absolutely sure about was Buddy's unmistakable Hollywood success, so obvious that the preview audiences had laughed him immediately into the studio's good books.

"You—don't—have—to—be—polite," he drawled, unwinding a slow smile, at my mention of his hit.

Shy. Evidently this diffident Southerner couldn't be drawn without feeling he was also being quartered.

"You're billed as Buddy, but what's your real name?"

"I'd rather not tell you," he grinned sheepishly.

"It embarrasses him," considerately added Your Girl Friday.

Percy, Claude, Cecil, Rollo, Cuthbert . . . oh, well, never mind!

"How long have you been dancing?"

"Since I was four. Kept it up for seven years, till I was old enough to object to it."

"Why did you object?"

"Thought it was sissy," he rumbled, hanging his shaggy head.

A smothered laugh caused me to turn sternly to Your Girl Friday.

"You're getting more out of Buddy than I ever knew about him," she explained.

It was a good beginning, but I had to keep working on him.

"Guess I couldn't take it when the boys kidded me. That happened in my home town, Orlando, Florida, where my father ran a dancing school. My sister Vilma and I were taught classical dancing. From seeing her in 'Broadway Melody' you can imagine how good she was right from the start. But I wasn't so hot. Somehow, I couldn't go for that sowing the seed stuff —you know—"

Raising his hands, he fluttered them over his head in imitation of the Spring Dance, and almost fell off the sofa.

SO I gave it up and didn't go back to dancing till I was nineteen or twenty. My father didn't want me to dance for a living. He thought it would be better for me to raise oranges. But I decided to study medicine, and I did for two years at the University of Florida and Rollins College. Then the bottom dropped out of the land boom and everybody was broke. There were only two things I knew anything about, dancing and jerking sodas. I'd worked in a drug store at home after hours in high school. But I decided there was more money in dancing, and that New York was the place to do it. That summer my father had a camp in North Carolina, and I went there because it wasn't so far from New York as Orlando. My older sister, who worked in a bank—she's the only practical one in the family—gave me fifty dollars, and I headed for the big town. Say," he broke off, "I guess I'm making quite a hero of myself."

"Go on, Buddy," I said.

"Well," he gulped, "when I got to New York I had just twenty-four dollars left. I put the money in my sock and began pounding the pavements. I didn't know a soul there. But a second cousin of mine had given me a letter of introduction to a third cousin of his who was a boy in the chorus of a Broadway show. He took me up to his rooming-house in Eighty-eighth Street and let me bunk with him. It was darn nice of him. Next day I went out looking for a job, but when I got back at night I couldn't find the place. All the houses looked alike to me. I kept hunting for the one that fitted the key I carried till I almost got arrested for being a burglar. So I gave it up and slept in a car parked along the curb. In the morning I found I was right in front of the house I'd been looking for."

Your Girl Friday had another attack of throat trouble and seemed to be strangling.

"I sure felt a fool," confessed Buddy. "But I felt even worse when all my money was gone. Then I got a job, or thought I had one, in the chorus of 'Present Arms,' which Lew Fields was putting on. But we'd just started rehearsing when Fields walked in and, getting his eye on me, said, 'He won't do, he's towering over all the others.' Just my luck to be too tall. I must have looked kind of sad, because the stage manager, Teddy Hammerstein, dug into his jeans and said, 'Sorry, kid, but here's two bucks.' I've never seen him since, but if he reads this I'll bet he'll get a kick out of it. Well, I knocked around till I'd spent those two bucks and was busted. So I borrowed a quarter from my roommate and went downtown. I was in a drug store at Forty-eighth Street and Seventh Avenue buying myself two chocolate bars for lunch—another dime gone—when somebody back of me called out, 'Hello, Buddy!' Darned if it wasn't a boy from my home town! He was employed in the place, and when I told him I was looking for work he got me a job there jerking sodas. After awhile I got a better one doing the same thing on the Long Island side of the Pennsylvania Station. And that's the fastest fountain in the world."

Pride, for the first time, glowed in Buddy's eyes. Shaking his feet, apparently, was no great shakes to him. But to hit the gait of the world's fastest soda fountain was going some.

I'M not fast by nature," he admitted, "but I stuck it out for two months taking those commuters as they came, and believe me they came a-running. Then Ziegfeld had a chorus call for 'Whoopee,' and I got my first stage job."

"'Whoopee' was the first musical show I saw in New York," remarked Your Girl Friday, "but I didn't know Buddy then."

"Just as well," he commented. "I wasn't making enough to support a canary. But later on, when I was doing a run show, I brought my sister Vilma to New York, and she went into the chorus with me. After eighteen months of that we sneaked back home. Then Vilma had an offer from Atlantic City, and when she got enough car fare I joined her there in a little honky-tonk. One night Winchell walked in and spotted me. He gave me a big plug in his column, and two days later we had seventy-eight offers. Benny Davis, a song writer who had a vaudeville act, had been with Winchell the night Walter blew in, and he signed us up on the spot. We had two years in vaudeville before I met my wife, and by that time she was working for Winchell. Funny how it all came about through Walter."

This time Your Girl Friday, who had come to New York from Pittsburgh as Ruth Cambridge, didn't laugh. Both she and Buddy were lost in a sentimental moment before he pulled himself out of

(*Continued on page 74*)

"I've found a simple beauty care that really works"



"Lux Toilet Soap guards against Cosmetic Skin..."

"USE ROUGE AND POWDER? Like most girls, I do," says lovely Loretta Young. "But I *never* risk Cosmetic Skin."

Avoid dangerous pore choking Loretta Young's way. Use the soap with ACTIVE lather that goes deep into the pores—removes every trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Then you guard against Cosmetic Skin—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores.

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed, use gentle Lux Toilet Soap. This simple care keeps skin lovely—as you want *yours* to be.

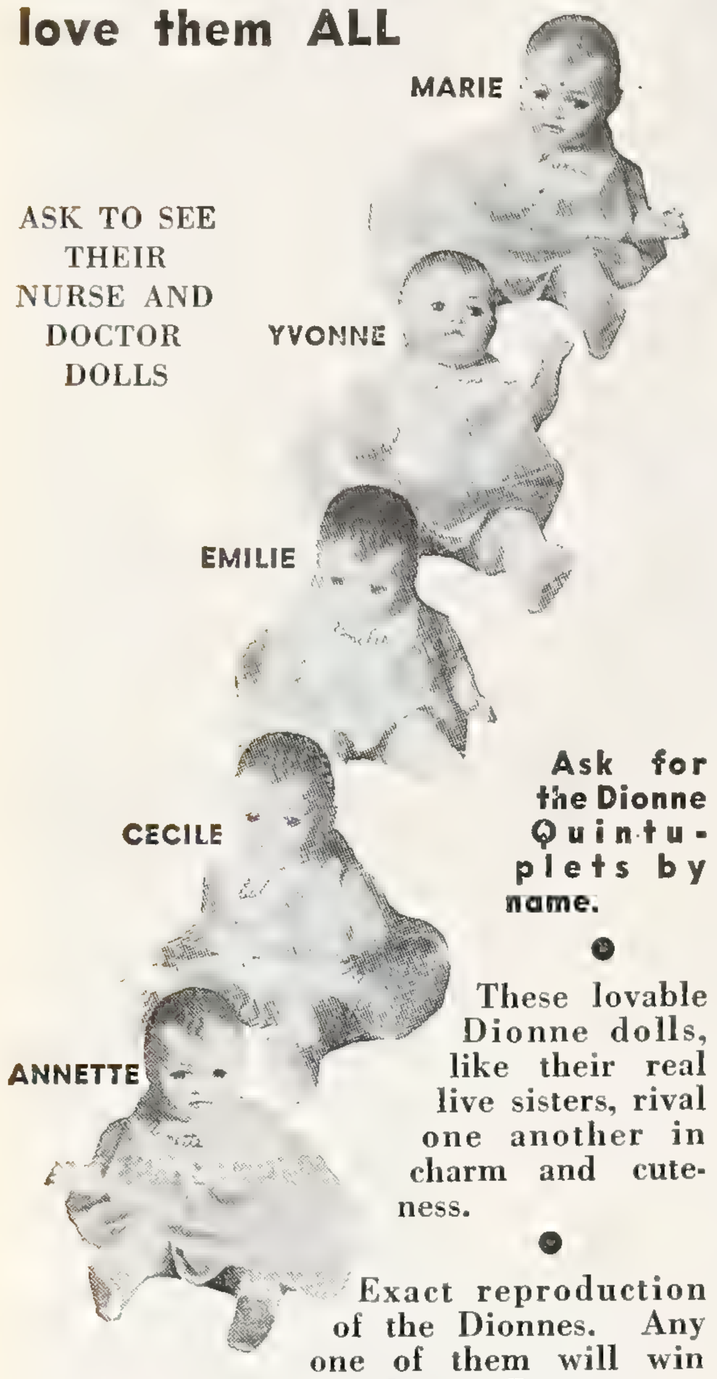


LITTLE MOTHERS OF THE WORLD ADOPT FAMOUS *DIONNE* QUINTUPLET DOLL FAMILY

EVERY ONE ADORABLE

BUT—

You'll want and love them ALL



ASK TO SEE THEIR NURSE AND DOCTOR DOLLS

Ask for the Dionne Quintuplets by name.

These lovable Dionne dolls, like their real live sisters, rival one another in charm and cuteness.

Exact reproduction of the Dionnes. Any one of them will win your heart. But you can get them all at any department store or toy shop in your city.

REMEMBER—

The Dionne Quintuplet dolls are the only Quintuplet dolls and are made in the exact image of these famous babies by permission of the Canadian Guardians.

If stores in your city do not have these dolls available, write direct to

The Alexander Doll Co.
20 West 22nd Street
New York

NEWS FLASH

Watch for the 20th Century picture featuring the Dionne Quintuplets in "The Country Doctor"—to be released in March.



Johnny Downs and Cecilia Parker look interested in one another at the surprise party given by Tom Brown's parents for all the younger Hollywood screen boys and girls.

(*Continued from page 72*)

it and continued.

"We were married on the Fourth of July. I said it was just for a gag, so that in subsequent years the whole country could celebrate our wedding anniversary. But I really did it," he shamelessly chuckled, "so I wouldn't forget the date."

Your Girl Friday took this with the amiable tolerance of a joke that had been in the family since the day they'd ankled down the aisle strewn with beautiful firecrackers.

"But I really did forget all about dancing," solemnly resumed Buddy, "till one day in Orlando when I went to a vaudeville show and saw some tap dancers called 'The Swanee Four.' That was something new to me, and when I got home I asked my father about it. He got out a book on clog dancing, but that didn't help much. I picked up a few of the steps here and there, then put in some of my own. I practically learned taps by myself, and found it easy because I'd had a classical education in dancing. Taps are pretty much a matter of lifting and shifting of weight, and I'd learned how to do that as a kid. I didn't think much about it at the time."

"And what do you think of it now?"

"Oh," was his casual reply, "it's a good way to make a living. The trouble with me was that at the start I took it seriously. That was wrong. When people look at me I know they want to laugh. I'd never pictured myself as a serious guy, although I always thought seriously. I looked on myself as a big hick, and finally realized I'd have to clown my dancing to put it over. But it was a shock to me to see what I really looked like in my first Hollywood picture. When I saw myself on the screen at that preview I couldn't believe my eyes. It gave me an awful jolt."

"Otherwise how does Hollywood strike you?"

"Like a combination of Florida and Monte Carlo. I danced in the Casino there," he explained. "Yeah, I've hoofed around a bit."

He certainly gets a lot of mileage out of those clever feet of his. And they're bound to carry Your Girl Friday's Buddy far in the screen world.

Suited to Hollywood's Taste

(*Continued from page 68*)

cut of the jacket and the single button closing—very smart details. It's too bad that you can't see the perfectly cut lapels but Carole's own luxurious fur scarf obscures them. As you see, Carole chooses dark brown accessories, a rather dashing felt hat, plain brown gloves and opera pumps decorated with amusing tubular buckles.

Another excellent example of the mannish suit is Virginia Bruce's gray woolen with an almost invisible plaid in a pale orange tone. Her jacket has a three-button closing, single-breasted. And her slender skirt has a center front inverted pleat. With this suit, Virginia wears a white silk blouse, very tailored, too, the bosom tucked and the turnover collar with small self tie. Her buttonhole bouquet is an orange carnation—quite a whimsy but effective in the way it matches the faint plaid in her suit. Her gray felt has a becoming roll to its brim and a tiny feather in orange also.

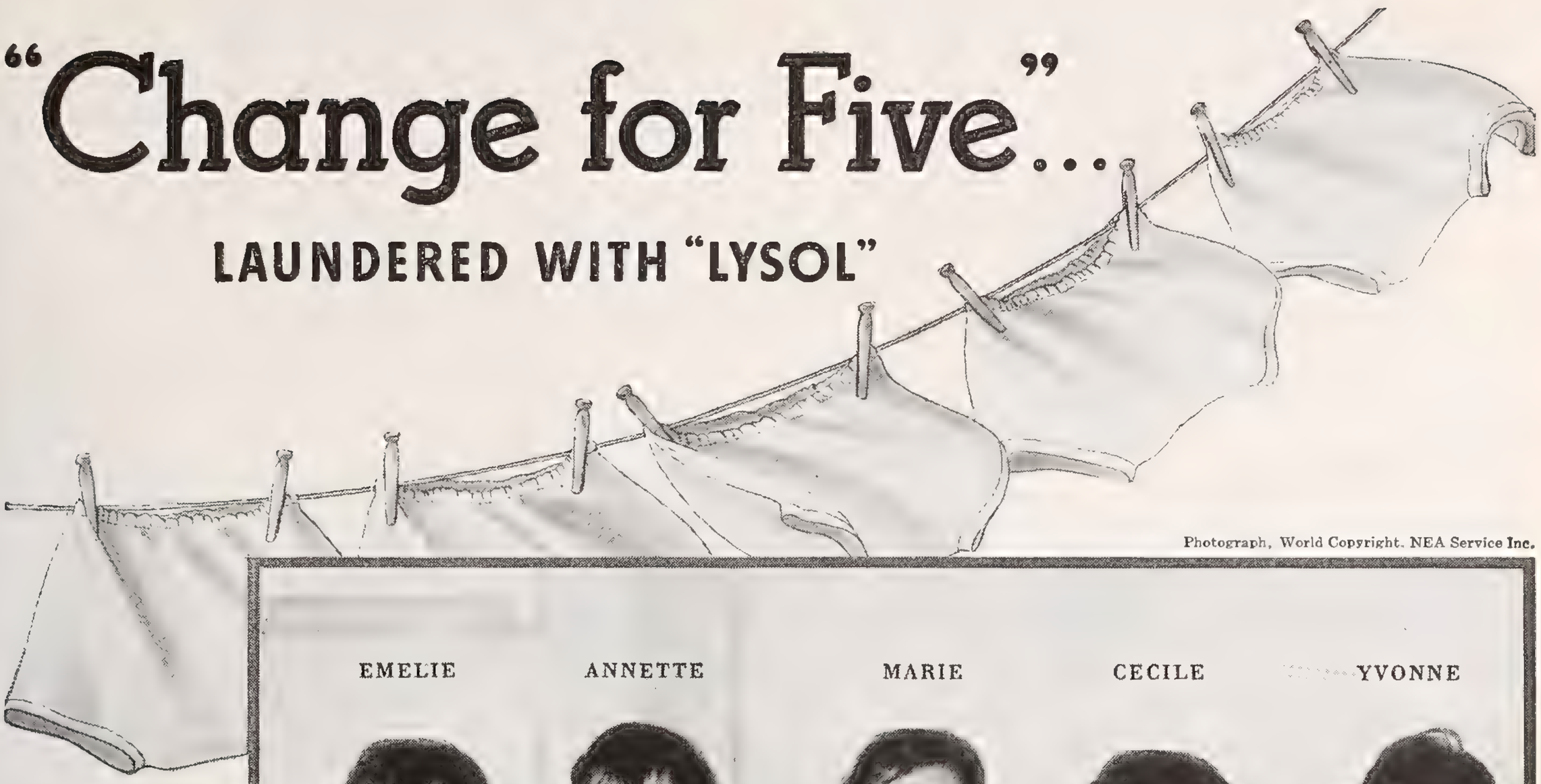
Gladys Swarthout is another suit fancier. In talking with her recently, she said, "Any woman who can afford three simple costumes could dress as well as the best-dressed woman in America." And Gladys should know because she was recently selected as one of the best-dressed in this country. And what do you suppose she puts first on her list of three simple costumes? You're right, a tailored suit, of course! The other two, in case you are curious are: a combination afternoon dinner dress and evening gown.

Gladys, at the time of our talk, was wearing the very good looking suit of unmatched pieces which you can see on page 67. The jacket of brown and white heather mixture tweed, with one-button closing and patch pockets, tops a skirt of smooth brown serge. One thing particularly, which I like about her costume,

(*Continued on page 76*)

"Change for Five"...

LAUNDERED WITH "LYSOL"



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THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS BABIES On May 28th, 1934, in the wilds of northern Ontario, far from modern hospital facilities—these now famous quintuplets were born. In all medical history only 33 cases of quintuple birth had been recorded. In *no* other case had the babies survived more than a few hours. Yet today these five little Dionnes are as healthy as any normal youngsters of their age. "Lysol" helps protect them from Infection.

GETTING to be big girls now—those famous Dionne babies! Almost 2 years old! But not an instant's relaxation is permitted in the scientific care with which they are surrounded.

The very first registered nurse to reach the Dionne home on that exciting morning in 1934 when the quintuplets were born, had "Lysol" in her kit, as part of her regular equipment, and made that simple cottage *hospital-clean* with it.

Today "Lysol" is still an essential aid in the care of EMELIE, ANNETTE, MARIE, CECILE, and YVONNE. Since the day of their birth, "Lysol" has been the *only* disinfectant used to help guard the quintuplets against the dangers of Infection.

You ought to give *your* baby the same scrupulous care the little Dionnes get. Use "Lysol" to keep *your* baby's surroundings hospital-clean, to help fight Infection in *your* home.

"Lysol" is a reliable disinfectant. For nearly 50 years it has enjoyed the confidence of the medical profession all over the world, and is regularly used in leading hospitals. In the home "Lysol" should be used, according to directions on each bottle, in your cleaning water, on brooms, mops, cloths.

Danger spots such as stair rails, door knobs, bathrooms, garbage pails, should be washed with "Lysol". Walls, floors and furniture—especially in the children's room—should be cleaned with a "Lysol" solution. And launder handkerchiefs, towels, bed-linen, underclothes, with "Lysol" in the water.

This wise precaution is so easy, costs so little, makes cleaning so much *cleaner*—and may save you the heartaches of vain regrets. Disinfect as you clean, with "Lysol".

NEW!...LYSOL HYGIENIC SOAP

...for hands, complexion, bath. A fine, firm, white soap, with the added deodorant property of "Lysol". Protects longer against body odors, without leaving strong after-odor. Washes away germs and perspiration odors. Get a cake at your favorite drug counter.



Lysol Disinfectant

GUIDANCE FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS

LEHN & FINK, INC., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. M.S.4
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant

Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

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DOES BOTH JOBS

CLEANS TEETH

Half way care of the teeth is fooling thousands of people. They clean their teeth regularly. Yet they leave the door wide open to the greatest cause of dental trouble—soft, spongy, bleeding gums. Why run this risk? Forhan's costs no more than most other tooth pastes and gives you double protection —*whitens teeth* and *safeguards gums* at the same time.

SAVES GUMS

Forhan's is different from all other tooth pastes. No other tooth paste brings you the famous Forhan formula—long used by dentists everywhere to combat gum troubles. You can *feel* its healthful effects as soon as you begin to use Forhan's. Shortly you *see* its benefits, too —whiter teeth, firmer gums. Ask for Forhan's today.

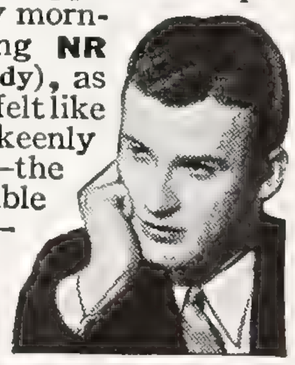
Forhan's

The ORIGINAL TOOTH PASTE for the GUMS and TEETH by Doctor R. J. Forhan SPECIALIST IN DENTAL SURGERY NEW YORK

What SHE TOLD WORN-OUT HUSBAND



She could have reproached him for his fits of temper—his "all in" complaints. But wisely she saw in his frequent colds, his "fagged out," "on edge" condition the very trouble she herself had whipped. Constipation! The very morning after taking **NR** (Nature's Remedy), as she advised, he felt like himself again—keenly alert, peppy, cheerful. **NR**—the safe, dependable, all-vegetable laxative and corrective—works gently, thoroughly, naturally. It stimulates the eliminative tract to complete, regular functioning. Non-habit-forming. Try a box tonight. 25c—at druggists.



NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

FREE: Beautiful five-color 1936 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of **NR** and **Tums**. Send stamp for packing and postage to A. H. Lewis Co., Desk 68D-4, St. Louis, Mo.

(*Continued from page 74*)

is the choice of a gay paisley print neck scarf and matching handkerchief, the latter tucked into an upper breast pocket. Her gloves are an item, too, hand-sewn chamois ones with the buttoning on the back of the hand.

FOR you gals, who want to pass up the too tailored look, the next choice is the more feminine type of tailormade. This has softer, fuller lines through the jacket—often the jacket is much shorter, giving a more youthful and less severe air. Two good examples of this style are the suits worn by Mona Barrie and Rosalind Russell. Mona's suit, shown on page 68, was designed by Gwen Wakeling and she has cleverly combined a soft gray woolen with a gay printed silk in lapis blue flecked with white and gray. The collarless jacket is longer than most of this type and is cut away to show the printed blouse, fastening only by the wide self belt. The print also trims the jacket—broad stripes of it down the sleeves and tabs of it appliqued upon the upper part near the neck. Miss Wakeling also designed a bag in the print to match and Mona chose a felt hat in deep blue ornamented high on the crown by a giddy bunch of flowers.

Another Wakeling model is Rosalind Russell's suit, not illustrated, which is a three-piece affair. A nubby beige woolen for the jacket and skirt and a plaid beige and brown woolen for the three-quarter length which accompanies them. The suit jacket is uniquely fastened by shoelaces run through metal eyelets. Two pockets with large flaps and a turnover collar are interesting added details. Rosalind wears either a white pique blouse or a light sweater with this. Her hat, of suit fabric, has a small bird's wing clipped into the center fold. The new shorter length to the topcoat and the revers of lynx, make it a good topcoat for cool days and may be worn with a variety of sports and daytime costumes besides the suit. Broad strap alligator shoes in brown and a huge matching envelope purse complete the perfect appointments of the outfit.

A youthful sports suit is that of Jane Wyatt's on page 68. This is grand for all you young things, who like the casual suit better than either the more formal tailormade or the mannish two-piece. Jane's suit is gay with its overplaid of brown on beige. This suit is double-breasted with the buttons marching up the suit in the manner of reefer jackets. With this she wears a brightly striped scarf tucked into the neckline, and a perky brown felt hat with green quills.

The three-piece ensemble with a straight coat, rather than the full swagger of last spring, is a runner-up for popular favor. The jackets of these suits are usually a little longer than three-quarter length. The smoother woolens in oxford gray, navy blue and black are smart, especially when bright contrasting accessories are adroitly used by the wearer.

The cape suits which you will see and want to wear are those that have long capes made rather straight and slightly military — little collars, shoulder yokes and such trappings. These are popular for travel and sports rather than for active daytime use in town.

HOLLYWOOD has a multitude of answers on what to wear with your Easter suit. Most of the stars favor a brimmed hat, the rather simple sporty type with the brim rolled up in back or at the side to give it dash. Madge Evans wears a very becoming brimmed felt with her tailored suit—light blue in color, it has slight crown height achieved by a crease across the top. Light blue yarn stitches a pattern over both brim and crown and a navy blue band gives the hat a dark accent. Note the good looking pique blouse Madge wears with her suit, it is tailored yet has a feminine fillip with the row of flat fabric bows up the front.

Una Merkel is crazy about knitted suits, so much so that she picks one in preference to any other for daytime wear. You can see one of her pets on page 68. It's knitted like a tweed and has a matching brimmed hat—she wears a soft cashmere turtle-neck sweater with it. And how do you like her trick bag? It's oxblood calf to match her shoes and the watch, which actually works, is outlined by nailheads indicating the hours. These large calf bags, either in envelope style or with handles, are perfect accessories for suits of all kinds.

Margaret Callahan likes the dark cloth suit which can be made to look more formal by adding dress-up accessories. You can see, on page 67, what she chooses to complement a black broadcloth tailleur, made very much like a man's dinner jacket. The silk blouse is finely tucked like a man's tuxedo shirt bosom and has a small turnover collar set off by a tiny black silk tie. A white daisy for her buttonhole and a charming black felt hat with a cuff brim. And, I almost forgot, Margaret's skirt boasts silk stripes down each side, à la evening trousers!

It's fun to vary boutonnieres with your suit. You can have real flowers or artificial ones. In early spring I think it is gay to have real ones and especially the first spring blooms that are so inexpensive. You can gain a real reputation for the originality of your buttonhole bouquet. Carole Lombard, for instance, has become famous for her carnations dyed in all colors to match her various costumes. Bachelor buttons and daisies are great Hollywood favorites, too. In fact, except for Easter morning when all the gals like to strut their best flowers, most of the stars use the simpler garden or hothouse flowers rather than the more exotic blooms such as gardenias and orchids. Camellias are lovely, too, but they are harder to get.

Scarfs—you can have a field day with them. Almost any kind can be used with your suits, especially the bright plaid and striped silk ones worn Ascot fashion. The 'kerchief is right with sports suits, and it can be silk, knit or wool. Handkerchiefs tucked into pockets are a nice way to point up your suit with a contrasting color.

I have included a picture of a young English star in my group this month because I thought you would like to see a smart example of a semi-sports type of suit accented with perfect accessories. Lilli Palmer is the gal and her suit is a youthful two-piece affair in bright green hopsack tweed. The small collar and the single breasted lines with a file of black buttons for fastening are nice details. Lilli wears black hand-sewn pull-on gloves, black plain pumps and carries a stunning square black calf bag with a top handle. A little of her black and white striped Ascot shows at the neckline.

And before I close the suit subject for now, remember that you can wear tailored yet feminine blouses with your tailleur—taffeta, wash silks or cottons. And you will like sweaters or thin flannel shirts with your sports tweeds. With your ensembles and more formal suits, you can pick those blouses that have frills, jabots and all sorts of feminine fripperies.

I'm going to tell you all about shoes next month, so standby till then!

A Movie Princess sticks to LUX

"The best care for washables I have ever found," says glamorous

BINNIE BARNES



"LUX is like a fairy godmother," declares this lovely but intensely human British star, who has acquired a Texan drawl, and a store of American slang!

"Getting the breaks may be luck, but looking like a million dollars is a cinch with Lux. I've had so much experience pinching pennies, I know! My blouses and sweaters are wows after they're Luxed.

"And, boy, does Lux stymie ladders —runs, as you say. Lux saves the elasticity of stockings, so they last longer."

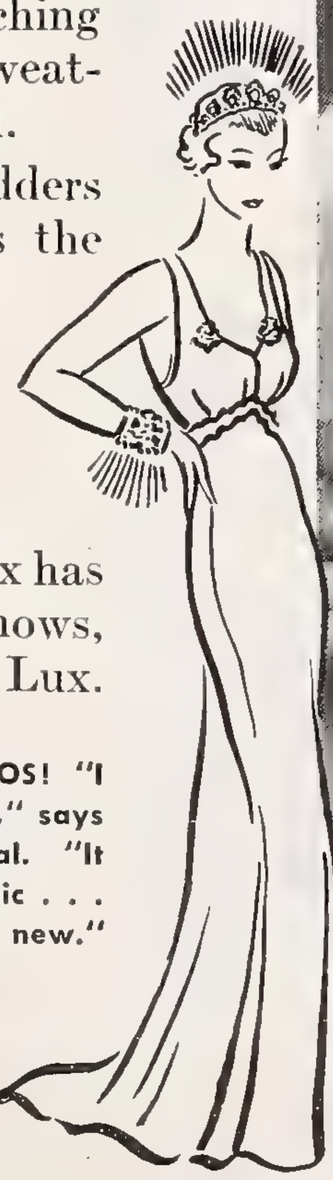
Binnie doesn't think cake-soap rubbing is "so hot." Rubbing, or using soaps with harmful alkali weakens threads, fades colors. Lux has no harmful alkali. As Binnie knows, anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

SPECIFIED IN ALL THE BIG HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS! "I take care of all washable costumes with Lux," says Vera West, wardrobe supervisor at Universal. "It cleanses even badly soiled fabrics like magic . . . colors come out of their Lux bath as lovely as new."



Universal's "Sutter's Gold" is another triumph for Binnie. In her Hollywood home (above), she is devoted to country-house simplicity and Luxables—ranging from her own smart clothes to crisp organdie and chintz.

Binnie is keen about active sports, tailored clothes, and Lux! "It's a honey for woolens," she says. "Lux leaves them so soft! And little silk scarfs and lingerie Lux like hankies."



Hollywood says—

DON'T TRUST TO LUCK

TRUST TO LUX



Exquisite but not Expensive



C'HERAMY
April Showers Talc

IT'S *thrilling* to use only the softest, finest, imported talc . . . It's *exciting* to enjoy the refreshing fragrance of April Showers, "the perfume of Youth" . . . And it's *satisfying* to get this luxury at so low a price.

No wonder April Showers Talc is the most famous and best loved talcum powder in the world!

Her Hero!

(*Continued from page 65*)

understanding of each other. One day, in desperation, he said, 'Do you like music?' trying to reach some side of me. 'I'm simply starved for it,' I replied. And the ice was broken. My inhibitions were suddenly released. 'No matter how great an actor he is,' I said to myself, 'here is another soul to whom music means a lot,' and I no longer felt afraid.

"When Mr. and Mrs. Donat learned I adored music, they sent me an exquisite phonograph in blue leather, with a dozen such records as we discovered all of us loved. How I treasure this gift! From then on, we called each other by our first names, 'Ella,' 'Bob,' and 'Lassie,' as they called me.

"No one has quite the calm outlook about his career that Robert Donat himself has," she went on. "Remember last year how all England became excited at the news of the marvelous offer that had been made him to come to America to play in 'The Count of Monte Cristo'? But do you think he was excited? Not a whit. He admitted that the offer was good, but just a good offer would not tempt him to leave England. So he insisted that his salary should begin the date that he embarked at Southhampton and continue until he reached the same spot on his return trip. And, in addition, he proposed to take his wife, at the company's expense. And it was done!

"Hollywood didn't get excited about Donat until 'The Count of Monte Cristo' was previewed. By the time the public had seen his picture, seventeen writers were wanting to interview him. And he had quietly returned to England.

ONE day, he said to me, 'Lassie, don't fool yourself. Unless you love acting better than any material comfort, you shouldn't be in the profession. As a child, I spent all my pennies visiting the Repertory Theatre in the town of Manchester, England, where I was born. The plays meant more to me than food. It was a great day in my life when I became a Provincial Repertory Player, and I felt like a Rothschild or a Rockefeller when I drew my first weekly salary check of thirty-five dollars, as you would count it.'

"It has been understood that Mr. Donat met Ella Voysey while she was playing his lead in this very theatre, but that is a mistake. He says he fell in love with her when he was only sixteen years old and she wouldn't give him a look. It was eight years later that he persuaded her to give up her class in dancing, and play in the theatre with him. This was his lucky break and soon he persuaded her to marry him.

"After playing in Manchester, both Robert and Ella felt they should move where the opportunities would be greater. Naturally, they hadn't saved money enough to speculate with, so they took a tiny flat in the theatrical district in London, and soon Robert got a West End part. After Alexander Korda saw him, he signed Donat on a long-time contract.

"I wish you could see the darling home the Donats own now. It is not the most pretentious house in London, but if you love substantial things that make for comfort and a 'homey' atmosphere—much copper everywhere, exquisite china, beautiful woodwork, harmonious color schemes and rare paintings—you will revel in the Donat home. Everything centers around the man of the house, despite the fact that Mrs. Donat was a professional before her marriage and with her beauty would be in great demand now, if it were possible for her to think of anything except her husband and children.

"The children are adorable. Joanna is four, thoroughly feminine and charming, with the same copper-colored hair as her mother. Johnny is only two years old and a roughneck like his father. I know you will exclaim at that, but back of the polished actor you know as Robert Donat is the little boy whom his playmates used to call 'roughneck.' My hair-dresser, on the boat, had a brother who went to school with Robert and the boys then were as proud of young Donat's physical prowess as they are of his acting now. Wasn't I pleased to hear this about him!

"You see, I had suspected it, for I never knew an actor with such a sense of humor, nor one who gets more delight in playing practical jokes on his co-workers. Just to give you an example, there was in our company a splendid actress, Miss Eliot Mason, to whom Robert is devoted, and this is the turn his joke took with her. He procured the names and addresses of the perambulator manufacturers in London and wrote them in her name, asking if they had any up-to-date baby carriages for triplets. It goes without saying, Miss Mason was about frantic from the solicitors and letters that came in prompt response.

TO GET back to the Donat home, for a minute. One thing you will never forget is their phonograph. It is built in the wall at one end of the room. There is a beautiful love seat nearby, and as you sit there, you think you are seeing on the wall a large linen plaque or tapestry with something resembling a cylindrical opening. I have never heard such music!

"The Donats' Irish cook, Mary, is a character. She calls Bob 'Count' and says he is the world's greatest lover. She makes the most tempting cakes and sends them to the studio for Bob's tea hour. The night I first went to dinner at the Donats', Bob whispered, 'Tell Mary how good her cakes are.' She is so devoted to him that she has a hot dinner for him, no matter what hour of the day or night he finishes work. He sends a message from the studio the minute the last scene is shot and Mary has dinner on the table by the time he gets home.

"When we had finished dinner, the night of my first visit, Bob stretched out full length on one side of the fireplace, Ella sat on the other side knitting, and I sat on the floor and drew pictures for the children. The children are with their parents as much as can be arranged. Bob gets up very early when he is working, about five o'clock, and Ella and the children are up at the same time. While he has his first cup of tea, the children come in and have their fruit juices with him. Then the four have breakfast together. Not many American wives breakfast so early with their husbands!

"I have talked all this time," Jean laughingly remarked, "without describing Bob, and the reason is that no words accurately convey an impression of him. He is very like he appears on the screen—tall, well-proportioned, and handsome—but without seeing him personally you could have no conception of how striking looking he is with his rich coloring and eyes exactly the color of his auburn hair.

"The whole expression of his countenance is manly, frank and prepossessing.



Dick Arlen, aviator, gets a send-off from his son, Dick, Jr. And isn't the young heir growing up to look like his old man?

He sings beautifully and plays with skill. With his friends he is all ardor and enthusiasm, brilliantly witty, but to the world at large he is reserved. He is just thirty and looks younger.

"With all this, he is without conceit. He rides a great deal and is always tanned and rugged looking. I remarked that this riding in the wind would bring pin wrinkles in his skin, and suggested the use of an oil on his face to prevent it. And did he laugh! 'As if anyone cares how my face looks,' he exclaimed. This frank, unpretending simplicity of demeanor is especially winning.

"By this time, you may have guessed that I am proud to number Ella and Bob Donat among my friends. When it comes to his ability, my feeling is that if the art of acting were completely forgotten, like the ancient art of making pottery, it could be learned anew by studying one of Robert Donat's screen portrayals."

Take Your Beauty Inventory

(*Continued from page 19*)

listing brushes alone? First, there should be a hair brush, not a fancy, worthless one, but a plain one with stiff and sturdy wide-set bristles that will stand up under frequent washings in lukewarm sudsy water (to which has been added a couple of drops of ammonia). Then, in the bathroom, there should be a neat little hand brush that will get into all the cracks and crevices of your hands. Good hand brushes may be obtained at any of the better ten cent stores. Then there is your tooth brush (or tooth brushes, we hope you have two) and your complexion brush. One well-known house has put out tooth brushes in a range of different sizes and colors; they're shaped to fit the mouth, and they're not expensive. The same house puts out an egg-shaped complexion brush which fits easily into the hand, and is neither too stiff nor too flimsy to do a good skin cleansing job. Of course a bath brush is always desirable in the interests of a peppy circulation; a rough crash washcloth or bath mitt may be substituted, however.

Then in your clothes closet you'll want: a long-handled clothes brush (that's the kind tailors always use), a shoe brush,



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especially if you're wearing suede shoes, and a hat brush, if you wear the kind of fragile hat that won't take the stiff bristles of the clothes brush.

On your make-up table will be: your powder brush, for smoothing and blending your powder; an eyebrow brush for grooming your eyebrows, and a couple of mascara brushes. Always have a dry mascara brush with which to brush up your lashes after you have applied your mascara with the regular mascara brush. This keeps your eyelashes from looking "beady".

Now to put the brush system to work. Take a good look at your skin. Maybe it has developed nasty little spots, or tiny, hard lumps which, despite the fact that they are colorless, show quite plainly in the light. These may be ingrowing blackheads. It may be an awful temptation to squeeze them out, but don't do it. What you need is to get that circulation so stimulated that the blood in the delicate traceries of veins under the skin will be stirred up to the point of carrying away the poisons it should carry away. Get your complexion brush into action, or your rough crash washcloth. Be lavish with the soap, and work it into the pores. Cleanse your skin more thoroughly than you've ever cleansed it before. Finish by splashing on lots and lots of cold water; it's a grand tonic and pore-closer. Haven't you ever watched the facial contortions men go through when they shave—your father or husband, for instance? They lather the soap in for all they're worth, drag down the corners of their mouth when they shave, lift up their chins, do everything but facial acrobatics. And I'll bet they have swell complexions, too, haven't they? Well, you don't have to go on treating your skin like a lily, either, give it some exercise!

AFTER you have done a complete job of your facial cleansing, then you can use a new kind of stimulating cream for those tiny under-skin bumps. It is put out by a well-known cosmetic house that describes it as a "skin-excitant". It activates the circulation so that the skin may more easily and quickly throw off its impurities and become clear and radiant. You apply it all over your face and throat, and you leave it on until the skin shows a pink glow. The cream itself is a nice warm beige color, and it smells good enough to eat. The pink glow it works up makes your skin fairly tingle, and just see if you don't get excited with the results when you look in the mirror.

Of course, a several-day diet of fruit juices is always helpful in working miracles. But not if you follow it by going back to your winter taste for too many gravies, hot rolls and sweets. Drink a glass of water and lemon juice with a dash of sodium bicarbonate every morning before breakfast; if that's too Spartan, a glass of hot water, anyway.

When you get to feeling young and pink-cheeked again, you can change to a lighter shade of powder, perhaps, a more delicate shade of rouge, and a more vivid shade of lipstick. What with your new navy blue tailored suit, the effect should be dazzling by Easter.

You will want silken, shining vital hair that will make a lovely pattern around your face, too. So brush your hair. Bend from your hips, throw your head forward, and brush with long, firm sweeping strokes from the back hair-line forward over the top of the head, touching the scalp all the way; then on to the ends of the hair. Every four or five strokes wipe your brush off on the towel. If you're really in earnest, you'll part your hair into small strands, and brush each strand out from the scalp. That's real brushing. That's treating hair right.

Soapless oil shampoos are excellent, especially if your hair is dry, and feels for all the world like the back of a brush. There is one particular soapless oil shampoo, really the original of its kind, that I've done some right-in-the-factory investigation about for you. In a large, scrupulously clean room off one of the immaculate factory laboratories, they keep rabbits—yes, ma'am, white, pink-nosed rabbits. I was even more surprised than the rabbits over their part in the oil shampoo business, until the technician told me that a rabbit has the most sensitive skin of any living creature. They test out the oil shampoos on the rabbits' skins in order to prove the reaction of the shampoos on even the most sensitive human scalp. And I want you to know that this particular soapless oil shampoo leaves the rabbit's skin as pink and fresh as it ever was, while certain other preparations positively shrivel it up? Now I'm going to be cagey and have you write to ask me about this shampoo, so that I can continue my rabbit tangent, and tell you other fascinating things I learned about this grand shampoo.

NOW, after drilling you on everything from brushes to rabbits, we're going to call a recess, and assemble around a community mirror, all of us. It's funny how having the same number of features, still we're all so different. Sally has an oval face, Mary has a broad, round one, and Connie a long, thin one. Most of us would like to remodel our faces in one way or another, wouldn't we? Well, here's your chance. I have a booklet for you, absolutely free, with colored photographs that are perfectly gorgeous, and it's all about remodeling your faces through the skillful application of rouge. The results, as illustrated by actual photograph, are amazing. If your chin recedes, or your nose is too pointed, or your cheeks are too hollow, or, well, name your own facial fault, there *is* something you can do about it. You can send in for this rouge guide, pick out the face that



Popular Joe E. Brown and his wife snapped leaving the "Rose Marie" preview.

is most like yours, and re-style your own face according to the model in the booklet. And as if that weren't enough incentive in itself, you will get four samples of rouge along with the booklet so that you not only have the guide but the working materials for your experiments.

The rouge itself is as soft and fine as silk. It's really a new color discovery and I don't want you to miss this opportunity to try it, and to find out what actually is your shade of rouge. There is enough rouge in each sample to give you a fair trial of that particular shade. All you have to do is to drop me a line requesting the new rouge guide, and the samples and the booklet will be yours long before it's time to make your new Easter appearance. Your beauty inventory should certainly include finding out the right shade of rouge for you. And if there are any other problems that reveal themselves after your truth meeting rears its ugly head, remember that's what I'm here for, to help you with those very problems to the best of my ability. I have bulletins on complexion loveliness, care of the hair, and almost every other beauty inventory subject you can think of . . . sit right down and send me a list of what you need today.

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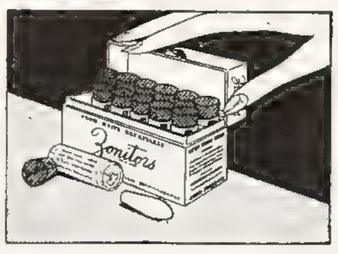
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He'd Rather Be a Teacher

(*Continued from page 64*)

a pity you can't stay to see John Cox. (That's John Howard's real name.) He's a college boy, but we think he's good. A group of the students at Western Reserve are putting on a show tomorrow night, and he's going to be in it."

"I guess he'll be like a thousand other college boys I've seen," thought the t. s. But since talent scouts hate to pass by any possibilities, he stayed over till the next day. He was impatient when he heard that the boy was going to recite that hackneyed poem that is the pet of so many elocutionists, "John Brown's Body." It was such an obvious schoolboy choice. He stirred restlessly in his seat, waiting for John to begin.

And then suddenly he sat up straight, for there on the platform was a lad who was decidedly easy on the eyes, tall, with deep-set blue eyes and dark brown hair. John Cox. And when the young man began to recite, the talent scout didn't have to choke an impulse to laughter, as he had half expected to. Instead he found himself strangely touched by the poem.

When the performance was over, he sought the boy out. "It looks to me as if you really have some talent," he said. "How would you like to take a test for Paramount?"

Naturally he expected John to be completely bowled over, as 999 out of a thousand boys are. But John looked at him rather coolly. He smiled at his mother, who was standing nearby, beaming.

And then he said, "That's very kind of you, but I have other plans, plans that have nothing to do with moving pictures. You see, I want to become a professor of English."

"But man alive, do you realize what you are doing? Thousands of boys beg for such a chance and here it's being *offered* to you."

But nothing he could say would shake the boy's decision.

"When you've laid your plans for a lifetime," John said recently, "you don't change them in a minute because a stranger comes along and asks you to try something you've never even considered."

BUT young John did change his mind. Why? When he graduated he learned that he could get no scholarship that would pay more than half his tuition for his graduate work at Western Reserve. And he couldn't afford to pay half the tuition himself. If it were not for that little circumstance, he would not be in the movies today.

Shortly after graduation, this incredible young man wrote to the talent scout to tell him that if he was still interested he would like to take a test in New York.

"I suppose your letter was apologetic," I said.

John shook his head. "I'm afraid not. I was very snooty about the whole thing. I would take the test if they'd pay my expenses to New York and back. Looking at the letter later, I was amazed that they had bothered to answer it, I was so independent. But in Hollywood they have no use for false humility. If you come begging favors, they are likely to turn you away."

At any rate, the executives at Paramount, instead of resenting John's independence, respected it. They agreed to his terms and wired him the money to come to New York. But even after he had made a test, he wasn't too hopeful, for he was thinking again of the legion of young men who have taken endless tests and have never gotten anywhere.

When Paramount offered him a contract, he was slightly incredulous. Even then, though, his pessimism persisted. He was quite certain that at the end of six months they would decide to dispense with his services.

"But even so," he said coolly, "I figured I had nothing to lose. I decided that if I didn't last in pictures, I could save enough to pay the tuition on the graduate courses I wanted to take."

Since the name John Cox was not a very fascinating one for an actor, the studio obligingly submitted a list of names for him to choose from.

"They were all very highfalutin'" he told me, "so I got up my own list. From that list they chose the name John Howard. At the time I wrote it down I never stopped to think that the name might be confused with that of Leslie Howard. When I thought of it later, I investigated and discovered that there were about twenty Howards in the moving picture business. Now if anyone is kind enough to confuse me with an actor of Leslie Howard's experience, I shall be very grateful and not at all put out! How Leslie Howard may feel about it is a different matter."

The young man drove 2700 miles to Hollywood. At first everything that happened seemed to justify his pessimism. For two months he sat around and waited. All the stories he had heard concerning the callous way in which Hollywood treats newcomers came to his mind. So this was going to be his fate, too! And then at the end of six months he'd be shipped home ignominiously branded a failure when he hadn't even had a chance!

While he was speculating bitterly, he was called for a tiny bit as an elevator boy in "One Hour Late." Bits as a policeman in "Car 99" and as an electrician in "Four Hours to Kill" followed.

"At the time," he confessed, a dimple flashing in his cheek as he spoke, "I was indignant because they had dragged me all the way from Cleveland to play such measly bits. But later I realized that it was best for me to get my first experience that way. I had so little work to do that I spent most of my time walking on other people's sets and watching experienced actors emote. I visited every set on the lot, I think, except Mae West's and Marlene Dietrich's, which are closed to visitors."

FINALLY John got his first real chance in "Annapolis Farewell." While he was appearing in this picture, his company went to Annapolis on location. And there he and Richard Cromwell had an amazing experience. They insulted an admiral!

Dressed in the midshipmen's uniforms they wore while filming the picture, they strolled around the grounds outside the Academy. And while they walked, they passed an admiral and his wife. Naturally, they didn't salute the admiral, for they had been told that they wouldn't have to salute any of the officers, since they didn't know an admiral from a lieutenant and wouldn't know whom to salute anyway.

As Richard and John passed him, the admiral turned purple with rage, his hands clenched at his sides. These insolent young pups! He glared at them, and just when a storm of invectives was about to descend on their heads, his wife



John Howard and Mary Taylor in the Hecht-MacArthur opus, "Soak the Rich," which was filmed in Paramount's Long Island studios.

tapped his shoulder and took him aside to whisper that these weren't midshipmen but movie actors. She had recognized Richard Cromwell. The next day Richard and John were told that thereafter they must not stroll around the grounds of the Academy while in uniform.

John seems well on the road to success now. But he is taking nothing for granted. If his option weren't taken up tomorrow, he would find a new career for himself. He is an extremely versatile young man. He has written several plays; he paints a bit, plays tennis and swims, and plays the piano.

His background? There's nothing amazing about that, nothing that isn't in the backgrounds of other college men, except one thing. The ambition of the mother who longs all her life to go on the stage and achieves her ambition through her daughter is not rare. But John Howard is the first young man I ever met who in becoming a star is fulfilling the dream which his father had many years ago for himself. Only his father never did anything about it. The dream alone remained, a dream that faded into dusty nothingness as time went on.

John, however, appeared in amateur theatricals from the time he was three years old. He played such roles as the third angel at Christmas time and the fourth page boy in King Arthur's Court in pageants directed by his father. It was hardly the sort of stage experience that movie executives say a young man must have in order to get along in Hollywood.

An only child, John was inclined to be a rather solitary, precocious boy. He read Jane Austen and Charles Dickens instead of the usual dime novels relished by boys. He might have turned into a rather dull young man except for two things. He is very much of an outdoor person and he has an elegant sense of humor.

"When I was seventeen," he told me, "I decided to earn some money during my vacation. Every boy is supposed to do that, isn't he? I got a job jerking sodas. Those were boom days and I was paid about five times what I should have been, but even so, I abhorred the work, and was very glad when the summer ended."

When he was sixteen he fell in love with a dark-haired, dark-eyed co-ed who attended the Shore High School in East Cleveland at the same time John did. How was John to know that the devastating emotion he felt for this sultry beauty was only puppy love? Puppy love, indeed! He walked around the campus in a daze, and counted only those moments





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of the day happy ones when he could be with Dolores. But Dolores never pretended to be in love with him. When she was sixteen she married another youth, and when John heard what had happened, it seemed as though the stars had been blotted out of the sky for him.

"For days I went around with an empty feeling in my heart," he told me. "Of course, I hadn't really lost anything, for I had never won Dolores, yet that made no difference. At that time I believed that no one would ever matter as much to me as she. It was all very sad while it lasted, but I must confess that all my poignant grief endured only about two weeks."

IF John Howard has known real love since that day, he refuses to talk about it. But I do happen to know that one of his closest friends is Margo who appeared in "Crime Without Passion."

Even when talking about love he is eminently sane and practical. He said, "It's stupid to make rules about love and marriage. I would never dream of saying that I will or will not marry while I'm in Hollywood, for how can you make plans about such things? No doubt, from a business viewpoint it's wise to keep single as long as you're able to, but if you fall madly enough in love you forget all that.

"I hope that I won't have to play the stock juvenile parts, the football heroes and roles in the 999 Hollywood plots that are as familiar as certain brands of pickles. But I'm not making any plans about it. Hollywood is just like marriage. Only a fool dares to make plans about it."

But Hollywood has definite plans for him. And the studio, rejoicing in his success, is casting a weather eye out for other young men in college dramatic societies who may have the talent that John Howard has. Today it's no longer true that you have to beg with outstretched hands for a chance to make good in the movies. If you have any talent, no matter where you live, the movie scouts may get you, just as they got John Howard.

She Doesn't Want Fame

(*Continued from page 55*)

"Don't think that I don't like work. The tougher the role the better I like it. I hate cinch jobs. But the general idea that working in pictures means having a good time is all wrong.

"And then I got to thinking. What if I do become famous? What am I going to do when I am through? Where will I go? The most awful thing I could think of would be to have been a big star and then no longer be one.

"I thought about marriage, too." Rochelle has been engaged twice during her brief span in pictures. "I couldn't see how I was to find happiness in marriage while working in pictures.

"If two successful actors marry they are constantly clashing, no matter how deeply they are in love. One has a good day at the studio, the other a bad day. One feels gay and wants to go out and do things, while the other is tired and wants to be alone. Nothing in the world is so annoying as to have someone gay around when you want to be quiet.

"If an actress marries outside the business her husband is soon peeved at the irregular hours, jealous of her leading men, impatient with overwrought emotions.

"I haven't been able to figure out how screen work and marriage can be successfully combined. So, for the present, I have given up all idea of matrimony."

Rochelle confessed that it is the case of "A burned child shunning the fire."

"I fell in love twice and was very badly hurt both times. I don't intend to do it again."

FROM now on Rochelle intends to keep all her associations with the male sex on a strictly platonic basis.

"As soon as I like a boy he seems to think that he is in love with me," she sighed. "If, after I explain to him that I cannot let my work become all upset with a romance, he doesn't put his feelings on a friendship basis, I don't see him again."

A pretty tough spot for the young men, I should say.

"There is a boy now," she said. He had telephoned twice since my arrival.

"This boy and I—he is not in pictures—are pals. He understands. That is why I admire him so. Right now he is helping me select furniture and we are having fun doing it."

Out at the studio where Rochelle is under contract they had told me how she had bought her nine-room home with her savings. How she had refused to go into debt. That she was furnishing one room at a time.

"You know mother and I lived here three months with only a kitchen stove, a breakfast room table, a few chairs and two beds to sleep in," she laughed.

"I am getting a great thrill out of furnishing this house. We sat up until two this morning making the net curtains in the dining room. The table and chairs are coming this afternoon.

"We just had to get some more furniture. Friends would come over, look around and say, 'A lovely house, but *when* are you going to furnish it?' We live here in the library. I don't intend to do a thing to the living room for six months."

SURE enough. There was the spacious living room as empty as a deserted ball room. Against the white mantel stood a painting that Rochelle had just finished. A bowl of gay morning glories against a bright blue background. The lovely entrance hall with its graceful sweep of white banistered stairway was carpeted in a soft, deep blue—Rochelle's favorite color.

"I must have a wedding here some day," she smiled. "Just so a bride can throw her bouquet as she runs up these stairs."

We looked at each other and smiled.

"I know what you are thinking," she said shaking her head.

"I am much happier now that I am a home owner," she went on. "This place will always satisfy me, even if I *should* become a star," she grimaced. "And if I should ever get married," I felt sure that she hadn't given up the idea entirely, "this will be my mother's home."

Hollywood never sees Rochelle's name in the society columns of the doings of the movie folks.

"I don't like big parties," she said. "I have turned down so many invitations that I am not invited any more. But I do love to dance. At least twice a week I go to the Trocadero or the Cocoanut

(*Continued on page 86*)

How Betty found Romance

BY John Held Jr



"Why, Betty, you're crying. And the sorority dance only a few hours away. Whatever is the matter?"

"That's just it. I haven't a thing to wear—excepting that horrible pink-colored evening dress. Pink just isn't my color!"



Well—that's easily solved. Didn't you ever hear of Tintex? Come on! Let's go out to the store right now for some."

"I never thought of Tintex. But maybe you're right. I'll try it. And Mildred, you're just a dear to help me."



The curtain drops while Betty uses easy Tintex to change the color of her evening dress to a new, gorgeous and becoming color.



"Why, Betty, your dress is beautiful. That color is adorable. Jack said he never saw you look more attractive."

"That's what Bill said, too. And all thanks to you and Tintex. Here comes Bill for the next dance. See you later!"

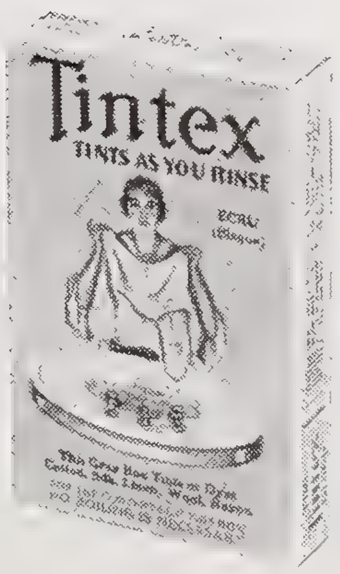


"Oh, Bill, what a perfect evening. I've been so happy. I can never thank Mildred enough."

"Betty, dear, I don't know what Mildred had to do with it. But I do know you're wonderful. When can I see you again?"

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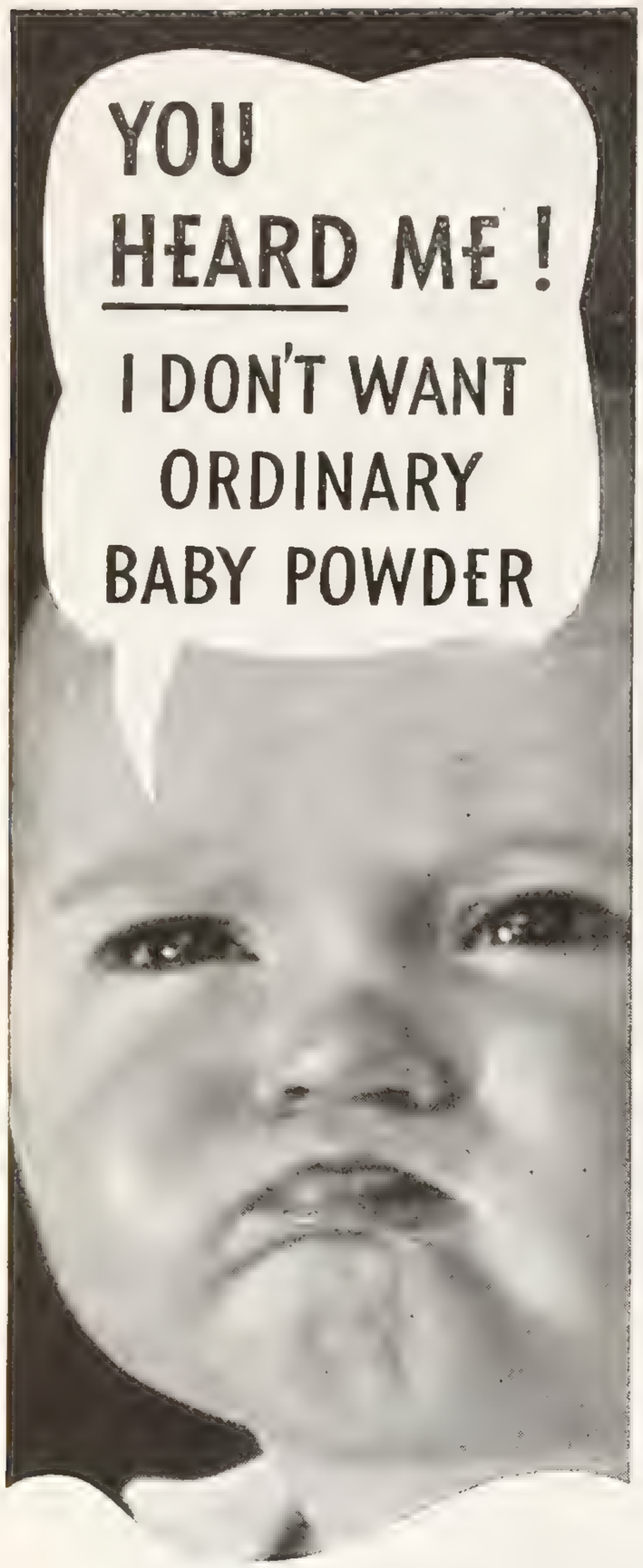
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America's first baby powder is now Antiseptic. But it doesn't cost a penny more. How foolish to use any other!

W. G. Mennen

MENNEN Antiseptic POWDER

(*Continued from page 84*)

Grove. And I go to the theatre and the movies.

"To be honest, I like to stay at home. Just sit and talk with my friends. When I am not working I get spells of painting. And I go on reading sprees. Read everything good that I hear about. I just finished 'The Green Light' and I think it is one of the finest books I have ever read. I am still taking vocal and dancing. The days are never long enough."

Rochelle says that she is not so sure about her singing. That her voice needs considerable training. But dancing! "I think I will really do something with my dancing some day," she says. "I love it so."

THIS young girl seems to have a way of analyzing herself and the world she lives in. When I asked her to give me more details about her change in attitude about her career, she said, "I guess the main reason I was discouraged was because I was so fed up and tired of being continually told, 'You are too young.' I had heard it for six years.

"Whenever I went to a director about a part that I knew I could do, it would be the same old story, 'You haven't had enough experience, my dear. But don't be discouraged. With your looks and your talent you are bound to go far in the future. I got so tired of the future.

"Actually, I acquired an inferiority complex from being told I was too young. I had to see myself on the screen in older parts before I commenced to get over it. Confidence is the most important thing in this business. You can't go very far without it.

"And this snooty, upstaging that goes on among some of the players almost got me down. I had a taste of it again on a recent picture I just made.

"The leading lady, when she wasn't working, would sweep onto the set dripping in silver fox. The next day she would come swathed in mink. She would sit there so elegant, with scarcely a nod to me. Again I felt that 'Too, too young' complex stirring.

"I really am glad now that I am so young." An ailment she will find all too soon remedied.

"Another thing I have learned is that you must be constantly sorting. People tell you you are beautiful, you are terrible, your performance was fine, that it was lousy, that you are divine, that you are stubborn, etc., etc. You can't accept everything and you are foolish if you throw it all out. So I have learned to try to accept the part that is helpful and not be hurt by the other."

They say in Hollywood that Rochelle is on her way to stardom. That in spite of herself she is being carried up to that dizzy height where glamor, glitter and fame will be her daily fare.

Easy Meals are Jeanette's Dish

(*Continued from page 17*)

though quite simple, you will find on each menu some one outstanding dish which lends distinction to that particular meal. I've placed a star beside each of these and I have recipes for every one of the "starred" dishes which I shall be pleased to send you, absolutely free. The coupon, at the end of this article, will provide you with a nice, easy way to get your copy. Here are the menus in which these special dishes are featured—beginning, as one should, with breakfast, and going on through the day.

JEANETTE'S PET BREAKFAST

Stewed fruit
Banana Bran Muffins*
Cocoa

This is daintily served on a tray wherever inclination or time requirements dictate. Jeanette is pictured on page 16 eating just such a breakfast—the photographer having caught her, rushed but radiant, before she left for the studio where she was doing re-takes of her newest co-starring feature with Nelson Eddy, "Rose Marie."

JEANETTE'S FAVORITE LUNCH

Salad of Shredded Cabbage, molded in Tomato Aspic
Cottage Cheese and Chives
Crisp Crackers
Fresh Fruit Cup
Jeanette's Golden Sponge Cake* (unfrosted)

When Miss MacDonald is not at the studio and friends drop in during the afternoon at her home in Beverly Hills, afternoon tea is always served. The tea hour is one of England's most delightful customs, Jeanette thinks, so she conforms to the English mode and serves wafer-thin slices of buttered bread instead of fancy sandwiches. Occasionally Tea Treats*, crisp pastry bites flavored with devilled ham, are included. Cake of some sort is served for those with a sweet tooth. Possibly the same sort of sponge cake that was served at lunch makes its second—and equally welcome—appearance of the day, only this time its deliciousness is further enhanced by a bittersweet chocolate frosting.

One might think that dinner in Jeanette's home would be quite elaborate, especially when company is expected, but such is not the case. Here is a typical menu featuring two of her favorite dishes. The first is *Timbales Vertes* and the entire meal is planned around these.

JEANETTE'S FAVORITE DINNER

Clear Consomme, Melba Toast
Timbales Vertes,* served with Creamed Chicken (either Mushrooms or Shrimps may be used instead of Chicken)
Crisp Julienne or Lattice Potatoes
Endive and Avocado Salad, French Dressing
Refrigerator Cake*
Demi-tasse

At first glance this dinner may not seem as simple as those we have been recommending, but actually it becomes easier the more you study it. The consomme, for instance, may be of the canned variety. The *Timbales Vertes* are made of cooked peas, either fresh or canned, which can be sieved and in the refrigerator ready for eventual use in the recipe. The creamed chicken, mushrooms or shrimps which accompany these *Timbales,* can be prepared in the morning and reheated in your double boiler, without last minute fuss or worry. The avocados are served in halves on endive, with the French

Dressing poured into the cup-like depressions after the large seed is removed. And the delicious Refrigerator Cake must be made up well in advance—so you may be sure that your dessert course will only require a moment's attention to make it as festive in appearance and delectable in flavor as anyone could desire.

DINNER, generally, is the last meal of the day for Jeanette. But occasionally when she has company a late supper is in order, Jeanette thinks that a meal served at this late hour should be of the simplest sort imaginable and suggests scrambled eggs as the all-time favorite with both men and women. But there are scrambled eggs *and* scrambled eggs! By using the method described below you will find them at the peak of their golden perfection.

SCRAMBLED EGGS à la CRÊME

6 eggs
6 tablespoons cream
½ teaspoon salt
a few grains pepper
2 tablespoons butter

Beat eggs slightly, until whites and yolks are mixed. Stir in cream and seasoning. Melt butter in frying pan (being careful that butter does not get brown). Pour in the egg mixture. Set pan containing egg mixture into a larger pan containing boiling water. Continue cooking over boiling water, scraping eggs gently from the bottom of the pan as they cook so that the uncooked mixture can flow to the bottom of the pan. Serve immediately when cooked, garnished with a dash of paprika and a sprig of parsley. Sufficient for four average servings.

Bread in some form should accompany the eggs—either triangles of buttered toast, rusks, Ry-krisp or hot buttered rolls. And for all late-at-night meals it is well to serve caffeine-free coffee since many folks feel that just ordinary coffee keeps them awake if partaken of in the wee sma' hours. Be sure and tell your guests of your thoughtfulness along those lines, too, for imagination is a powerful factor and you don't want people to lie awake worrying about the effects of the coffee they relished, not knowing that you had taken care of that contingency as a good hostess should.

And so to bed—with plans for future entertaining in the easy, Jeanette MacDonald manner going " 'round and around" in your head—and the further assurance that you can try out some of her favorite easy-to-make dishes just by sending for the recipes, adding to your pleasant anticipation. Jeanette's Golden Sponge Cake, Tea Treats, Jeanette's Refrigerator Cake and those tempting looking Banana Bran Muffins, all are included in this month's leaflet. Send for your free copy now.

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QUAKER PUFFED RICE IS DELICIOUS, TOO.. TRY IT!

Almost an Old Maid

(*Continued from page 53*)

vocabulary—and she might even know how to knit the traditional "tiny garments" if she weren't so busy keeping everybody else in stitches.

Yet nobody thought of marrying her. All the men were busy thinking of marrying Garbo. And can you imagine Garbo running around in bedroom slippers and curl papers with an eggbeater in one hand and quintuplets in the other?

UNA MERKEL never went out with a boy until after she was seventeen. It wasn't because of parental restrictions—it was just because she wasn't asked. But she is proud of the fact that the friendships she does make are indestructible. "I still see or correspond with every boy friend I ever had before my marriage," she told me.

"And have time left for a picture career?" I inquired incredulously.

"Well, there were only four or five of them," she laughed.

I wanted to know about the first time Cupid had done her wrong.

"I was nine or ten," Una recalled in her captivating Southern accent which Hollywood has modified but not obliterated, "when I suffered the big thrill. And I mean it really was tragic at the time. I was the studious type, so the boys were leery of me. You know how boys are—they think there's something wrong with a girl if she knows her lessons.

"I was already hopelessly infatuated with the handsomest boy in the class when, for some reason which I don't know to this day, he gave me his scout pin to wear. I nearly swooned with delight and embarrassment. The pin was as big as a house. It was the shape of an anchor and pulled my dress down like the real thing. But I would have worn it proudly till doomsday—till the weight of it had made me stoop-shouldered—if he hadn't sent another girl to ask for it back the following morning. I was probably just the unsuspecting instrument of a well-laid scheme to arouse jealousy in another feminine heart.

Una grew to womanhood without inspiring the serious attentions of any young man. Not that she was unpopular. Everyone liked her—she was loyal, sympathetic, sensible, efficient. But that spelled "pal," not "sweetheart." She couldn't have been safer if she had used kiss-proof lipstick.

So what did the disappointed damsel do after collecting wedding announcements from all the girls her own age and younger? Did she study the art of make-up, or set out to tailor herself a new and devastating personality calculated to bring the men to her feet in droves? Did she clip coupons and send for love potions and brochures by the famous Peggy Hopkins Joyce?

NOT a bit of it. Una didn't do a thing but remain her own sweet self—reticent, methodical, conscientious and tidy. A prim, long-haired, Sunday-School-teaching little lady. She just decided that some people were better off without marriage, and if no one asked her, she would pretend she was one of those people.

She had been surrounded with so much love and understanding in her home life that marriage could hardly improve on the happiness she had already known, anyway. She would rather not be married, never be married, she told herself, unless the union promised to be as perfect as that of her parents.

But she didn't have to stay and be a spinster where everyone knew her and would pity her. She went to New York, and because an unattached woman should have a career of some sort, studied at a dramatic school. She had no illusions about a great talent—she merely thought teaching dramatics in some high school would be pleasant work—if she could get it. But the first work she got was as a professional model.

She soon discovered that teaching and posing were not the only fields open to her. She began getting insignificant parts in stage plays. She became a comedienne quite accidentally. She took her work very seriously, so seriously that the audience laughed at everything she said. This could have been a tragedy to a less shrewd player. But just as calmly and philosophically as she had decided she might not be cut out for marriage, Una let the audience decide that she wasn't cut out for highly dramatic portrayals.

She had hoped to inspire tears. What if they were tears of laughter? That was entertainment, too. Instead of sulking over her failure of intention, Una quickly adapted herself to the role of comedienne. And again proved her shrewdness by not even trying to be funny. Realizing that it was her spinsterly conscientiousness that was so amusing, she capitalized on it by adopting a more studied serio-comic mien than ever, and audiences have been rolling in the aisles ever since.

"I must have been a scream when I was real small—I was such a serious little busybody," Una said. "While I was still young enough to squeeze handfuls of mashed potatoes through my fingers behind my chair when no one was looking, I was a hundred years old in other ways. When my parents were out late, I worried constantly over the disasters that might befall them before they returned. And whenever my folks had a little spat such as provides spice in any normal marriage, I ran back and forth from one to the other, arguing, cajoling, pleading, until I had succeeded in patching things up. Our relationship was just reversed. I behaved as if I were the parent and they were the children."

IN private life, Una Merkel is about the most genuine and warm-hearted person you ever met. She is careful about what she says in an interview, especially regarding any sort of advice, because "People read what you say and maybe it will influence someone to do something or not do something. I'd so hate to give anyone a wrong steer."

But if any advice she is able to give from her girlhood experiences is able to save a few heartaches such as she knows can be caused by a scarcity of dates and masculine attention, Una Merkel would like to broadcast it far and wide. She has an unquenchable urge to help everybody. Many fans write her their personal trouble, and a cheerful word from her has lightened many a sorrow.

At first consideration, it seems unusual that a comedienne should be the recipient of lovelorn letters. But it's easy to understand. Somehow, Una Merkel seems more human—closer to the common herd—than the unapproachable Garbos and Dietrichs. You seem to sense that she isn't a great movie star at all, or even an actress. She's just a small-town girl who has thought the same thoughts, suffered the same agonies as every other small-town girl, and then through a quirk of fate got mixed up in an artificial sort of life that isn't a part of her.

One girl, in a tearful letter, poured out a disconsolate story when her beau walked out on her. Una pointed out to her that she was much better off to have it happen then than later. Long correspondence with the girl has proved her right. It has been interesting to Una to watch this girl's emotional development and stabilization, and to feel that she had a part in it.

"Don't get panicky, and resort to all sorts of artifices," Una advises girls who are approaching a marriageable age without any noticeable results. "If the boys see you setting a trap for them, that's the quickest way to lose them. Try to get interested in something else. If possible, go so far as to fool yourself, as I did, into believing that you can get along entirely without men. Don't think of them at all. If it isn't a life and death matter when you meet a man, you won't be self-conscious in his presence, and will therefore appear at your very best advantage.

"It goes without saying, of course, that you should always appear dainty and well-groomed, whether you're interested in men or not.

"The best approach to marriage is a sense of humor, a conservative attitude of not expecting too much, and an unselfish love. Just plain unvarnished love isn't enough. Without a willingness to make sacrifices, love is just a one-way ticket to misery."

WELL, that's Una Merkel's system, and you have to admit it has worked marvels for her. After she went off to New York and embarked on a stage career in order to be independent of men, she acquired, quite without trying, a succession of suitors. She even fell in love with one of them—an actor in the same show with her. And he recognized the rare and beautiful qualities in Una's character which the boys in Covington and Philadelphia had overlooked.

But as their romance blossomed, Una made the discovery that they really had very little in common. And holding true to her conviction that love is not enough, she decided it would be better to break the engagement than risk an unhappy union. Before she could do so, however, the boy took ill. Una postponed the ordeal of blighting his hopes and resolved to wait until his health could better stand the shock. But he died without knowing the disappointment that was in store for him.

Now Una has been married four years to Ronald Burla, an aeronautical engineer. She still says he is perfect. He is proud of her work, as she is of his, and neither makes possessive demands on the other's time or is jealous if the other one lunches with a former sweetheart. They don't even call each other up three or four times a day because, Una says, their love is too fundamental and permanent to have to be confirmed every few hours.

Knit Yourself a Star Sweater for Spring—See Page 8

Butlers Are Only Skin Deep

(*Continued from page 61*)

'gentleman's gentleman' is often *the* gentleman of the two. I learned about butlers from my batman during the War. A perfect butler he was, having buttled for one of the oldest houses in England for years. And in the stilly nights he used often to regale me with the mysteries of his profession, never dreaming, either of us, that one day his profession would become mine. He told me of how the art is handed down from father to son. He told me, proudly, that being a butler to a noble house is to be a king in one's own domain, with many underlings who are very under.

AND so, when I do my buttling on the screen, I think of the trenches and of my batman. I realize that a butler has indeed all of the characteristics of a perfect gentleman. He is quiet of voice and manner. He is never obtrusive. He is the soul of reticence and honor. The butler I played in 'Top Hat' was modelled definitely from my batman (now a banker, I believe). For it is literally true that the butler will say, from his heart, *'We* have lumbago this morning,' or *'We* are riding to hounds today.' The identification of master and man is absolute. In other words, in 'Top Hat' Edward Everett Horton and I were not two men, but one. And a kinder gentleman than Mr. Horton I never served!"—and Eric gave me the Blore smile that we have all come to know so well.

"Even so," said Mr. Blore plaintively, over his sardine sandwich, "I resent perpetual buttling. Not because it does anything to me. Not because I find myself passing the mustard off the set. No, I am still master in my own home. But because it bores me. Buttling bores me. Buttling bores me horribly. I must be the same butler, movies without end. I am an actor, not a butler. I want to act. I should like to do, let us say, 'Goodbye, Mr. Chips'—characters. To play a type incessantly is not acting. It is, indeed, monotony to the point of madness. I shall go berserk one day and anoint one of my gentlemen with the onion soup, I'm very much afraid."

And wouldn't Mr. Blore make a perfect Mr. Chips? And ah, there, fans, look out for that onion soup . . . for the Blore smile conceals a k-nife!

I SCRATCHED Ivan Simpson and found: A charming, elderly man with the Queen's English beautiful and rich at the tip of his tongue. A man who has played Shakespeare in England, in the provinces, on Broadway. A man who, at the age of eight, learned by heart the first eight pages of Macaulay's "History of England."

Mr. Simpson has played with John Drew and with George Arliss. And it was with Mr. Arliss that he first "went into service." For he played the butler in the stage production of "The Green Goddess" and when, later, Mr. Arliss did the play in pictures he would have Mr. Simpson and none other buttle for him. And Mr. Simpson has buttled for Mr. Arliss ever since.

In between he has tutored several of our screen stars in the use of the English language for their screen roles. He first tutored Frances Howard, who became Mrs. Sam Goldwyn. He coached Loretta Young. He knows all there is to know about the theatre. He loves the stage with the authentic passion of the old-time actor to whom grease paint is incense and backstage the holy of holies.

He is married. He has a grown daughter. He is, he says, almost at the end of the road, where nothing is very important any more and life begins to appear in retrospect. He recently appeared in "Splendor" and the successful "Mutiny on the Bounty."

I asked him how buttling affected him and he said:

"I should know. I have probably opened and shut more doors than anyone in Hollywood. And constantly I have been asked, 'Can't you shut that door without making so much noise?' Why in thunder studios don't build the jambs of beaver board I cannot understand. It would minimize sound considerably and spare me many a round rating, I can tell you.

"I hate playing butlers for several reasons. One is the studios want to pay me a butler's wage no matter how important

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FIFTH AVE. at 55th ST., NEW YORK



Ralph Forbes and wife, Heather Angel, snapped by Scotty, leaving "Rose Marie" preview.

the part may be. If they have a king in the picture, and even though he says only a couple of lines, they pay him a royal salary. But I have to be satisfied with much less.

THEN, I have little sympathy with the person who is willing to be a subservient character. Of course, I do believe that a person who does his job well, whether he be president or cobbler or butler is a gentleman. Doing your job to the best of your ability, loving the job you are doing, is the essential thing in life. If a waiter waits upon me perfectly I bow reverently to him when I leave. If I happen to be waited upon by a waitress I try to curtsy properly, even though my limbs are now too stiff to do this with any dignity.

"It is my luck to be cast always as the loyal old retainer who goes on working for years without salary. I often wonder who is supposed to pay my laundry bills as my linen has to be impeccable in spite of the family poverty. I also save my employers from suicide on more than one dramatic occasion, and that is absolutely contrary to my conscientious convictions which are that any person who wants to drop the responsibilities given him to shoulder should be permitted to do so without hindrance.

"Another reason I dislike playing butlers is that," Mr. Simpson smiled, "I never had one. Also, so few, so very few of my friends ever had butlers. To be absolutely truthful, I don't really know what a butler looks like. I surmise that he has two arms, two legs, a mouth and a nose. Perhaps a soul. Who knows? Come to think of it, R. C. has a butler, also B. A. But these butlers were never given such lines as we have to speak when we buttle on the screen. If they dared to speak the lines we put into the mouths of our movie butlers their lives would be short, and their employers and relatives immediately relieved of them.

"My screen butlers," said Mr. Simpson, with a wave of his very fine hand, "put me, like Christian, in the Slough of Despond. I carry them, like burdens, upon my back."

I scratched Arthur Treacher and found: Mr. Treacher is six foot three. Mr. Treacher is droll. Mr. Treacher is bored. He has an apartment here in Hollywood He lives alone. He does not entertain nor does he allow himself to be entertained. He plays golf on his few off moments—alone. He seldom reads. He is the only son of a widowed mother, who still lives in Brighton, England, where Arthur was born. The elder Treacher was a lawyer and hoped that his son would eventually serve the people legally, too.

He chose the stage. And very early he built up a London reputation. He played with Charles Cochrane for three years. He appeared with Sir Alfred Butt. The Shuberts brought him to America and he made his Broadway debut at the Winter Garden in New York. He scored a six-foot-three hit in "The Cat and the Fiddle." He played for over a year in the Barrymore revival of "The School for Scandal" and appeared with Mary Ellis in "The Man Who Came Back."

He thinks almost everything is rather silly and quite awfully unimportant. Marriage, for instance. He was once burned and is thrice shy. He does not date girls nor spend time at the late spots of Hollywood. He says, "Oh, dear, no!" to all such things.

Mr. Treacher revealed himself to me over the luncheon table in the Paramount commissary. He was appearing in "Anything Goes," at that time.

HE said, "I am a bit of a recluse by nature. I am, also, a bit of a tyrant. I expect preferential treatment. That is to say, when I dine out, in a cafe or a hotel dining room, I expect waiters and maitre d'hôtels to stand about a bit. I expect at least as competent service as I fancy I give on the screen.

"Hollywood takes its actors at their face value. Which means that I am frequently taken at my butler value. When I am working on a set, for instance, I am never given a chair marked 'Arthur Treacher.' No, indeed. I have to stand. I am expected to stand. I am a butler and butlers do not sit down in the presence of their superiors. When, on rare occasions I dine out, and am seated next to some reigning star I find him, or her, glancing at me slightly askance. They are so used, you see, to seeing me pass the soup or pull out chairs for them. They don't quite know what they should say to me.

"I shouldn't dream of having a man servant in my home. Seeing him open and shut doors would be a postman's holiday and nightmare combined.

"Buttling is excessively boring. For the first butler we play on the screen is the last butler we play on the screen. We may timidly suggest some slight characterization. But the answer is, inevitably, 'Oh, no, we want you to be the same butler as you were in 'Curly Top,' or whatever the last picture chanced to be. You can readily appreciate what a vicious circle it is.

"If one has not the soul of a slave. . . ." sighed Mr. Treacher.

From which you may deduce that butlers, like beauty, are only skin deep. For we have removed the napkins from Messrs. Blore, Treacher and Simpson and we have seen what we have seen—men of might and majesty who are liable to spill the onion soup at any moment!

Between You 'n' Me

(*Continued from page 25*)

$1 Prize Letter
The Unsung Players

I trust we who enjoy motion pictures will always feel a personal loss in the death of screen favorites. Just as I hope we always will be on hand to boost the new faces worthy of our plaudits. But, please, in indulging in these two noble motives, don't let us forget the consistent work of such splendid bit and featured players as Jane Darwell, Edna May Oliver, Eric Blore, Jessie Ralph, Margaret Hamilton, Ernest Cossart, Reginald Owen, Robert Barrat, John Eldredge, Harvey Stephens, Henry Travers, Louise Dresser, Louise Fazenda, Louise Beavers, Guinn Williams, Clarence Muse, Alison Skipworth, Alan Dinehart, Sara Haden, and Helen Westley.

Despite the fact that this may appear a mere recitation of names, these people are some of the personalities without whom pictures would be lacking in much of the vigor and appeal they now possess. —Robert Downing, Hollywood, Calif.

$1 Prize Letter
Thrashing Out the Double-Feature Question

How many more times when we enter a theatre must we be forced to watch third-rate actors play in those quickies which compose the second half of the double-feature programs? The whole cheap composition of these films is evident. The poor photography, drab sets, and ham acting constantly remind the critical members of the audience of the better films which they have seen. The programs should consist of one long feature running about two hours, a newsreel and a cartoon, preferably one of Disney's.

The double bill causes a loss to all concerned: the audience loses by viewing an inferior product, the exhibitor loses by having an infrequent turnover of audiences, the producers lose by being forced to have individual production crews, directors, cutters, etc., for each film no matter how bad it is. The discontinuance of the double bill will stimulate the producers of cartoons and shorts to improve offerings.

As soon as the great producers such as M-G-M and Paramount abandon their new policy of making Class B pictures, the whole double bill will collapse of its own weakness, when left to the producers of Poverty Row. If the intelligent part of the audience will cease to patronize theatres showing double bills, the exhibitors will soon realize that they must obtain better pictures—Charles Vogt, Jersey City, N. J.

(Why don't those of you who feel strongly on this subject cast a ballot on it and send it in to us? Perhaps the exhibitors and producers will be persuaded to take your advice! Please fill out the following form and mail to):

BETWEEN YOU AND ME,
MODERN SCREEN,
149 MADISON AVENUE,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

I like the double-feature program.....
I dislike the double-feature program.....
Reason for opinion, in 20 words or less

.....

.....

.....

.....

She was a ONE-DATE Girl



MOST of her engagements were "blind" dates. Later, these men found excuses when her name was brought up. Somehow, she never seemed to click.

They thought she was dull, when really she was constantly tired. She had a good figure, and a naturally lovely skin. But pimples marred its surface. Her eyes lacked the liveliness of a girl in good health. So night after night, she sat by the phone and waited for calls that never came.

She might have been such a different girl if she had only known the importance of regular habits, and the harm that common constipation can do. This condition may cause headaches and loss of appetite. Wrinkles and pimples may appear. Energy is sapped. Personality becomes flat.

Common constipation is usually caused by lack of "bulk" in meals. Scientific tests show that Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is a fine source of gently acting "bulk." ALL-BRAN also furnishes vitamin B and iron.

Serve as a cereal, or cook into muffins, breads, waffles, etc. Two tablespoonfuls daily are usually sufficient. Isn't it better to enjoy this natural food than to take pills and drugs—so often harmful?

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN corrects only common constipation, makes no claim to be a "cure-all." But it has proved effective in so many thousands of cases that you should certainly give it a trial. Sold by all grocers. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek, Mich.

The natural food that corrects constipation



"TO ME..HER LIPS LOOKED *Irresistible*"

SAID

CHARLES FARRELL





Famous screen star tells why he picked the girl with Tangee Lips



The Tangee girl won when CHARLES FARRELL chose loveliest lips while filming Universal Picture, "Fighting Youth".

● If you met Charles Farrell wouldn't you want to have tender, soft lips... the kind of lips that would appeal to him... that he would want to kiss?

Three girls were with us when we visited Mr. Farrell. One wore the ordinary lipstick... one no lipstick... the third, Tangee. "Your lips look irresistible," he told the Tangee girl, "because they look natural."

Tangee can't make your lips look painted, because *it isn't paint.* It simply intensifies your own natural color. Try Tangee. In two sizes, 39c and $1.10. Or, send 10c for the 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

● **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES** ... *when you buy. Don't let some sharp sales person switch you to an imitation... there is only one Tangee. But when you ask for Tangee... be sure to ask for* TANGEE NATURAL. *There is another shade called Tangee Theatrical... intended only for those who insist on vivid color and for professional use.*

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

New FACE POWDER now contains the magic Tangee color principle



★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY MM46

417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name _____

Please Print

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Fat? Thin? You Can Be Just Right!

(*Continued from page 63*)

has tried to reduce sensibly—and, according to her lights, she is being honest. Yet she still buys a size 42 dress.

Nine cases out of ten, she has done something like this: she has started out with a nice, brand new resolution to get thin. She does without breakfast entirely—maybe a glass of tomato juice or a cup of coffee for lunch. Or a "choc malt." Gosh, how many times I've heard them order that, and they can hardly sit on the stool at the counter. By dinner time, naturally, she is so hungry she could eat the side of a house—and does practically. Furthermore, she is so out of sorts from starving herself that nothing tastes good or does her any good.

Then no doubt she has puffed and blown her way through a lot of incorrect and useless exercises, which have merely made her hot and cross and haven't helped her a particle. At the end of two weeks—or three or four—her scales heartrendingly tell her that she has lost a measly two pounds. Or maybe she hasn't lost at all. Now I ask you? And for this—for this!—she has starved herself into a state where she can't sleep at night; her digestion and elimination are all out of order; she can't speak a civil word to anyone and life is a pretty flat, stale and unprofitable affair. And what happens? She says, "The heck with it!"

Listen to me, big girl: never starve yourself on black coffee. Use your common sense about eating. You must cut down on your food, or change to the proper food. Go easy on the liquor, too. And for the love of Pete don't nibble and fill up on candy and sweets between meals.

Several months ago I gave my excellent diet for general, healthful reducing. If you missed it get it now. It's yours for the asking. Just write to me, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope and you'll have the diet at once. If you follow my instructions faithfully and conscientiously, along with my exercises, you will be thrilled at your looks and, more important, you will find that the weight you have taken off hasn't left you with sagging and flabby skin and muscles, as quack reduction methods are apt to do. And certainly you'll be grateful that your innards aren't all out of kilter from crazy, get-slim-quick stunts.

HERE are some good tips when reducing: it isn't how little you eat, but how intelligently. The preparation of food is vitally important. The heavy starches are out—the fancy starches are out. That means no potatoes that are mashed with butter and cream and more butter. You may eat a baked potato, preferably the skin with only that part of the potato that clings to the skin. You may have a moderate seasoning of salt and pepper — I said moderate! If you can eat it without butter, so much the better. No griddle cakes or crackers—except an occasional whole wheat or rye wafer . . . no soft, soggy bread, heavy rolls, rich pastries or cakes. And be choosy about your sandwiches, too. Don't eat fried or greasy scrambled eggs—you may have a coddled egg occasionally. Avoid fried foods. Broiled meats for you, and no cream sauces. Don't drink liquids *with* your meals; afterwards you may have clear tea or coffee. Don't drink a lot of extra water. You get your water in fresh fruits and vegetables. Do not boil your vegetables for hours—a few minutes (just until tender) is enough, and in as little water as possible. (Save the liquid for further use.) Eat slowly and chew your food well. And remember this, "If you take plenty of time to live, there won't be any time left to die.

As for exercise, being "pretty active" isn't enough. Doing housework isn't enough. You must exercise scientifically and do it on schedule. Concentrate on the parts you want to reduce and work on them systematically. Ask me for help whenever you need it. I want to help you all. The fleshiness of the face and the extra chins will, to a remarkable extent, disappear with sensible diet, then with my own system of facial treatment we can keep the muscles firm and the skin tight. But we'll take that problem up in a later article. However, if you can't wait, you can write to me in the meantime.

The rear of the hips is one spot where fat has a nasty habit of settling. Here is a good exercise for that particular problem. Work at it. It will do the trick. Don't get bored and discouraged after a few trials. Go to it and show some gumption. I can't be there to help you in person and bawl you out—but I will if you don't get busy. I know you can do so much for yourselves and it is my sincere wish to see all of you as happy and lovely as possible.

Sit on the floor with legs stretched out in front of you. Use your hands only to balance your body. Now, keeping the legs stiff, and together, raise them slightly off the floor, and keep them off the floor. Then begin to hitch yourself along on the floor by swinging the legs over to the left, and as you do this roll on the left hip. Then swing the legs over to the right and roll over on the right hip. You are really walking in a sitting position. Do this back and forth across the floor at least six times to begin with, and later increase to ten. Incidentally, this exercise will also strengthen the stomach muscles.

That is an exercise I recommended to Carole Lombard not so long ago when she was known as "Carole of the curves." Lombard was designed by nature to be a pretty big girl. (All the more credit to her that she is slim and svelte now.) I remember an executive at Pathé pointed her out to me one day, and said, "Can you do anything for *her?*" Without looking a second time, I said, "Plenty!" They wanted her beautifully modeled face in a picture, but they didn't want the Mae West effect below the waist. So I went to work and in three weeks I had Carole down to where her nether parts looked less like a Rembrandt and more like a modern girl.

Carole, like all my babies in Hollywood, must keep slender and graceful. Their jobs depend upon it. And take it from me, so does yours, whatever it is. Some of the stars have a very bad habit. They "cram" their reducing and beauty, like college students "cram" before an examination. When they are not working they loll around in bed too much, go to parties and eat and drink a lot of things they shouldn't. Then all of a sudden they get a call to start work on a picture. One look at themselves and they get frantic. Then they want miracles! When mama is around, they get'em. Otherwise they go the way o

all flesh. I want you all to be smarter than that.

NOW a word about Norma Shearer. Norma's life has been one long trek along the hard road of ambition, as you all know. She's fundamentally a small person and every extra pound is magnified and as you know the camera makes you look ten pounds heavier. When Norma was a youngster, she wanted to do all the athletic things brother Douglas did and as a result, she developed a pair of husky arms. Her legs were muscular, too. When I first knew Norma she also had to fight anemia. Anemic people are often inclined to be bumpy. Norma has to work hard to keep slim, but she has never been daunted by difficulties. Any star that takes on "Romeo and Juliet" must, you'll admit, have a large percentage of gumption.

It's harder sometimes to get rid of localized flesh, — especially the solid, muscular kind, than to drop from a 42 to 34. If you are troubled with stubborn bulges of fat in certain spots—upper arms, legs, waistline, whatever, let me know about it and I'll help you.

Oh, before I forget, here's a diet for those of you who are anemic or have a tendency to be so:

Breakfast

Start with a half-glass of water with juice of half a lemon
Baked apple, without sugar
Portion of brown rice flakes, with a small glass of skimmed milk
When berries are in season, alternate with the the baked apple
Small cup of coffee, clear

At Eleven O'Clock

A glass of orange juice or tomato juice

Luncheon

Vegetable soup
Cream cheese and lettuce salad
Whole wheat toast, thin butter
Coffee, clear, or tea with lemon

Dinner

Beef Broth (if possible, occasionally put in an egg yolk)
Boiled celery roots for salad or plain lettuce
Choice of one meat: 2 slices of rare roast beef. 2 slices of broiled calves liver. 3 broiled kidneys, or in a ragout. Eat sparingly of the sauce if it is thick
Choice of one vegetable: Steamed celery, asparagus, carrots, okra, green peas or stewed tomatoes
You may have the skin of a baked potato
For dessert: fresh fruit, gelatine or plain cup custard
You may drink the juice made from boiling turnip tops. It is excellent. Also spinach juice or use the leaves of celery that you usually throw away. Coffee

No, my thin darlings, I'm not neglecting you. First a caution: although you don't hear thin girls using the alibi of glandular disturbances as often as fat girls, it frequently is true that glandular faults keep one from gaining weight. In such cases, see a reliable and competent doctor. He will advise you. Most of the time, however, your inability to gain comes from not knowing what to do. You may eat a great deal, but not the right things. There are exercises, too, which thin girls should perform. Exercises to gain weight? But, certainly!

THIN girls should get at least nine hours sleep every night. If possible, have your breakfast in bed. I know, I know. You can't always do this, maybe not at all. I'm merely mentioning it as a good idea. Lie down for half an hour after lunch. If you're a working girl, you can't, of course, lie down after lunch, but you can, perhaps, find a quiet place where you may sit and do nothing—just sit. After dinner, you can certainly lie down for a bit.

It's a good idea for thin girls to have a soothing massage twice a week. Not rough or vigorous, but a gentle, light and relaxing massage.

Drink as little alcoholic stimulant as you can. At parties, it is sometimes more convenient and pleasant for everyone concerned to take one cocktail and string along with it than to cause fuss and palaver by refusing. But don't take a drink unless social usage makes it advisable. A little wine is all right, but strong liquors are inclined to make you nervous and over-excited. Drink malted beer or a good malt tonic with your meals. If you want the name of a good one, I'll give it to you if you'll write to me.

The good old sun is an excellent tonic. Get as much as you can and plenty of gentle exercise in the open air. Did you know that you can get panes of vitaglass put in ordinary windows for a very moderate sum? Two panes of this glass in the lower part of any window where the sun strikes—and you can have yourself a sun bath in the cold winter months.

Swimming is an excellent developer. Learn to swim if you don't already know how. In cold weather, maybe you could go to an indoor pool a couple of times a week.

I have some wonderful exercises that I use for building-up thin spots. Let me know what you need, and I'll send them to you.

Here is a little exercise for rounding out the neck—an exercise which Loretta Young could take up with profit, if I'm not being too impertinent! Inhale quickly. Keep the air up in your throat as much as possible. Fill your wind-pipe and hold it. Now, make every muscle in your neck tense as you distend your throat. Keep your chin relaxed. Exhale. Repeat ten times, and do it every day.

Perhaps some of you are thin all over like Ann Dvorak, who claims she can't



Melt ROUGHNESS

BRING OUT NEW FRESH SKIN —SMOOTH FOR POWDERING



Miss Mary Augusta Biddle: "The minute Pond's Vanishing Cream touches my skin—roughness goes!"

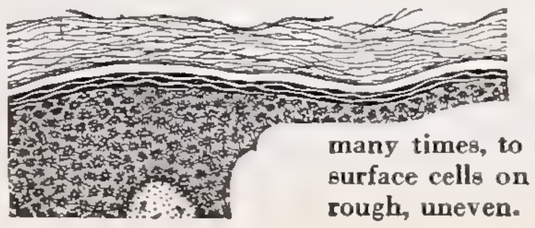
EVEN when your skin is rough "just in spots"—it's enough to spoil your whole make-up. And ruin your evening, too! You feel so self-conscious—you just *can't* be your own gay self.

Yet you can *melt* rough spots smooth!

That roughness is only a dead layer hiding the smooth skin beneath. Look at skin magnified—you see the flaky particles sticking out. Really old dead skin cells!

As a leading dermatologist says: "Surface skin is constantly drying out, thickening with horny cells. Yet, once the old dead cells are melted away, the young underlying cells become the surface skin—smooth and soft. This melting can be done with a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream)."

Try Pond's Vanishing Cream to see this melting principle in action. The instant it touches your skin, roughnesses melt away. New skin comes out—smooth, nice to touch! This shows why Pond's Vanishing Cream is such a perfect powder base.



Outer Skin The epidermis, magnified many times, to show how dead surface cells on top make skin rough, uneven.

For a smooth make-up—Put on Pond's Vanishing Cream—just enough to film your skin faintly. You can't help but like the new pearly softness of your skin—and the smooth way powder clings!

Overnight for lasting softness—After cleansing, leave Pond's Vanishing Cream on overnight. Greaseless, it won't smear the pillowcase. All night long, it brings your skin a finer softness, a more youthful look!

8-Piece Package POND'S, Dept D136, Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company

put on an ounce of weight. To those of you who have this complaint to make, I would suggest the following good, workable and practical building-up diet. Try it. You'll feel good and look good.

Breakfast

Large glass of orange or grapefruit juice. Alternate the juices
Dish of ripe, sliced bananas, milk and tablespoon of brown sugar
Whole wheat toast with plenty of butter, and jam if you like
Coffee or tea with cream. Sweeten with a little honey, if you desire
Two hours later you may have a glass of tomato juice

Luncheon

Bowl of thick soup (chicken gumbo, cream of tomato, lentil, etc.)
Green salad (lettuce, endive, watercress, etc.)
Or salad of half an avocado
Vegetable plate or baked beans or spaghetti or creamed cod fish or broiled sweetbreads
For dessert: cup custard, fruit gelatine, ice cream, puddings, Boston cream pie or layer cake
Large glass of milk or bottle of malt beer

Dinner

Celery (eat all you want)
Ripe olives
Bowl of soup (vegetable or cream soups)
Choice of any broiled or roasted meat, except pork. Eat the meat juices, but first skim off the fat
Two vegetables
Baked potato (skin and all)
For dessert: tapioca pudding, baked apple and cream, cake, pie, or ice cream. Fresh or stewed fruits or gelatine
Glass of milk, malt beer or coffee

Well, there you are, children. I think you'll have enough to keep you busy until next month. But be sure you do it. By the way, have you sent for my special weight-control chart? It's absolutely free, you know. Just send in the little coupon below, and it's yours. Cheerio!

Madame Sylvia,
Modern Screen,
149 Madison Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Madame Sylvia:

Please send me your SPECIAL CONSULTATION and MEASUREMENT CHART for weight control.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

(Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope)

Bachelor At Large

(*Continued from page 39*)

time he would go through the same agony of expecting to be a terrific flop. Not having the courage to look at the picture himself, he would rush into the secretary's office a few hours before the preview, extract a promise from her to see it for him and relay the bad news. Meanwhile he'd jump into his car and race off to Arrowhead, or any other point where he couldn't be reached by film executives. And invariably, at midnight, the secretary would receive a long distance 'phone call from Cary asking for her judgment of his performance. He had implicit faith in her criticisms.

For months these two met daily in the studio commissary for lunch. Ensued an hour of good-natured ribbing with a lively group of young actors, promising directors, and several members of the publicity department. More sedate lunchers moved as far away from this gay table as possible.

Joining his friends later than usual one day, Cary commented on the strange silence of his secretary. He tried his usual ribbing to bring her back to earth, but when she failed to meet wisecrack with wisecrack, and he noticed tears in her eyes, he, too, grew silent. Later he whispered to her to stop by his dressing-room after lunch.

"What's happened to you?" he said when they were alone. "I don't like this going serious on me all of a sudden. You're worried about something—what is it? If it's money, please stop being a goose and ask me for some. Won't you please tell me what's wrong?" But she only shook her head.

Worried by her obvious unhappiness, Cary managed to ferret out the secret several days later. Her mother was ill and an expensive operation might be imminent. She insisted she didn't have to take advantage of his offer of financial aid. He wasn't satisfied.

Despite her protests, he continued to refer to the subject. If the operation was necessary, he, Cary, was the logical person to take care of it.

When she finally consented, he refused to take her note for the money. Why should she deprive him of this little thing? He was anxious to do something in return for all the sound and practical advice she had given him since the day he arrived in Hollywood.

The operation was successful, but the girl's mother was confined to her bed for some weeks thereafter. Mother's Day rolled around, and with it, a huge box of flowers, which this invalid mother opened curiously. Now who on earth would be sending her flowers besides her daughter. . . .? Inside was a simple card, "from Cary Grant," whom she never had met.

The card was found, after her death some years later, among her most treasured possessions.

AND here is another example of that thoughtfulness in little things.

I walked into his dressing-room one day to find him busily wrapping up a large bundle of funny papers.

"What on earth are you doing with those, Cary?" I asked.

"Oh, I'm just sending them to my young brother. He's crazy about American funnies. I send him all I can find every week."

Cary, by the way, recently has been seeing his young English brother, having gone over to make "The Amazing Quest of Mr. Ernest Bliss," with Mary Brian, for a British company.

And what seems to tie in with his kindness and sensitiveness for other people's feelings is his natural modesty. He has no distorted conception of his own importance, though he is one of the most popular leading men on the screen, and certainly one of the most popular young bachelors in the film colony. "But why should this give one a swell head?" Cary would say. "I'm just trying to do my job as well as I can."

He came bouncing out of his dressing-room the other day, just as a studio guide approached with a party of important visitors. The young office-boy-guide, overwhelmed by the glamor of his present duty, called to Cary, and that gentleman



no appetite? nervous?
losing weight? pale?

—there is usually a definite reason for these

DON'T try to get well in a day... this is asking too much of Nature. Remember, she has certain natural processes that just cannot be hurried.

But there is a certain scientific way you can assist by starting those digestive juices in the stomach to flowing more freely and at the same time supply a balanced mineral deficiency the body needs.

Therefore, if you are pale, tired and run-down... a frequent sign that your blood-cells are weak—then do try in the simple, easy way so many millions approve—by starting a course of S.S.S. Blood Tonic.

You may have the will-power to be "up and doing" but unless your blood is in top notch form you are not fully yourself and you may remark, "I wonder why I tire so easily."

Much more could be said—a trial will thoroughly convince you that this way, in the absence of any organic trouble, will start you on the road of feeling like yourself again. You should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food... sound sleep ... steady nerves... a good complexion... and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two sizes. The $2 economy size is twice as large as the $1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the uproad today. © S.S.S. Co.

S.S.S. TONIC

Makes you feel like yourself again





Alice White, as cute and pert as ever, sailed recently for England to make a picture at Gaumont-British. She and Cy Bartlett have called it a day, maritally speaking. George Givot seems to be her current heart interest.

sauntered over to meet the anxious little group.

"I'd like you to meet *George Brent*," said this new-to-the-studio boy in an official voice. (As if hobnobbing with the film colony's George Brents was part of the day's routine for him!)

"I'm more than flattered," replied Cary, chuckling. "If I didn't think you'd find out later that I was an impostor, I'd like to answer to that name. Unfortunately, I'm not George Brent. I'm just Cary Grant. Sorry to disappoint." And he shook hands all around, thereby causing several ladies to skip a heart beat.

He's still ribbing the office boy about his mistake.

His crony, Randolph Scott, recently observed wistfully, "I wish I could fall in love so completely that everyone else was shut out of my sight and mind."

"Not many men do," said a skeptic acquaintance.

"You're wrong there," replied Randy, "Cary does. Why, when he was so in love with Virginia Cherrill, he couldn't think of anything or anyone else. Even when they were quarreling, which was frequent both before and after their marriage, Cary would be miserable with worry and Virginia occupied even his wrathful thoughts!"

And probably that accounts for Cary's footloose affections at the moment. He's one of the most sought after gents about the town, but aside from his constancy in beauing Betty Furness about, he hasn't really concentrated on a gal, not the Grant way, since Virginia and he parted some time ago.

He may be irresponsible about keeping dates on time, sending flowers and such trivialities, but when the Grant mind and heart become fixed upon a girl, she can be sure she's the main thought in his head all day, every day!

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Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
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SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	



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Leslie Howard, Perennial Charmer

(*Continued from page 57*)

stage—but in person, well they were very polite about it, but they wished to be shown.

You're way ahead of me, of course. In half an hour, Leslie made it awfully tough for the other men in their lives. I always feel sorry for the guys who have to follow Leslie. On the screen or on the hoof, he leaves 'em with that far-away don't-touch-me-right-now look.

What did he say to them? Well, he talked about some technical details of the picture, he compared Hollywood with New York and managed the gargantuan feat of not disparaging either place. He said directors had all the fun making pictures, and some day he wanted to be a director.

It was not *what* he said, my pets, it was the *way* he said it.

So far as the mind can see and the naked eye reveal, charm is not visible. But one small clue to Leslie's charm is his quiet but superb confidence. Oh no, don't go off half-cocked like that. Confidence is not something that pounds its chest and swaggers and talks loud and uses no pronouns except the personal "I." Confidence like the Howard's is something quiet and infinitely sustaining. It doesn't give a damn for praise or criticism— it just goes serenely on, buoyed and confirmed by some inner source of strength.

This kind of confidence is so rare in Hollywood that the natives are a little afraid of it. You see, it selects its friends among whomever it finds interesting or amusing, and fails to note if they come within the same salary bracket. It gets in no panics about being seen in the right places with the right people. It dares to wear comfortable old clothes and glasses, not just around the studio but anywhere and everywhere. This sort of confidence actually estimates the worth of a restaurant by the quality of food it serves, and not to *whom* it is served. Thus you will sometimes discover the Howard in little out-of-the-way joints which no other actor would think of entering, because he will not be seen by the right persons.

MAYBE right now gently but firmly you are saying I am nuts to define charm as being nine parts confidence and one part Leslie Howard: All right, *you* define it. And anybody who quotes Barrie and refers to "that damned charm" he mentioned will have to stand in the corner till school's out.

Another thing about how Leslie's charm works. You know, of course, that interviewers are not supposed to be women while on duty. The usual thing is, when you make an appointment, you say "three o'clock at the studio," and that's that. Well, when you make an appointment with Leslie, you go and have your hair done. Then you have a long silent debate whether to wear flat heels and a tweed suit and look practical, or wear high heels and the Lily Daché hat and look as frivolous as possible, so he won't expect too much in the way of an interview . . . Which reminds me. There was an interview, wasn't there?

It was noisy on the set, so we drifted outside and sat in Leslie's English car—half a block long, with more gadgets on the dash than a fancy airplane. Howard loves to give demonstrations with them. You press something and a jack promptly lifts one wheel. Press something else and signals snap out. Whenever an electrician or a prop man passes and looks interested, Leslie shows him the works. Knows what goes on under the hood, too.

In between working the gadgets, Howard told me he was bored with acting. He wants to be a director. Directors have all the fun. The only use for actors is to exploit a story. The actor has no control over his medium. Directing is an exacting business.

"The measure of a picture's greatness is in direct ratio to the greatness of the director. He is the man who brings it together, it depends absolutely upon the



A family group—Ruth, Ronald and Leslie Howard attend the Ted Lewis opening at the Cocoanut Grove. Ronald is certainly a double for his famous Dad, isn't he? Scotty caught Mrs. Howard unaware.

unity of his mind."

Ensued a long technical discussion on the creation and production of pictures. Evidently, Howard had given the subject a great deal of thought. He talks in a remarkably easy manner. His words are understated, his voice unraised under any circumstances—even when a truck went by. He presents his views with utter detachment, leaving the listener to sort and emphasize them.

Only his eyes refuse to be detached. Amusement, gay and flickering, looks out of them. Amusement at the picture he is painting of himself as a rebel, as a profundity, as a shrewd businessman. And by the way, he *is* a shrewd businessman, whether or not the idea amuses him. He is a rather forceful person in a calm way, who wishes to make no outward to-do about anything, least of all his rather daring plan to desert acting for directing.

He wishes to leave the known and the proven, which has become stale to him ("I'm tired of doing bits and ends as one must do on the screen"), for a sporting chance at bigger game.

"And by that I do not mean money," he added, "I would be satisfied to show my pictures in ten or twelve selected cities, and find ample audience for the things I could do without shame.

"It is a very good thing to make up your mind about whom you are going to please. One cannot hope to appeal to everyone who attends the film theatres, that is obvious insanity. I prefer to please those who think along the same line as I do. Why not? Certainly I can understand better what they want. Naturally, it is a limited field."

I edged in a faint note of wonder as to *how* this could be accomplished, in the face of his acting contract with Warners, the "Romeo and Juliet" being made at M-G-M. . . .

"Oh yes, my contract provides only for acting. Yes, indeed. But you see, I have various identities. There is the stage actor, the stage director, the writer, the picture actor—and now the picture director!" He regarded my bewilderment with the air of one gently teasing a small child. (Charm Note: that's another angle on this charm business. When you wish to avoid telling something to a woman, look at her gently, as if she were a very small child. It's marvelous.) He turned on that mischief-mysterious smile, the smile that implies so much and tells nothing, the "you leave it all to me" smile.

SO don't ask me how he will work out his plan, in the face of contractual obligations. Something tells me, beyond a doubt, he will. And it will happen after the most serene one-man rebellion ever staged.

While he was making "Petrified Forest" at Warners, that studio had urgent need for a good determined brace of bloodhounds, due to their star's insouciant habit of disappearance. He was located eventually in any of several odd places. Possibly asleep in the back of a truck, or prowling around the rafters high over the set. Assistant Director Frank Shaw tried to follow him every place, but Howard became expert at losing him.

Howard always arrived late on the set and flew into a simulated bustle of activity right away, "Well, old chaps, what's holding us up?" What can you say to a man like that?

One day he made off on an electrician's bicycle. It happened to have all the man's tools in a leather bag on the back. The electrician waited, fuming, and bawled hell out of Howard when he finally got back. Howard took it beautifully. (I can think of several pretentious actors who might have had the man fired.) When he







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finished, Howard shook hands with him and remarked, "Old chap, I'm afraid you take life much too seriously."

At every possible opportunity, Leslie went to sleep. He just calmly put his head in Bette Davis' lap and fell asleep, or he went out into her car or anybody's car. After four in the afternoon, he begins to fade. It's very strange how Leslie knows exactly when to begin fading. He doesn't like to work after four, and any scenes taken later than that have to be made over in the morning, anyway.

He put in days with Humphrey Bogart figuring out a happy ending for "Petrified Forest." The studio decided he shouldn't be shot, for a while there, and everybody was writing happy endings. Leslie and Humphrey played it on the stage and were firmly convinced there was no logical way to end it happily, so some of their finis were hilarious. One was: Leslie was not to die, he was to go to Paris with Bette. There they would be, Bette painting, and Leslie happy because he was working for Paramount! The studio turned it down.

Then Howard's daughter, Leslie, wrote an ending—very seriously. Bogart was to say, "I can't kill you." So Howard grabs the gun and says, "All right, let me do it." Instead of which, he sticks them all up, gets a big reward and lives happily ever after, with Bette and lots of children. Leslie says his daughter ought to be writing scenarios for Warners.

Leslie's son, Ronnie, looks exactly like his father, and has lots of fun going around autographing. That accounts for two sets of Leslie Howard autographs all over town.

Howard likes to see pictures and goes often to the small neighborhood theatres with his daughter Leslie.

The night of the "Petrified Forest" preview, scheduled for eight-thirty, I was there at eight twenty-five, and the house was jammed. Arrived then a pleasant simply-dressed family group, a man in glasses and an old somewhat faded polo coat, small daughter in her school clothes, and mama minus furs or swank. The Howards. There were no seats. I think they stood up for the performance. I went upstairs and sat on the balcony steps (don't tell the fire department) in some obliging gentleman's lap, as there wasn't any room left on the steps. (Yoo hoo, thanks mister.) Apparently, neither of us minded, it was such a grand picture. Never has such a crowd turned out for a preview in this, our preview-mad village.

Any way you look at it, seeing his pictures or interviewing Leslie Howard, it's Lovely Work, I wouldn't lie to you!

Has Mae West a Dual Personality?

(*Continued from page 41*)

'Dark Angel' and 'Shanghai.' It's surprising how, in so many pictures you see nowadays, sex is something which causes suffering.

"And what does the audience do after seeing something like that? Has a good cry, and leaves the theatre feelin' shaky, and not so sure whether there's any percentage in emotions that make you suffer like that. And figurin' if this is so, then love like that is somethin' to be afraid of—to avoid.

"But you don't have to be afraid of your emotions—*if* you have your head on your shoulders, and know the definition of control—only don't carry *that* too far!

"Know what you want, and go after it like a man. Put your cards on the table. If you like him, tell him to come up and see you sometime. Don't be coy. Don't be elusive. You don't have to keep him guessing.

"I've learned, from experience, that *any* man can be had—if a girl just acts natural and kinda down to earth!"

WELL, that was that-a. As I walked away, a wiser, saner girl, hoping for an opportunity to put Mae's *educational* advice into practice, she called after me: "Remember—be yourself! And laugh! Take it from me, they love it.

"Don't try to be a great mystery or a tragedy queen. Don't be too demure and little-girlish. And let a man know what you're thinking about once in a while. You'd be surprised how often they're thinking just the same thing!"

With this admonition ringing in my ears, I went to tea one day with Paul Cavanagh.

"Compared to the vultures and harpies who pass for ladies in fashionable society, and whom I've met in droves on both continents," said Paul Cavanagh, balancing a piece of toast and strawberry jam in mid air and gazing into space, "Mae West is a cooing dove!"

With that, my toast and the strawberry jam fell into my cup of tea! I must have looked rather astonished, because the gentleman from Cambridge leaned across the tea table.

"Was that a shocking thing to say?" he asked, quite alarmed. "Will people misunderstand me?" He hesitated for a moment. "But it's true, you know," he said.

"And I'll tell you another thing which will amaze you as much . . . Mae West is the most non-committal member of a sex which spends half its life committing itself! She'll never admit anything! You never know what she's thinking."

OUR screen paragon of female frankness, our straight-from-the-shoulder, beautiful-but-bolder "Klondike Annie" *non-committal?* "Will you pardon me, please, Mr. Cavanagh," I stammered, "while I take time out to readjust my values?"

This little business done, Mr. Cavanagh proceeded to explain a few things about our one-of-a-kind Miss West which probably you, and certainly I, never heard before.

Now the Lillian Russell-ish, big bustle-ish Mae West of the screen is frank. She says so herself. Direct and to the point. She never wastes time in flimsy, feminine shenanigans. If Mae shilly-shallies or vacillates, she does it with her hips and shoulders—never with her mind.

Off-screen, Mae West is different, difficult to know. She's built a smoke screen of reserve about herself.

To Paul Cavanagh, who looks, acts and is suave with the physical and mental pattern of the English gentleman, learning to know Mae West was a staggering surprise. Having nothing more intimate than an audience-screen acquaintance with her, before he became her leading man in "Goin' to Town," Paul (who's slightly on the conservative side) drew his own conclusions. He expected her to be a pretty formidable Amazon—the hard-boiled dame from Broadway with a twang in her voice and a bludgeon in her manner. The kind of woman who

made you feel unpleasantly conspicuous in a crowd. And if you know Englishmen, there's nothing that can give them a nice quiet case of mental dyspepsia sooner than feeling conspicuous.

When Paul discovered that Mae was not only *not* what he thought, but on the quiet, even *shy* side of things, he was flabbergasted. He repeated the word "shy" and this made me drop another strawberry in my tea. Not that she hasn't poise. She has enough to meet the King of England at a moment's notice—and to feel perfectly at ease. Or to look as if she'd never done anything, but sit behind a silver urn and pour tea at four o'clock of an afternoon—which she did every afternoon during the filming of "Goin' to Town." Even poured it with just the right British accent for Lord and Lady Byng, when they came to visit Paul on the set.

Now Paul calls himself the only unrepentant reactionary in Hollywood.

I mention it because it seems to connect up with his admiration for Mae.

I imagined at first, when he said this, that he was referring to a secret longing for that noble decade, when curves belonged elsewhere than on piano legs or race tracks, and when billows were confined not only to the deep, dark sea.

BUT no. There's something old-fashioned about Mae, says he, but in another way. She has a quality that our emancipated, restless young women fail to have. Mae's soothing. Mae's *cozy*. She lets the man do the talking while she listens, raptly. Even submerging her own personality to his. No need to mention how well that goes with a man. Especially a traditional and slightly sentimental Englishman, who has been taught,



Isabel Jewell cuts Sidney Blackmer a piece of Tom Brown's birthday cake. Isabel is one of Hollywood's cleverest actresses.

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along with his Latin verbs, to beware of aggressive, talkative women. And what a relief Mae must have been after those bevies of dashing young things, all cut out of the same mold. Slim as bronze statues, and twice as hard.

Compared to them Mae is a retiring, demure, lady-like soul—imagine that!

Paul and Mae became good friends. Through this friendship he learned to know many of the unsuspected facets to Mae's nature. For example—that she's so soft-hearted, it's impossible for her to put her foot down on the continued and tiresome demands of hangers-on, who have been taking advantage of her good nature for years. If she's given her friendship and her help, she never lets a person down. No matter how much a drag that person has become upon her.

Shrewd as she is in business—and they don't make the female of the species any shrewder or more successful—she's a babe in arms when it comes to coping with those parasites who cling with a desperate grip to the lapels or skirts of successful celebrities. She hasn't the heart to say "No."

The oft-repeated story about her seriousness, her complete absorption in her work, is quite true. She seldom goes out at night, except to the fights at which she's a regular attendant. And that isn't due to any desire to keep up a good publicity yarn. Mae doesn't care whether you do or don't believe that her private life is as uneventful as that of an old-maid teacher in a girl's finishing school. She doesn't gallivant about because it usually bores her.

During all the time of their work together on the set Mae went to dinner with Paul Cavanagh only once. And he admits he asked her nearly every other day. And he'll never stop ranting at Fate which put an unbreakable engagement in the way of his going to the fights with Mae on that one precious evening when she did him the rare honor of asking him to be her escort. Because an invitation from the real Mae West is as rare as a "come-hither" from Garbo!

Well—there's no doubt about it, knowing Mae West is an education in itself. You always learn something new, interesting and contradictory about her.

Miracle in Hollywood Bowl

(*Continued from page 59*)

fixed her eyes upon me with serious resolution, "I doubt if I should try again. Not that it would take more courage than I could give to it, for it would really take more courage to just quit. I simply feel, quite honestly, that there is just as much happiness to be had outside of Hollywood. Perhaps more. I've been trained to appreciate many things; books, travel, music. Motion pictures could never make up the greatest part of my life under any conditions. I just shouldn't be interested in struggling, starving, searching for a chance to perform in front of a camera.

"It might take only a year to get another break such as Max Reinhardt gave me. It might take years. Even then the immediate future would be problematical. It's too big a gamble to take with youth you can never get back. Being a success as a human being is still more important than being a success as an actress. There's more scope. More latitude. One needs always to be bigger than the thing one wants to be."

THAT was a year ago, an eternity in the rapidly shifting hour-glass of Hollywood. Today, Olivia de Havilland need speculate no longer about her future in the motion picture industry. The Rubicon is crossed, and lies behind with all the doubts of yesterday. On the threshold of stardom, she knows definitely now that for at least the next few years she must mold her life to fit the demands and standards of a career which grows increasingly important.

I was curious to revive the discussion of careers and personal ambition of our last meeting; to check the change of mental attitude, which swift success may have brought. Fame which comes so quickly wrecks the weak, the headstrong and the egotistical. The intelligent and strong readjust themselves to the new life with clear-eyed perception. But unfortunately they are rarely geniuses.

From our introduction I suspected Olivia of more intelligence than genius. It made it easy to believe her resolution about willingly giving Hollywood back to the Chamber of Commerce if she didn't click with her first picture. Enthusiastic public response has now made her a cinema citizen; otherwise she might be back home now, in the little town of Saratoga in Northern California, playing Shakespearean heroines in the community's Little Theatre, as she did before her appearance in Hollywood Bowl.

"It wouldn't be easy to run away from Hollywood now," she admitted from the sidelines of one of the huge "Anthony Adverse" sets. "A taste of fame gives one an Oliver Twist appetite, a greedy desire for more."

"Then your viewpoint of Hollywood has changed?" I asked.

"Naturally," she admitted. "The higher one climbs the more different things look below. The viewpoint changes, not necessarily the person. I haven't changed, really. It makes me angry for people to think that I have, simply because I'm looking down instead of up."

"Do people think so?" I wanted to know.

"Yes, they do. Old friends back in Saratoga, and even in Hollywood, who have known me for years, and always called me 'Livvy' or just plain 'de Havilland,' (that's what I like being called), now write fan letters and address me as Miss de Havilland. It's the formality that stifles me. I'm exactly the same person I was in Saratoga when I played Hermia there with a group of non-professionals. Personally, I don't enjoy living on a pedestal. It becomes only Garbo.

"Being a celebrity is no fun if one can't share good fortune with old friends. There's that old devil Sacrifice you were warning me about. I guess the idea is, when you gain something, you must give up something in return. The question is—what to give up?"

"Love, for instance?" I prompted.

"Nonsense," she protested. "Read the columnists. They'll tell you in print every day that romance flourishes in Hollywood with all the abundancy of weeds. I feel love and romance can be great stimulants for a career," she spoke with intensity. "They oil the emotions and excite the imagination. They create an acting machine. But marriage is something else again."

From one who looks the ingenue so much as Olivia such a statement is noth-

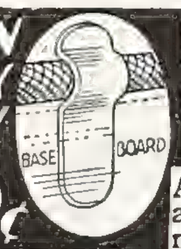


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Margaret Sullavan was very annoyed that Scotty snapped Henry Fonda and her at the "Rose Marie" preview. But since when isn't it news to be seen publicly with an ex-husband, especially the current spouse not being along?

ing short of astonishing.

"You mean you don't believe in the sacred institution of marriage!"

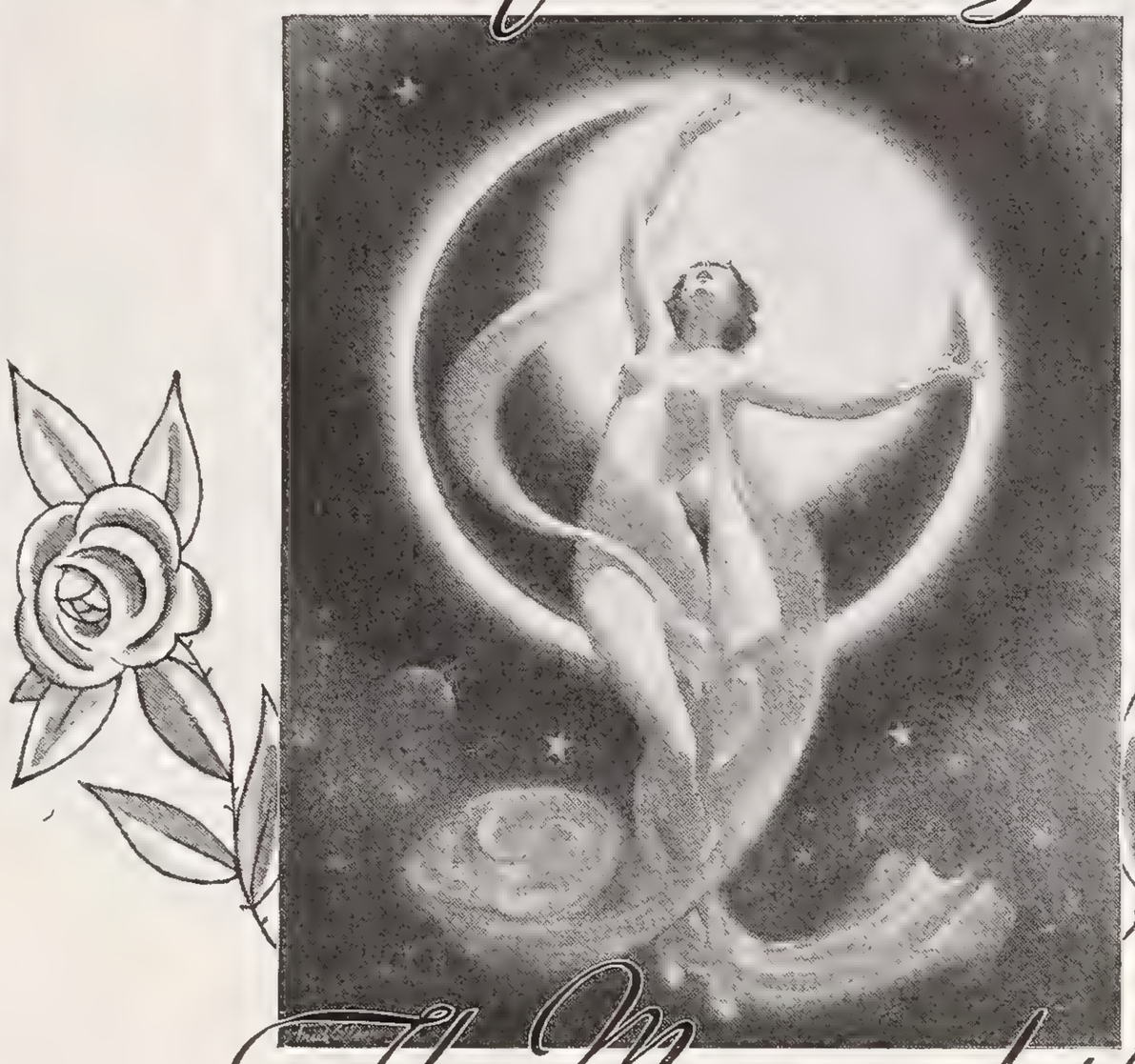
"Not unless it is going to be kept sacred," she answered. "I'm just old-fashioned enough to believe marriage in itself is a career. For me the two wouldn't mix. But there is an exception to every rule," her tone became reassuring. "Hollywood has many happy unions. Particularly where husband and wife belong to the same profession. I don't profess to be an authority on love and marriage, because in the first place I've never been seriously in love, and in the second place I've never been married. However, I do have a pretty good conception of every girl's dream of a beautiful and idyllic mating with the man she loves.

IF the girl is honest," Olivia continued in her fervent way, "she'll tell you it means having a home of her own and children, and the protection of someone she can look up to and idealize. It doesn't include long separations on studio location trips, constant exposure to public censure in the public prints, earning a salary larger than her husband's with demoralizing results.

"What good is a husband on the other side of the continent whom you visit once a year? What point is there in acquiring a married name only to have the columnists continually trying to take it away from you? Of what use is an independent income gained through earning an enormous salary if it is going to defeat your eventual happiness?. You can't take the real romance out of life. The world wants that kind of romance. They pay to go and see it on the screen. There's a whole lifetime to reap the happinesses a family can give one. An average career in Hollywood is only good for five years at the most."

Rarely has a screen celebrity retired willingly in the midst of fame. Dorothy Jordan and Dolores Costello stand out as two exceptions. Dorothy gave up a lucrative contract to marry Meriam Cooper. The angel-faced Dolores forsook one of the brightest spots on the Hollywood Glory Road for the name of Mrs. John

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Barrymore. Only now that marriage has left her a disillusioned divorcée, is she returning to the screen. So it isn't at all unlikely that Olivia de Havilland will disappear from public life as suddenly as she came, when and if she finds the man she wants to marry.

"If the time should ever come that I shall want to retire from professional life, there is one performance I should love to play before the farewell," she ventured mentally into the future. "It is a part I've played twice—Hermia. Yes, I'd love to play Hermia again in Hollywood Bowl for a last performance. You see," she explained, "I not only believe in perfect marriages, I believe in perfect circles as well. I should like it to end just as it started."

So Olivia de Havilland isn't satisfied with just a miracle in Hollywood Bowl. She wants a super-miracle!

Jean Harlow Is Jealous of You

(*Continued from page 35*)

She likes to feel that she can do what she likes without the magnifying-glass eye of the Press distorting the simplest act. She enjoys flopping around in a pair of old slacks. She likes to tie a ribbon 'round her hair and forget it. She is letting her famous blonde hair go back to natural primarily because it is too much of a darned nuisance to "keep it up." She would prefer never to see the inside of a beauty parlor again. She likes picnics, camping and window shopping.

We were talking in Jean's beautiful, chiffon-draped dressing-room. She was waiting, on tip-toe as usual, to be called back to the set of "Wife versus Secretary"—she being the secretary and Myrna Loy the wife of Clark Gable in the picture of that name.

She was talking not only to me, but also on the telephone to the publicity office and trying, patiently, to put Nosy to sleep on one of her evening gowns, dropped on the floor for bedding purposes. Nosy is a very infantile dachshund given to her at Christmas by Walter Wanger. Jean brings him to the studio with her every day, feeds him, gives him his naps, all by hand, so to speak.

SHE wore dove gray with a white organdie collar and her new, soft brown hair framed a face which is very solemn when she is talking about serious matters.

"It always sounds so silly," Jean said, rising in despair and rocking the recalcitrant pup in her arms (he's no fool, that Nosy!), "for me to be yelling about being jealous of other girls. They probably say, 'Oh, *yeah?*'—and don't believe a word of it. They doubtless figure, skeptically, that, 'It makes a good story but she can't fool us!' For, of course, I do seem to have everything. And in a way, I have. I'm happier right now than I've been in a long, long time. And I've got good reasons to be—I know it—I'm not quarreling with my luck.

"But the funny part of it is, it's so. I envy other girls for the things I haven't got. And the things that they envy me for are things that, being me, I don't want!

"You see, there are a few elements in life which are precious to everyone, vitally so. Time is one of them, privacy is another and self-preservation is a third. And I mean *self*-preservation, not the preservation of the star personality. Like an unjaded interest in the small delightful details of living. A rest from responsibility now and again with the ability to finish a job and be done with it for a time. These elements are as necessary to the spirit of any man or woman as are water and food to the body. Without them we may perish.

"Now, let's see—take clothes, for instance. I'm really envious of the girl who can get a kick out of a new dress, because I can't. I can imagine how other girls sigh when they see me on the screen, decked out to the nines in clinging gowns, opulent furs and all the fixin's. But why envy anyone something they don't enjoy? Most of the things I wear on the screen aren't mine anyway. They are screen clothes and the property of the studio. They are designed by Adrian, not for Jean Harlow, but for the character she is playing at the time. My own wardrobe would make the average girl laugh. I have fewer gowns and accessories than most of the women I know, who are merely social. The real reason being that I've lost all interest in clothes—they've become part of the day's work. I have too much of them, too many sketches to okay, too many fittings to endure. When I'm not working on the set, I want to get as far away from clothes and the thought of them as I possibly can. The very sight of a new dress to be tried on would turn my stomach!

"And yet, I can't really get as far away from them as I could wish. For, if I don't make an appearance, the postman or the grocer boy is apt to see me and soon the report will circulate that I am either dying of a broken heart and 'letting myself go,' or that I'm really not all I'm cracked up to be on the screen. See what I mean?

"*I can't ever be myself* (I often am, but I shouldn't be!). I can't develop myself. I like to think that I have certain latent abilities which it might be fun to do something about. Abilities and interests in no way connected with the 'star personality.' But I haven't time. I must spend all of my time developing the girls I play on the screen. No sooner am I through with one than I must begin to figure out the characterization of another. I can try to perfect the parts I play, but I can never perfect the person I am.

I DON'T know how many people know this, but apart from doctors and dentists, I think we of the screen are the only professionals in the world who keep half-hour engagement books. We not only keep them when we are working in the studio, but when we are working out of it. The actual work of this business, the time spent learning lines, the time spent on the sets is only a fraction of the whole. There would be nothing much to it if making pictures were all—but it isn't. It's all work—even when we play. For when I'm not in the studio, I'm having fittings for the next picture, photographs taken, giving interviews, conferences about the next production, dentist appointments and so on.

"I am always and unremittingly—Jean Harlow!

"When a doctor leaves his office to walk upon the streets, people do not pause and point to him, saying, 'There is Doctor So-and-So, hasn't he got a funny topcoat on?' Few people know who he is, he is just another man. When a secretary closes her desk and takes the subway home, her job is done and her life



Anna May Wong, just before sailing for China, with Cesar Romero at Basil Rathbone's recent party.

becomes her own.

"But I am still working wherever I am. If I go away for a vacation—well, my idea of a vacation would be to let down my hair, burn up my make-up box, wear slacks, go fishing or swimming, read a lot and relax. Where can I go and find that possible? *I* don't know.

"I can't, as a matter of fact, make the simplest move without appearing in the public prints. Here's a little inside stuff which illustrates what I mean: One evening we were working on "Riffraff" until almost nine o'clock. My director suggested that we have a bite to eat together before going home. Bill was out of town. 'Why not?' would have been the normal reply. But I knew that if we appeared together, the papers would have a Harlow holiday on the morrow. I went, of course. There was no reasonable reason, why not. But the point is that I had to give thought and worry to so perfectly insignificant a move. I had to figure out whether it would be better to dine in some slightly out of the way place or at the Trocadero, where we would be conspicuous. I finally decided, with pursed mouth and knitted brow, that the Troc' would be preferable. At least no one could say that we were trying to 'hide out.' We went to the Troc' and—the next day the papers carried the 'news' that 'all was over' between Bill and me; that I had been seen dining with my director, etc., etc., ETC. The absurdest part being that I mean no more to that director than you do, and you never have met him.

"Ye gods!" groaned Jean, squeezing Nosy until he became slightly noisy, "no wonder I'm jealous of girls who can be themselves. I hate to be forced into being calculating and artificial in everything



JOAN MARSH and EDDIE NUGENT as they appear in "DANCING FEET," a REPUBLIC PICTURE

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Tune in, folks, and get the latest Modern Screen gossip every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening at 7:15 over Station WOR. Sam Taylor interviews your favorite stars and tips you off on the Hollywood lowdown. Pictured with Sam is Dennie Moore of the "Sylvia Scarlett" cast.

I do just because the most harmless moves in the world are ridiculously misconstrued.

ALL of the natural experiences become unnatural. Marriage is a bedroom farce played on a lighted stage, floodlighted. If I were to marry again, which is extremely unlikely for a very long while to come, I wouldn't dare to have a child. If I did and didn't have it photographed, for instance, people would hint that it was malformed or something. If I did have it photographed, I would be accused of cheap publicity via an infant in arms. When marriage and motherhood are forced into unnatural attitudes, it's time to do a little moaning, all of the advantages notwithstanding.

"Romance itself, that perfectly normal flowering of interest between a man and a woman since the world began, is distorted into shapes we don't recognize as us at all. Like Bill and I—we are reported engaged, not engaged, not married, secretly married, deeply in love, completely out of love—with the cards stacked differently every day. You girls, when you are interested in a boy, can take time out to find whether you really are suited, the one to the other. You can let your own hearts dictate to you. You really can be alone. You know, almost as well as I do, how much chance Bill and I have to be alone. I don't mean so far as other people being present is concerned, rather alone, so far as the insistent pressure of public curiosity is concerned. And after awhile, that public pressure becomes a tangible thing, a third party at every tête-à-tête, an intruder on every rendezvous. A thing which should be sacredly private becomes sensationally public.

"I'm jealous of you and your beaux . . . the privacy and the sweetness of it.

"I'm envious of the time you have to be attractive to the men you care about. I make a date. Ha! *Maybe* I can keep it. It's more likely that I can't. If I can, I have to rush like a mad thing. It takes me a good hour to scrub the make-up off my face, get out of costume and into street or dinner clothes. I've been making up all day. I can't take a very intense interest in how I look when the day is done. And that reminds me, Blanchie," said Jean suddenly, laughing and turning to her faithful and indispensable maid, "call my Old Man, will you (Bill Powell to us, girls) and tell him that we will go to the Troc' tonight, thanks. Well, anyway, when I have managed to get ready I am usually exhausted. And after all the effort, I don't dare to stay out for more than a couple of hours because the camera will register the time I got home the next day!

"All of you can be just young girls in love, having a good time, forgetting all else.

"But can I? Now, honestly. . . . ?

"And then," said Jean, "there's the responsibility. In ordinary jobs if something goes wrong, if you make a mistake or even lose your job, only a comparatively few people will be let down. You yourself, your family perhaps. But a star, if she fails in any particular either in her work or in her private life, lets down her studio—producers, directors, cameramen, sound men, publicity departments—the whole complex, highly expensive personnel. She also lets down her public. Millions of dollars are affected—and millions of people. A nightmare thought."

The telephone rang. Miss Harlow was wanted on the set, please. Blanchie hovered. Nosy tenderly was disposed among the laces of the gown on the floor. Jean seated herself at her dressing-table. Things were done to the Harlow hair and face. Jean made a face at her own reflection.

"Well, there you are," she said, "and it's true.

"If I could have remained just Harlean Carpenter, if I could have put on the Harlow personality like a mask while working and could take it off again when the day was done, that would be Heaven. But to be in the public eye all of the time—at home, awake, asleep, in love or out of it, married or single—well, don't be too jealous of me, you other girls, after all fun's fun, you know. . . ."

Read all about Shirley Temple, Bob Taylor, Grace Moore, Jeanette MacDonald and many other picture personalities in the May issue of Modern Screen

Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(*Continued from page 12*)

interests. There are the usual beautiful girls, plus some swell songs by Ethel Merman, a couple of stand-out vaudeville acts, and a well-gagged story. Most of the gags, as a matter of fact, bring memories of Charlie Chaplin and Harold Lloyd, but Eddie and his associates must be admired for handling them so well that they appear as fresh and as funny as ever. The story has Eddie as a timid soul who becomes a man of action after studying a pamphlet which asks him point blank whether he's a man or a mouse. Around that theme are built several swell comedy sequences which include one of the best chases the screen has offered in several seasons. The cast includes Sally Eilers, William Frawley, Jack LaRue, Brian Donlevy, Rita Rio and Parkyakarkus.

Preview Postscripts

Being funny twenty-four hours a day leaves you feeling anything but, according to Eddie Cantor. In addition to starring in this giggle-getter, Eddie wrote a large part of the script and thought up most of the laughs. He worked on all the main characterizations, assisted Director Taurog and helped in the choice of the Goldwyn Gals. Between times, on the set and in the cold gray hours of the dawn, Eddie works on radio laughs for himself and Parkyakarkus. Then there's the Cantor radio agency, and the contracts for stories and a book soon to come out. Between these times, Eddie writes songs, rehearses with his radio cast and orchestra several days each week, dress rehearsals every Sunday and puts two programs on the air that night. Where he got the reputation of being a family man we wouldn't be knowing . . . Samuel Goldwyn sinks more of his millions into a Cantor picture than any other venture. This one is rumored to have set Samuel back over a million and a half. The "Club Lido" set alone cost in the neighborhood of $12,000. Some 500 yards of gossamer silk was bought from a Japanese firm for the backdrops, and thousands of metal stars, encrusted with brilliants were hung from the flies. The mirror-like club floor was made entirely of glass blocks, backed with ebony. A battery of over a hundred and fifty great arc lights lit the scene . . . Parkyakarkus was born Harry Einstein, later simplified to Parke, then to its present form. He went on the air several years ago, having tired of being a Boston news sleuth. Parke, etc., lays all his success to his mastery of the Greek dialect and his meeting Eddie Cantor . . . Gratitude is far from a scarce item in Hollywood. Sally Eilers thanks Mack Sennett for her success. Lunching with her pal, Carole Lombard, one day at the studio commissary, Sally was spotted by Mack and given a screen test. Mack Sennett comedy roles followed, then bigger and better chances. Movie Producer Harry Joe Brown is Sally's husband, and Harry Joe Brown, Jr., her son . . . Scouting for the Goldwyn Girls begins each summer, when Mr. G. begins lining up material for the annual Cantor epic. Special representatives are sent to cover night clubs, revues, shows, etc. Screen tests are personally supervised by the High Mogul, then twenty girls selected from the thousands of prospectives.



Bette Davis and Leslie Howard in "The Petrified Forest."

★★★★ Captain Blood
(Warners)

Tops for excitement in the screen parade is Sabatini's blood-and-thunder account of Doctor Peter Blood, who broke away from slavery to become the terror of the seas. Captain Blood may not possess all the epic



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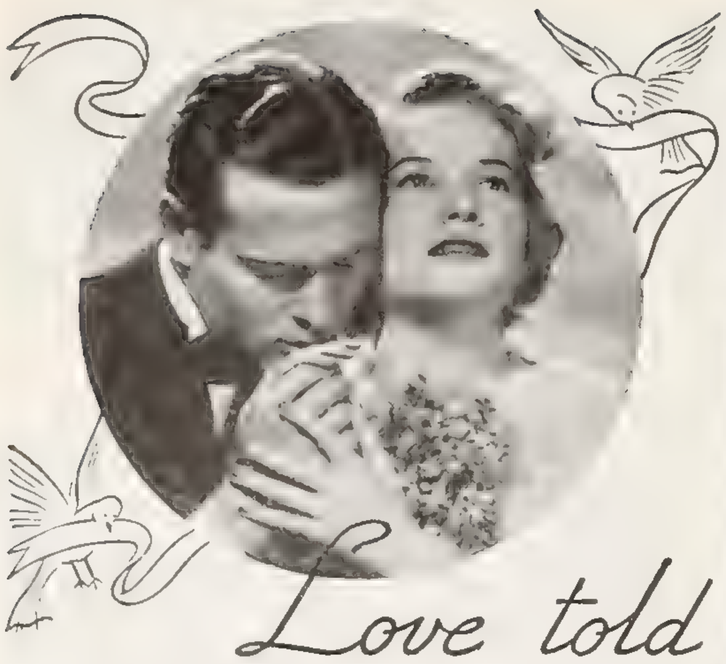
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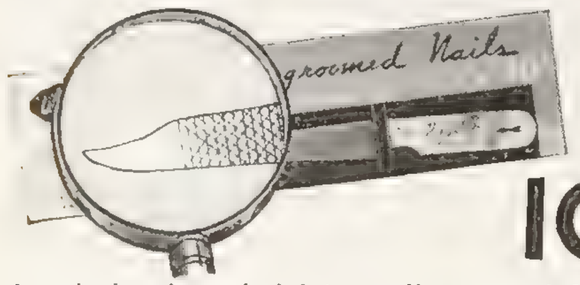
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"Strike Me Pink," with Cantor, Sally Eilers and Parkyakarkus.

qualities of "Mutiny on the Bounty," but its movement and pace makes it the most entertaining sea story of the year. Besides, it brings into prominence a brand new screen personality who is destined for a niche among the Gables and the Coopers of Hollywood. He is Errol Flynn, a handsome young Irishman who makes his screen debut in the title role. This would have been a good picture without Flynn—with him it becomes the sort of picture that makes reviewers send out for more adjectives. Exiled from England and sold into slavery in one of the colonies, the young doctor takes advantage of an attack on the island, mans the attackers' ship and puts out to sea to become the most feared pirate in the trade. Next to Flynn's outstanding performance there are excellent portrayals by Olivia de Havilland, Ross Alexander, Guy Kibbee, Basil Rathbone and Forrester Harvey.

Preview Postscripts

Errol Flynn has never been a pirate. But he's been practically everything else. Soldier of fortune, a master of trading vessels in the South Seas, a hunter of head-hunters, an adventurer in all the far corners of the globe. From Broadway he was brought to Hollywood for this first picture . . . Olivia de Havilland is good news herself. Eighteen years old, she's getting to first base in less than a year in the industry . . . Seven ships were built for this little epic. Shipbuilding may be industry's most highly specialized job, but a call for seven ships is all in the day's work to studio technicians. Of the seven, two were as complete as any ship that sails the seas, except for lighter construction and little durability. Of regulation size, length, height and beam, each deck is equipped with a full array of cannon . . . You can't surprise the studio gun-makers, either. The head of the studio arsenal received this order: fifty cannons, 400 cap and ball pistols, 450 flintlock muskets, 350 cutlasses, 750 powder horns, 50 powder barrels, 200 cane knives and 300 daggers. The weapons were copied from a few choice arsenal treasures dating back to 1650 . . . Costume research took over six months. One of Miss de Havilland's snappy outfits consisted of a white taffeta petticoat, composed of eight yards of material and forty yards of ruffles. Fifteen yards were wound around her for a velvet skirt and a nine-yard satin pannier covered this. Her bonnet weighed seventeen pounds. Those leather boots which lend such a dashing air to the actors, felt anything but that. Each boot weighed 23 pounds. Considering some fifty pounds of swords, leather jackets, and iron hats, the cast was made up mostly of "heavies."

★★★ The Magnificent Obsession (Universal)

This is a typical John M. Stahl production, which is to say that it is ponderous and painstaking and probably will make its producers a lot of money. Mr. Stahl is the type of story teller who spares no details—a habit which sometimes proves annoying—but it can never be said of him that he's not convincing. For, in this instance, he has taken an obvious tear-jerker, as creaky a tale as the screen has offered in months, and made it into a film which is bound to obtain a wide audience appeal, especially among the ladies. Briefly, it has to do with Irene Dunne and Robert Taylor. Taylor, a playboy who has inadvertently caused the death of Miss Dunne's husband, brings more tragedy to her life when, because of him, she is involved in an automobile accident which costs her her sight. His honest effort to make amends constitutes the picture. Evidence that the story is faulty is contained in the fact that six years after the accident Mr. Taylor has acquired a medical school diploma and the Nobel Prize for his work in surgery. From a critical standpoint it's not a first-rate picture, but audiences who enjoy a good cry will admire it considerably. As for the cast, both Miss Dunne and Mr. Taylor are handsome and capable, and supporting roles are ably handled by Charlie Butterworth, Ralph Morgan and Betty Furness.

Preview Postscripts

Sixteen weeks of intensive filming were needed for this one. At least Director John M. Stahl thought so. Most movie megaphoners concentrate on "key" scenes, but Director S. considers every scene the most important in the picture. Over 467,000 feet of negative film rolled through the cameras and was cut to the 10,000 feet you are allowed to enjoy. Editing and cutting of an important flicker takes twice as long as actual production. Over 330 reels decorated the cutting-room floors, after Stahl had personally butchered the film down to the 10 reels for release. Twice the total footage you see was used, since photographic action is recorded on one film and sound on another, with the two later combined in a so-called movietone print. The "sound track" is a narrow strip running along the side of the photographed scene . . . Over 4,300 extras were engaged on this picture and a total of 42 sets were constructed. Sets ranged from a huge dock and reproduction of a section of the "Normandie," to elaborate hotel interiors, the Montmartre hills, a group of residences taking up a couple of city blocks, and two large, completely equipped hospitals, not to mention a few more. All this fancy business ran into the million mark. Thirty-eight complete costume changes added to the Dunne glamor, while Betty Furness fell heir to twenty-seven outfits. Guaranteeing a magnificent obsession of your very own, sisters. Vera West did the designing . . . Charles Butterworth has discovered it's smart to be dumb. After passing the Indiana bar, Mr. Butterworth decided he was through with brain strain. So he became a newspaper reporter. This, too, he discovered required occasional thought, so he decided on an acting career. . . . Robert Taylor claims he's just a young man trying to get along. But how this twenty-four-year-old young man gets along! Graduating as a full-fledged psychiatrist from Pomona College, Bob was immediately snatched by movie moguls; had his choice of signing several dotted lines, and is now a star. He's a native Nebraskan and to date hasn't gone Hollywood. The rumor hounds would have us believe that he's really interested in Janet Gaynor, his newest co-star.

★★ The Lady Consents
(RKO-Radio)

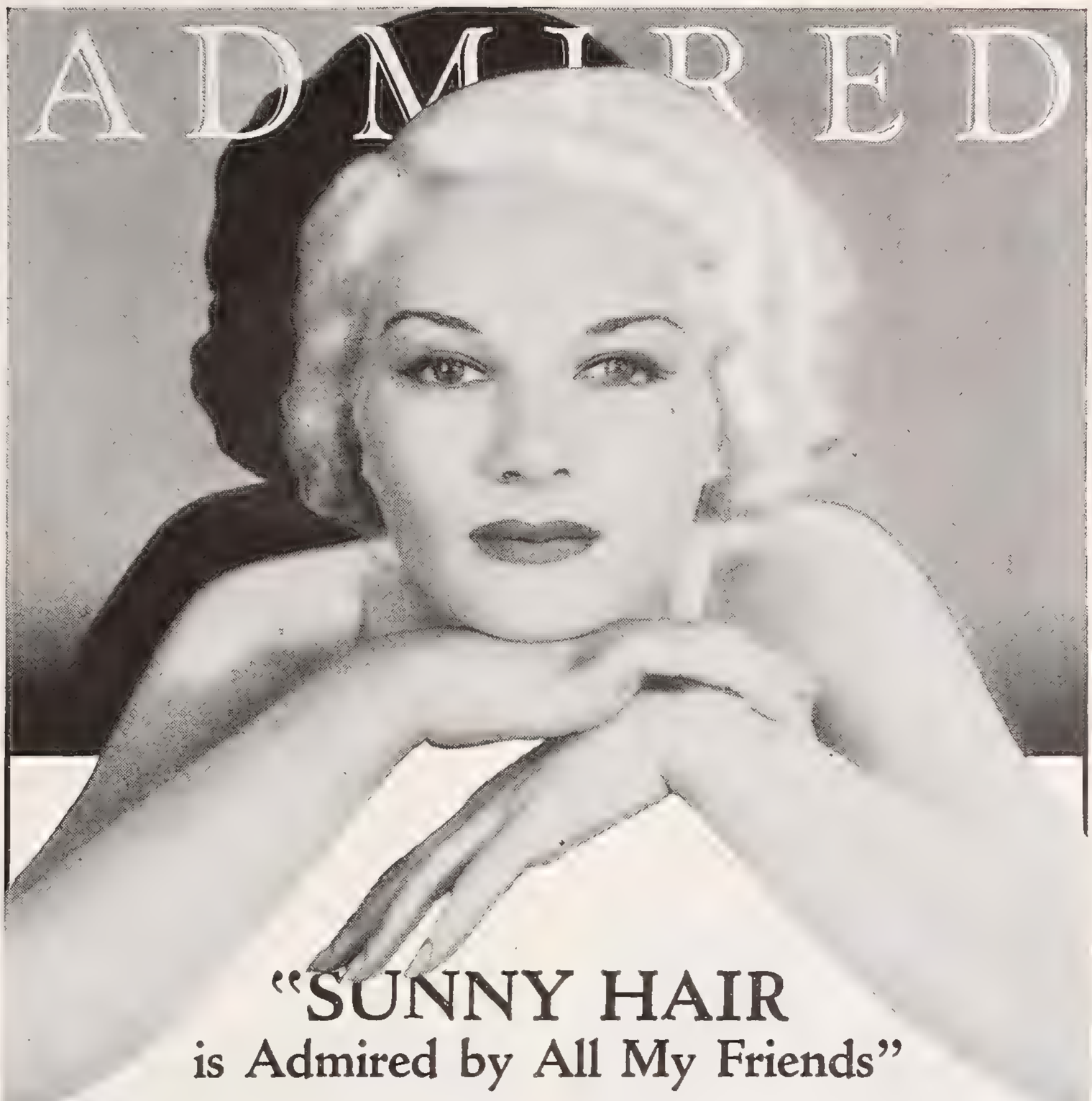
For those who enjoy seeing Ann Harding play her favorite role—the sacrificing wife—there is possibly a full measure of entertainment here. For those who are just a bit tired of watching the gallant Miss Harding in the process of being "regular" to the point of boredom, let this be fair warning. As in most Harding pictures, the eyes of her screen husband soon fall on this comely lass or that one, and you know what happens. Poor Ann is left holding the sack—bravely, of course— while her erstwhile mate is out having himself a time. To a critical observer it seems that Miss Harding's movie mates start looking around almost before the picture has begun. Perhaps, having seen previous Harding films, they know what is required of them. In this case Herbert Marshall is the husband and Margaret Lindsay, following the familiar formula, lures him from home and fireside. After a year or two with her he returns to Miss Harding, who is waiting. Miss Harding is always waiting. Walter Abel does what he can in the thankless role of Miss Harding's persistent suitor, and Edward Ellis is excellent as Mr. Marshall's father.

Preview Postscripts

Though an RKO major production, on which neither time nor expense was to be spared, Director Stephen Roberts was accused of bringing in a "quickie" with this one. He finished the picture ten days ahead of schedule, an unheard of event in movie annals. At least when it does happen, the news seldom leaks out, so great a piece of scandal it is. For the longer a picture is in production, the more the studio pays and pays, and the actors and director get and get. Experienced crew, cast and director were blamed in this case . . . Ann Harding is making her first trip to Europe any of these days. Besides being a firm believer in "See America First," Miss Harding hasn't had a minute to call her own since starting her acting career some ten years ago. Between careers and domestic crises, Miss H. has had her hands full. Everyone but Ann says she'll soon be marrying a Honolulu army man. Bernard Newman designed all those swanky clothes jobs which are sported by the three leading women. Newman is looked upon with awe among stylists of Southern California. They say he's the first to sense a trend in style in this country. Whether that's true or not, the gals go awfully well with Mr. Newman's ideas.



"Three Live Ghosts," with Cecilia Parker and Richard Arlen.



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say delighted young women who have become more popular with sunny hair. For sunny—*soft lustrous*—hair gives you the fresh, glowing attractiveness friends admire. Gain for *yourself* the charming brightness of sunny lustrous hair. Blonde or Brunette, brighten *your* hair—your whole appearance—with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

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Jean Parker and Robert Donat in "The Ghost Goes West."

★★ Three Live Ghosts
(M-G-M)

Much ado about three soldiers, listed in the war records as officially dead, who return to London and find difficulty proving themselves mortal. After all, if the government says you're dead, what can you do? One of them (Richard Arlen) is hiding out from a jail term which he believes awaits him in America, another (Charles McNaughton) wants very much to be regarded as alive, but his mother (Beryl Mercer) insists he's not because she has already collected his insurance, and the third (Claude Allister) is actually not sure whether he's alive or not. Things are further complicated by the fact that the Messrs. Arlen and McNaughton have two young ladies (Cecilia Parker and Nydia Westman) in love with them, and Mr. Allister is troubled with kleptomania. The climax arrives when the latter returns home one evening attired in top hat and tails and bearing jewels and a gurgling infant. All three items turn out to be his own, and with the establishing of his identity comes happiness and all that sort of thing for everyone concerned. "Three Live Ghosts" is a mild little comedy brightened by the performances of Allister, McNaughton, Beryl Mercer and Nydia Westman.

Preview Postscripts

This was a "quickie" for M-G-M. The entire picture took seventeen days, in spite of the fact that practically the entire cast was changed on the second day of shooting. The first three leading men selected looked too ghost-like to be alive. Arlen, Allister and McNaughton, the next selections, were found to look too much alive. But by that time Director Humberstone decided a quickie director couldn't be too choosy. He's known as "Lucky" Humberstone on the studio lot since a few years back when he escaped unhurt from an auto wreck killing eight people. Humberstone is lucky for M-G-M, too, for seventeen-day picture producers, and good ones, are few and far between in Hollywood . . . The fanciest set used on this one was for the battle scene. This necessitated clearing rubbish off a corner of the back studio lot, spading up a couple of trenches and shell holes, stringing up a few yards of barbed wire and calling it a day. Besides a snap for the prop department, this film provided a break for Richard Arlen. He was completely happy for the first time in reel life, due to the disreputable wardrobe allotted him for the role. Dick has a clothes complex. His favorite costume is an ancient sweater, corduroys bought a few years earlier and a gangster's check cap. The Arlens (Dick, Dick, Jr., and Jobyna Ralston) have just returned from England, where the head of the family did some pictures for a London film factory . . . Cecilia Parker deserves a hand for being the local girl who made good. But it wasn't as easy as all that. After graduating from Hollywood High School, Cecilia with her sister, Linda, set about haunting the studio gates. Not so much as a peek inside did they get for over a year. The Parker shoe leather was just about giving out when they both landed "extra" bits. That was two years ago. Linda's still doing bits, but Cecilia was given a chance in "Ah, Wilderness." She delivered the goods with such a punch that you'll be seeing the youngest Parker often from now on. At least you'll want to.

★ Man Hunt
(Warners)

This is the old cops-and-robber stuff, supposedly enlivened by the presence of "Mel Purdue" and his trusty G-men, but it turns out to be one of this month's decidedly minor items. To give you an idea of the sort of hokum it is, here are a few salient truths it offers the audience: 1. That the rural constabulary is composed entirely of comic strip characters who do nothing but get in the way of the G-men. 2. That ace reporters from big-town newspapers accept every assignment as a lark, never remove their hats, spend all of their time drinking and get their greatest pleasure practicing practical jokes on small-town reporters. 3. That a normal girl, in full possession of her faculties, will hide a notorious murderer from the police because he tells her he has a mother. Anyway, Ricardo Cortez is the murderer, and the report that he is hiding in the vicinity of a certain village brings G-men and reporters in swarms from the big city, but it's good old Bill Gargan of the local weekly, with assistance from Marguerite Churchill, a rural schoolmarm, and Chic Sale, a doddering citizen of the community, who triumph for justice and, fortunately bring the story to a close.

Preview Postscripts

This is Marguerite Churchill's first appearance in celluloid for over a year. She's Mrs. George O'Brien in what private life her husband's popularity allows. The O'Brien heiress caused Marguerite's temporary screen retirement . . . That fancy figger which Bill Gargan is sporting nowadays isn't due to dietetic eccentricities, though. It's just due to plain dieting. Bill claims he's consumed the country's surplus in grapefruit this year—and nothing else. Leslie Howard and Gar-



"Man Hunt," with William Gargan and Marguerite Churchill.

gan are Hollywood's most inseparable pals. They met in "Animal Kingdom" when that play was on Broadway, and were later reunited in the screen version . . . This is Director William Clemens' first picture under the new title. Formerly an ace cutter, Clemens was upped to his present illustrious position a short time ago . . . What trouble insects have caused the farmer is nothing compared to what the pests can do to production schedules. While on location in the San Fernando Valley, a swarm of gnats swooped down on the company, attracted by the bright lights. The scene was intended as one evening's work, but the first night was spent by the entire cast and crew fanning the air with whatever was at hand. In between times they swatted. Three evenings passed thusly, until a carload of flit guns (advt.) arrived. Considering that production expenses ran two thousand per night, the picture made a neat dent in the studio budget.



Anita Louise and Ross Alexander in "Brides Are Like That," a pleasant little comedy.

★★★★ The Ghost Goes West
(London Films)

Here is the best British film to reach these shores since Charles Laughton and "The Private Life of Henry VIII." Perhaps it can't be termed strictly British, since its author and two of its featured players are American and its director is French. At any rate, this international alliance has emerged with a picture marked with wit, charm and intelligence. Its star is Robert Donat, who, as Murdock Glourie, died a coward and is forced to haunt the Glourie Castle until he can avenge the family name. All this is rather disconcerting for Donald (also played by Mr. Donat), the last of the Glouries, who feels that his attempts to sell the castle are somewhat impeded by the nightly appearances of his ancestor. The castle is finally sold to a wealthy American, Eugene Pallette, who moves it, stone by stone, to his estate in Florida. The ghost of Murdock Glourie goes west with it, and romantic complications ensue, with the phantom and Donald both in amorous pursuit of Pallette's daughter, Jean Parker. The film is full of excellent satire and gentle ribbing of American wealth, with the delicate touch of the brilliant French director, Rene Clair, felt throughout. Robert Donat is superb in his dual role, and Eugene Pallette and Jean Parker both score heavily in their roles.

★★ Exclusive Story
(M-G-M)

Another newspaper film, and this time it has to do with a crusading reporter's exposé of what is known as "the numbers racket." Numbers, in case you don't know, is a daily lottery most popular in New York's Harlem, and there are reports that the executives in the business have underworld connections. These gentlemen force the small store owners in the region to become their agents, and it's their misfortune, in the end, that one of them is J. Farrell MacDonald. For it is J. Farrell's daughter, Madge Evans, who convinces Stuart Erwin, the reporter, that the racket should be wiped out. The crusade is aided by the newspaper's attorney, Franchot Tone, and since Mr. Erwin is already happily married it will probably come as no surprise to announce that Mr. Tone gives up his fiancée, Louise Henry, for Miss Evans. The film has several fairly exciting interludes, but it is our suspicion that the whole thing would have been completely dull had it not been for the excellent work of Joseph Calleia, who makes the racketeer the picture's most interesting personality. With the exception of this characterization, the picture is routine stuff.

Preview Postscripts

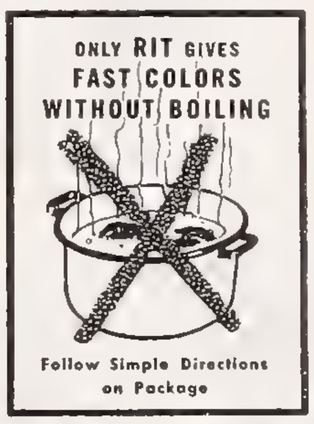
The prop department developed a new trick for that kitchen scene. They showed Madge Evans how to fry eggs without eggs. It's very simple. She just dropped a little dry ice into the frying pan, swished it around, and that cloud of genuine fried smoke is the result . . . The prop men had their hands full for every scene on this picture. When a script calls for lots of running around, as



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It's like a* TACK *in your toe!



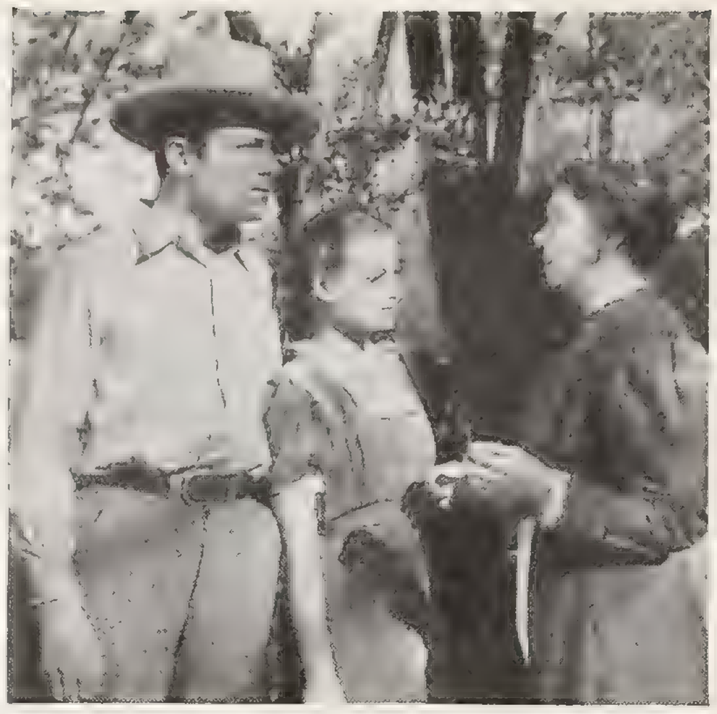
TO TAKE a tack out of your toe you wouldn't saw the head off and leave the rest of the tack in. You'd draw it out entirely, point and all.

Your corn *is* like a tack in your toe! If you just pare the head off, you leave the rest of the corn to grow again—larger, uglier, more painful. Draw it *all* out—swiftly, safely, gently—with Blue-Jay! For Blue-Jay removes *root and all.* And there's no danger of infection.

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Tom Keene, Eleanore Whitney and Elizabeth Patterson in "Timothy's Quest."

this one does, there's a need for many sets. So besides the newspaper office, which required plenty of thought in assembling, six apartment sets were needed, several sections of Harlem and downtown New York were reproduced, besides courtrooms, waterfronts and several street scenes. The ballroom set was the most elaborate and costly. 150 "dress extras"—who rate top pay of $7.50 per day—had five days' work on this scene. And five days of dancing to one of the best orchestras in Southern California . . . Michael Fessier did the adaptation work on this script. He and Stu Erwin buried the hatchet for the first time in years while working together on the set. Seems that Stu was brought up in Squaw Valley, near Fresno. Fessier was brought up in Fresno. They both played baseball for the local high school teams, and loathed one another for years just on general principles. Besides playing baseball and writing scripts, Fessier can also act upon occasion and fly on any occasion. He makes the parachute jump for Franchot Tone in this picture . . . Joan Tone spent part of each day on the set. Madge Evans is one of her closest friends, so it wasn't just to keep an eye on Franchot . . . Joseph Calleia is fast building himself a reputation among the studio moguls. He is so much in demand that roles are lined up for him months in advance. Calleia doesn't believe in faking any of his acting. His insistence on realism no doubt lends that note of sincerity to his acting, but it proves hard on his fellow actors. If it's a beer bottle that Joseph is to break over someone's head, he insists on the real thing. And that knock-down-drag-'em-out rumpus between Franchot and Mr. C. is the genuine article. So were the black eyes which Mr. Tone wore for the next week.

★★ Brides Are Like That
(Warners)

A pleasant little comedy of domestic affairs which should afford most of its audiences satisfactory entertainment. Based on a play called "Applesauce," the picture uses that commodity as its theme, for Ross Alexander, our hero, employs it at every opportunity. It's his theory that people are happier when you take the trouble to tell them they're swell. Another of his theories is that a smart young man like himself shouldn't have to bother much about hard work. All of this is against the principles of his wealthy uncle, Joe Cawthorn, and almost upsets his married life with Anita Louise. Anita really loves him, of course, but her parents, Gene and Katherine Lockhart, continually point out that she might have done better by marrying Richard Purcell, a conscientious young doctor to whom she was once engaged. But our hero comes through with an invention which is rather vaguely explained as a contraption to keep apples from spoiling. Since the world is full of people who want to keep apples from spoiling, the domestic difficulties of young Mr. Alexander and his lovely bride immediately disappear. Ingratiating performances by the entire cast keep this one from becoming a bore.

Preview Postscripts

Anita Louise thinks she may have fifty years ahead of her in pictures. Or she may have five. At any rate Anita is one girl who will be prepared. When this picture was completed she made her debut as a harpist at the Institute of Fine Arts. Prior to this she has exhibited water-colors and etchings there. And to top her talents, Anita can cook. Having to burn those biscuits in the picture was the hardest moment in her screen career . . . Ross Alexander has never looked for a job in his life. Work has always come looking for him and he's found it practically impossible to avoid. Most actors, f'instance, get a chance after months spent in directors' anterooms—if they're lucky. But Ross was presented with a role in "Enter, Madame," for a graduation gift from dramatic school. He never uses make-up or grease paint for a screen role, and prefers drama to comedy. Says the easy roles are the hardest to take . . . Joe Cawthorn is celebrating his 64th year of entertaining the public. He started in 1872 in a pickaninny chorus in Robinson's Hall in New York City. Since that time he's never earned a dime except in the acting profession . . . Dick Purcell has a theory on the best way to get to Hollywood. He claims the idea is to get as far away as possible and stay just as long as you can. At least, that's how he got his first chance in this town. A couple of years ago, Dick came on his own to Hollywood, looking for a role in talkies. He was so sure that Purcell had the stuff that he starved for almost a year waiting for someone to give him a little attention. Discouraged and slightly anemic, he bummed his weary way back to Broadway. There a role in "Paths of Glory" fell to his lot. A Warner sleuth spotted him in a performance the first week and frantically signed him on the dotted line, before any of the other studio spies should spot him.

★★ Timothy's Quest
(Paramount)

Another childhood classic has been put into celluloid without losing its charm. Not only that, but this Kate Douglas Wig-



"The Lone Wolf Returns," with Gail Patrick and Melvyn Douglas, looking romantic.

gin story seems vastly improved. Although the names of the cast are not imposing, it is doubtful if a more successful group could have been assembled for the characters. Elizabeth Patterson is excellent in the role of a cold-hearted spinster who loathes anything resembling a child or a man. Dickie Moore will surprise you with the intelligent manner in which he goes about being Timothy. Virginia Weidler does well in her part, and you'll like small Sally Martin, who is a child actress to watch. Eleanore Whitney, in her first straight dramatic role, shows that her ability isn't limited to her feet by any means, and Tom Keene, whom you haven't seen for some time, is pleasing as the romantic lead opposite her. The play is entertaining enough for adults, too, in spite of being a story aimed especially at the children.

Preview Postscripts

Four-year-old Sally Martin is known as the "Baby Bernhardt." Some publicity agent had a good brain-wave on that one, but there is no doubt that Miss Martin has great possibilities . . . Tom Keene isn't as unfamiliar as you may think, for he was on the screen frequently in days gone by. But his name was George Duryea in those days. When the slump came in his work, he consulted a numerologist who bequeathed him with the present name. The next day came a call from the studio, and George Tom has been at work ever since . . . Eleanore Whitney is Paramount's White Hope. She's the fastest tap dancer in existence, for one thing. For another, she shows dramatic ability. For another, the Whitney is reported to have a really blue-sy blues voice. Guess that will hold you, M-G-M, with your Eleanor Powell . . . Elizabeth Patterson is well known as a



"Muss 'Em Up," with Preston Foster, Florine McKinney and John Carroll.

Shakespearean actress both in this country and England. She has been in just a few pictures, but is gradually becoming so much the vogue with casting directors that she may never return to her first love.

★★ Rose of the Rancho
(Paramount)

So, after all the ringing of bells and general fanfare, the Swarthout picture has been released. And the truth is out. The picture is simply not what it was cracked up to be. The star herself is not at fault. Neither her beauty nor her superb voice has suffered by the screening and canning process. But the treatment of the story has made the characters appear flat and uninteresting. Miss Swarthout is the daughter of a California hidalgo, who turns leader of a band of vigilantes to protect their homes from the desperadoes. The desperadoes, however, turn out to be a bunch of grand guys with operatic tendencies. The vigilantes have their musical moments, too, while John Boles and Gladys Swarthout break into song at the least provocation and in the most dangerous situations. Charles Bickford, who plays the leader of the outlaws, seems a bit undecided what to do since he has no voice to speak of. Willie Howard and Herb Williams provide as many laughs as they can squeeze in between arias. In short, the picture is a disappointing debut for one of Miss Swarthout's undeniable ability. Let's hope it is just beginner's bad luck.

Preview Postscripts

Except for two interior scenes taken on the lot, this picture was filmed on the Paramount ranch at Lake Malibu. There a walled city was built in exact replica of the California towns of 1850. It was modeled particularly after Monterey, the first capital of the state where sunshine originated. Authorities on California history did research on the sets for over six months, prior to construction. Attics, museums and libraries were ransacked for material and the result was as authentic a reproduction as the corps at Paramount has ever accomplished. Besides the old town, another city was built up to accommodate the 150 members of cast and crew who spent over two months on the ranch. Over fifty houses of canvas and wood were built for the crew, while special cottages were erected for the principals. One mess hall was used



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Color of your hair?



The popular Paul Kelly and Maxine Doyle feed Paul's horse, "Kelly-mackaye." Paul's latest cinema opuses are "Here Comes Trouble" and "The Song and Dance Man."

by the entire outfit, and evenings were gala occasions, with Gladys Swarthout and John Boles handing out a few thousand dollars worth of grand opera. The barnyard scenes look most picturesque and pleasant as you see and hear them. But they provided more trouble than all the rest of the scenery put together. Some fifty cows, chickens, pigs, etc., had been rounded up as part of the local color. All would go well until some impassioned love scene was well under way. Then would come the low, sad mooing of a cow, or a few loud disgruntled grunts from a porker. Production experts figured the live stock cost the studio approximately three thousand cash in lost time . . . It was William LeBaron's idea to do another "Rio Rita" with this one. For in that old-timer he had introduced a brand new comedy team, the Messrs. Wheeler and Woolsey. So this time he introduced another team, Willie Howard and Herb Williams, with the same high hopes. This is their first crack at the movies, though both are well known in show business . . . The debut of opera stars in films has been made much of. The remarkable thing about these songbirds isn't that they have forsaken patrician opera for plebeian movies, but that they have forsaken many of the operatic standbys—chiefly, professional jealousy. Miss Swarthout, on arriving in Hollywood, leased Grace Moore's home. For "inspiration" she said. And to introduce Lily Pons, a potential rival in movies, Miss S. gave the swankiest party that even Hollywood has seen to date.

★ The Lone Wolf Returns
(Columbia)

Although the title seemed to promise something really exciting—like adventures with the pack in the Frozen North—what do we get? A pack of jewel thieves, that's what. And to make it far, far worse, sophisticated jewel thieves. Oh, very. Melvyn Douglas, smartly clipped as to accent and mustachio, is the Lone Wolf, champion gem snatcher. A rival in the profession and the L. W. are both concentrating on the Stewart sparklers, than which no collection in the world can outshine. But when Gail Patrick turns out to be Miss Stewart, you can imagine Melvyn's embarrassment. Love blooms, though Gail gets pretty peeved when she finds out who Melvyn is. However, he proves his true nature by saving her jewels from the rival meanie, thereby winning Miss Stewart and the collection for himself. You can draw your own conclusions, but we should add that Miss Patrick is very pleasant to look upon, and Tala Birell, who plays a lady thief, is both attractive and talented.

Preview Postscripts

This is the first time the Lone Wolf has been at large since the days of Bert Lytell. Melvyn Douglas' real name is Hesselberg, his father being the well-known Russian composer, Edouard Hesselberg. He's married to Helen Gahagan, Broadway actress and lately of the screen. They have a written contract that neither will interfere with the other's careers or temperaments . . . Douglas Dumbrille is an onion farmer from Canada. What's more, he intends going back to Canada when he's made enough money to raise only pedigreed onions. Claims he's the only actor alive today who's been broke in every city in the United States . . . Tala Birell got her first break by understudying Marlene Dietrich in Berlin. They were both working under the supervision of Max Reinhardt at the time. Since then, Tala has played in most of the European capitals and in English and French pictures. But she thinks Hollywood is swell and tops any other city in the world . . . Those apartment exterior shots provided plenty of trouble and expense. It should be a simple and economical matter to photograph buildings for exterior scenes, but as in this case it usually develops that the cheaper way is to construct the building right on the lot and be done with it. Around Los Angeles' exclusive Wilshire district there are many apartments. One was selected for a scene on this, but by the time the cameras were up, some fifteen minutes, a crowd of five hundred was jamming the streets, endangering the cast, crew and cameras . . . Visitors were strictly banned from a set on this picture. It was the one where Mr. Douglas takes a bath. But at noon a couple of ladies were allowed to go on, since the cast was at lunch. Imagine their horror to see Melvyn still sitting in the tub, calmly munching a sandwich.

★ Muss 'Em Up
(RKO-Radio)

This is a conglomeration of kidnappers, cops, killers and comedians. If you once

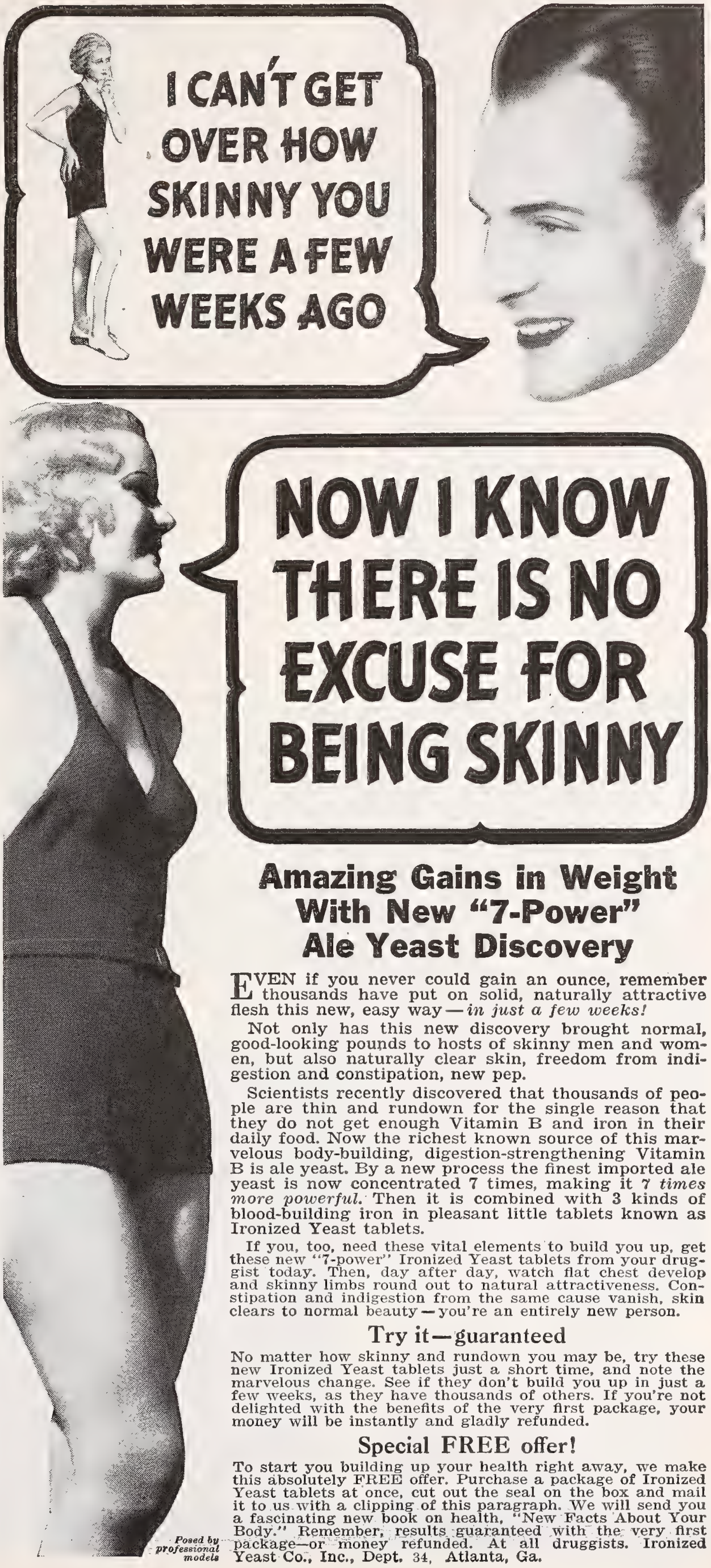


Her role in "Show Boat" completed, Helen Morgan is back in New York appearing at the swanky "House of Morgan."

get them straightened out you might enjoy yourself. Certainly you won't find many of the characters dull. Preston Foster gives a good performance as a policeman with a love of duty, while Guinn Williams plays another copper with one love—for a good fight. And Alan Mowbray is still nonchalant, but this time he has definite ulterior motives. His idea is to frame his ward's (Florine McKinney) kidnapping, and get some ransom money from Margaret Callahan for his trouble. Here's where Preston Foster gets busy. First, of course, he falls in love with Margaret Callahan. Several reels of good old rough stuff follow before justice and true love crash through to victory. Some people prefer an evening of solitaire, or even bridge, to this sort of thing.

Preview Postscripts

Charles Vidor, director of this one and many another in the past three years since he arrived in Hollywood, is the town's foremost linguist. On the set, Vidor speaks to his actors and workmen in their native tongues—whether English, Italian, Hungarian, Russian, French or German. He used to be a director on German pictures, though a native Hungarian. Then came Hollywood, where he met and married Karen Morley. They have one son, who can't even speak English . . . Preston Foster has not only played about as many different types on the screen as is possible for a young man less than thirty, but he's had just as varied a career in real life. He's been a newsboy, lifeguard, shipping clerk, service station server, salesman, opera singer and actor before coming to the screen. Foster is another of these he-men who refuse doubles. Maxie Rosenbloom, yep, the Maxie, plays one of the gangsters in this picture. It's up to Foster to knock him out in one scene. And Preston laid Maxie out flatter'n flat . . . Margaret Callahan hadn't a desire in the world to go on the stage. But after a part in the school play at graduation time, she became so enamored of the stage that nothing stopped her till she landed a job . . . Clarence Muse and his son appear in this one. Clarence is as popular a man as you'll find any place among stage folk. And Clarence, Jr., is a chip off the old block.



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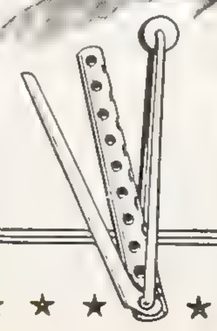


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★ ★ ★ ★

Pat's Pal, "Banksy"

(*Continued from page 21*)

her birthday by signing a long term contract. At fourteen years of age, she had set out to become a star.

The thing that happens to so many young actresses, happened to Patricia. Because of her matured appearance, people were under the impression that she was much older than her given age. At heart, Patricia was merely a child. For her screen roles she had to wear sophisticated clothes and act in a grown-up manner. At fifteen she was trying to portray women, who had lived, loved and lost. People were inclined to expect too much, judge too harshly and condemn too easily. Patricia wasn't ready yet to accept the many responsibilities that are all part of a screen career. Life became a series of misunderstandings with the ever-faithful "Banksy" trying to catch up the loose ends.

WITH Patricia launched on a screen career and away at the studio all day long, her husband actively engaged in the theatre, Mrs. Leftwich turned to the social life she loved so much. Being young and beautiful, her delightful company was sought-after in Hollywood's social whirl.

Patricia would return home after a difficult day at the studio and find the house filled with guests. With an early morning call it was impossible for her to remain up and yet she didn't want to appear rude to her mother's guests. Mr. Leftwich, deep in his plans for the future, concentrated on work. So with three temperamental people pulling in three opposite directions, living under one roof became a problem. No one was to blame. Nothing could be done. Each had his own life to live and at it's best, mixing a theatrical career and domesticity was an impossibility.

Recently, Alexander Leftwich and his wife were divorced. There were no hard-feelings, they parted as friends. Living together under such circumstances eventually would have killed all their respect for each other, they decided to separate. While her step-father went back to his producing world, Patricia and "Banksy" took a top-floor apartment in the exclusive Hollywood district. Her mother since has gone on a trip and will be away for months.

During the dramatic unfolding of family affairs, "Banksy" remained a silent, knowing witness. Never once did she express an opinion unless it was asked of her. Yet from time to time, each member would come to her and confide his problems. It was up to "Banksy" to listen to all, advise each and betray none. Her position was that of maid; but it required all the delicacy of a diplomat never to stand between Patricia and her parents, yet remain loyal and true to the little girl who had grown up to mean so much to her.

"I love Patricia as if she were my very own," says "Banksy." "We've sort of grown up together. At times it's been very difficult. Loving her so much, I've never wanted to see any harm come to her. Ofttimes I've had to bite my tongue while I stood by, watching her make mistakes. I could have saved her from them, but I felt if she learned her lessons early in life, they would be lasting.

"It seems like I've known Patricia all her life. She has never once told a lie to me. And I think it is because she knows I would never tell one to her. Our friendship has always been just that way. Many times she has come to me with problems. When I speak my mind, she sometimes gets out of patience. But the beautiful part about Patricia is that if I am right, she doesn't come to me afterwards and give me a chance to say, 'I told you so.' That would be very embarrassing to me. She just goes ahead and takes my advice and lets me see her doing it.

"Patricia is still so young and, like all young people, inclined to be intolerant and impatient. I believe it is wrong to depend too much on others. To our ownselves we must be true and regardless of what world we live in, we should be our best in that particular world. Life is just like a poker game and sooner or later someone calls your bluff.

"These are some of the things I've tried to teach Patricia. I never try to force them but rather present them to her for what they are worth. She is an individual and has her own life to live. She has to think things out for herself. I am only here to help when I can—in case she ever needs me."

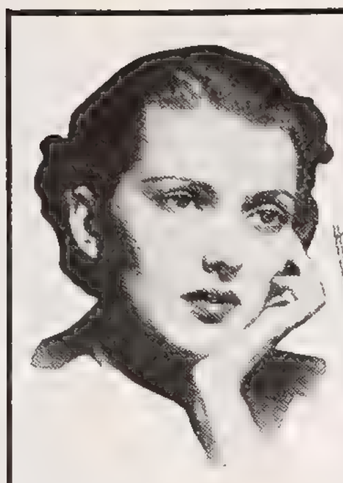


Tom Brown's Dad and Mom gave a surprise party for him. Jim Cagney, Pat Ellis and Marsha Hunt with Tom during the festivities

Studio Addresses

(*Continued from page* 13)

BRIAN, MARY: Free lance. Write her at 20th Century-Fox.
BRISSON, CARL: Paramount.
BRODERICK, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
BROOK, CLIVE: 20th Century-Fox.
BROWN, JOE E.: Warner Bros.
BROWN, JOHN MACK: Columbia.
BROWN, TOM: RKO-Radio.
BRUCE, NIGEL: 20th Century-Fox.
BRUCE, VIRGINIA: M-G-M.
BUCK, FRANK: RKO-Radio.
BUCKLER, JOHN: Columbia.
BURGESS, DOROTHY: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
BURKE, BILLIE: Free lance. Write her at Columbia.
BURKE, KATHLEEN: Paramount.
BURNS, GEORGE: Paramount.
BUSHMAN, RALPH: M-G-M.
BUTLER, JIMMY: Paramount.
BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES: M-G-M.
CABOT, BRUCE: M-G-M.
CAGNEY, BILL: Republic.
CAGNEY, JAMES: Warner Bros.
CALLAHAN, MARGARET: RKO-Radio.
CALLEIA, JOSEPH: M-G-M.
CANSINO, RITA: 20th Century-Fox.
CANTOR, EDDIE: Samuel Goldwyn.
CARLISLE, KITTY: Free lance. Write her at M-G-M.
CARLISLE, MARY: M-G-M.
CARMINATI, TULLIO: Columbia.
CARRILLO, LEO: Columbia.
CARROLL, MADELEINE: Walter Wanger.
CARROLL, NANCY: Columbia.
CAVANAGH, PAUL: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
CHANDLER, CHICK: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
CHANDLER, HELEN: Free lance. Write her at United Artists.
CHAPLIN, CHARLES: United Artists.
CHATTERTON, RUTH: Columbia.
CHEVALIER, MAURICE: M-G-M.
CHRISTIANS, MADY: M-G-M.
CHURCHILL, MARGUERITE: Warner Bros.
CLARKE, MAE: M-G-M.
CLIVE, COLIN: Universal.
COLBERT, CLAUDETTE: Paramount.
COLLIER, CONSTANCE: M-G-M.
COLLINS, CORA SUE: M-G-M.
COLMAN, RONALD: United Artists.
CONKLIN, PEGGY: Walter Wanger.
CONNOLLY, WALTER: Columbia.
COOK, DONALD: Columbia.
COOPER, GARY: Paramount.
COOPER, JACKIE: M-G-M.
CORTEZ, RICARDO: Warner Bros.
COURTNEIDGE, CICELY, M-G-M.
COURTNEY, INEZ: Columbia.
CRABBE, LARRY: Paramount.
CRAWFORD, JOAN: M-G-M.
CROMWELL, RICHARD: Columbia.
CROSBY, BING: Paramount.
CROSMAN, HENRIETTA: 20th Century-Fox.
CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
CUMMINGS, ROBERT: Warner Bros.
DANIELS, BEBE: Free lance. Write her at 20th Century-Fox.
DARE, DOROTHY: Warner Bros.
DARRO, FRANKIE: Free lance. Write him at Warner Bros.
DAVIES, MARION: Warner Bros.
DAVIS, BETTE: Warner Bros.
DEE, FRANCES: RKO-Radio.
DE HAVILLAND, OLIVIA: Warner Bros.
DEL RIO, DOLORES: Warner Bros.
DE MILLE, KATHERINE: Paramount.
DEVINE, ANDY: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
DIETRICH, MARLENE: Paramount.
DINEHART, ALAN: 20th Century-Fox.
DIX, RICHARD: RKO-Radio.
DIXON, JEAN: Columbia.
DODD, CLAIRE: Warner Bros.
DONAT, ROBERT: United Artists.
DONLEVY, BRIAN: Paramount.
DONNELLY, RUTH: Warner Bros.
DOUGLAS, MELVYN: Columbia.
DOWNS, JOHNNY: Paramount.
DOYLE, MAXINE: Warner Bros.
DRAKE, FRANCES: Paramount.
DUMBRILLE, DOUGLAS: Columbia.
DUNA, STEFFI: RKO-Radio.
DUNN, JAMES: Universal.
DUNNE, IRENE: RKO-Radio.
DURANT, JACK: 20th Century-Fox.
DURANTE, JIMMY: M-G-M.
DVORAK, ANN: Warner Bros.
EDDY, NELSON: M-G-M.
EGGERTH, MARTA: Universal.
EILERS, SALLY: Universal.
ELDREDGE, JOHN: Warner Bros.
ELLIS, MARY: Paramount.
ELLIS, PATRICIA: Warner Bros.
ERROL, LEON: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
ERWIN, STUART: M-G-M.
EVANS, MADGE: M-G-M.
EVANS, MURIEL: M-G-M.
FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS JR.: United Artists.
FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS SR.: United Artists.
FARRELL, CHARLES: Universal.
FARRELL, GLENDA: Warner Bros.
FAVERSHAM, PHILLIP: Warner Bros.
FAYE, ALICE: 20th Century-Fox.
FAZENDA, LOUISE: M-G-M.
FEARS, PEGGY: 20th Century-Fox.
FELLOWS, EDITH: Columbia.
FETCHIT, STEPIN: 20th Century-Fox.
FIELDS, W. C.: Paramount.
FLYNN, ERROL: Warner Bros.
FONDA, HENRY: Walter Wanger.
FORAN, DICK: Warner Bros.
FORBES, HAZEL: RKO-Radio.
FORBES, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
FORD, WALLACE: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
FOSTER, NORMAN: 20th Century-Fox.
FOSTER, PRESTON: RKO-Radio.
FOX, SIDNEY: RKO-Radio.
FRANCIS, KAY: Warner Bros.
FRAWLEY, WILLIAM: Paramount.
FRITCHIE, BARBARA: Paramount.
FROMAN, JANE: Warner Bros.



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Pat Paterson and husband, Charles Boyer, at Basil Rathbone's party.

FROOS, SYLVIA: 20th Century-Fox.
FULLER, FRANCES: Paramount.
FURNESS, BETTY: M-G-M.
GABLE, CLARK: M-G-M.
GAHAGAN, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
GALLAGHER, SKEETS: RKO-Radio.
GALLIAN, KETTI: 20th Century-Fox.
GARAT, HENRI: 20th Century-Fox.
GARBO, GRETA: M-G-M.
GARGAN, WILLIAM: Warner Bros.
GAYNOR, JANET: 20th Century-Fox.
GIBSON, WYNNE: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
GLEASON, JAMES: RKO-Radio.
GODDARD, PAULETTE: United Artists.
GOMBELL, MINNA: Free lance. Write her at 20th Century-Fox.
GORDON, C. HENRY: M-G-M.
GORDON, GAVIN: Columbia.
GRABLE, BETTY: RKO-Radio.
GRAHAME, MARGOT: RKO-Radio.
GRANT, CARY: Paramount.
GWENN, EDMUND: M-G-M.
HADEN, SARA: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
HAINES, WILLIAM: Mascot.
HALE, ALAN: RKO-Radio.
HALEY, JACK: 20th Century-Fox.
HALLIDAY, JOHN: Paramount.
HAMILTON, NEIL: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
HARDIE, RUSSELL: M-G-M.
HARDING, ANN: RKO-Radio.
HARDWICKE, SIR CEDRIC: United Artists.
HARDY, OLIVER: M-G-M.
HARLOW, JEAN: M-G-M.
HARVEY, FORRESTER: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
HARVEY, LILIAN: Free lance. Write her at Columbia.
HAYDON, JULIE: Paramount.
HAYES, HELEN: M-G-M.
HAYWARD, LOUIS: M-G-M.
HEALY, TED: M-G-M.
HENRY, CHARLOTTE: Republic.
HENRY, WILLIAM: M-G-M.
HEPBURN, KATHARINE: RKO-Radio.
HERBERT, HUGH: Warner Bros.
HERSHOLT, JEAN: M-G-M.
HERVEY, IRENE: M-G-M.
HILLIARD, HARRIET: RKO-Radio.
HOBSON, VALERIE: 20th Century-Fox.
HOLLOWAY, STERLING: 20th Century-Fox.
HOLMES, PHILLIPS: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
HOLT, DAVID: Paramount.
HOLT, BETTY: Paramount.
HOLT, JACK: Universal.
HOPKINS, MIRIAM: Samuel Goldwyn.
HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT: RKO-Radio.
HOWARD, JOHN: Paramount.
HOWARD, LESLIE: Warner Bros.
HUDSON, ROCHELLE: 20th Century-Fox.
HULL, HENRY: Universal.
HULL, WARREN: Warner Bros.
HUME, BENITA: 20th Century-Fox.
HUNT, MARSHA: Paramount.
HUNTER, IAN: Warner Bros.
HUNTLEY, G. P. JR.: Universal.
HUSTON, WALTER: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
HUTCHINSON, JOSEPHINE: Warner Bros.
HYAMS, LEILA: Paramount.
JAGGER, DEAN: Paramount.
JARRETT, ARTHUR: RKO-Radio.
JASON, SYBIL: Warner Bros.
JENKINS, ALLEN: Warner Bros.
JEPSON, HELEN: Paramount.
JEWELL, ISABEL: M-G-M.
JOHNSON, KAY: RKO-Radio.
JOLSON, AL: Warner Bros.
JONES, ALLAN: M-G-M.
JONES, BUCK: Universal.
JONES, GORDON: United Artists.
JORDON, DOROTHY: RKO-Radio.
JORY, VICTOR: Columbia.
JUDGE, ARLINE: 20th Century-Fox.
KAAREN, SUZANNE: Republic.
KARLOFF, BORIS: Universal.
KARNS, ROSCOE: Paramount.
KEATON, BUSTER: Fox.
KEATING, FRED: Columbia.
KEELER, RUBY: Warner Bros.
KEENE, TOM: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
KEITH, ROSALIND: Paramount.
KELLY, PATSY: M-G-M.
KELLY, PAUL: 20th Century-Fox.
KELLY, WALTER C.: Paramount.
KELTON, PERT: RKO-Radio.
KENT, BARBARA: Columbia.
KENYON, DORIS: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
KIBBEE, GUY: Warner Bros.
KIEPURA, JAN: Paramount.
KING, WALTER: 20th Century-Fox.
KNAPT, EVALYN: Universal.
KNIGHT, JUNE: M-G-M.
KRUGER, OTTO: Columbia.
LALLY, HOWARD: 20th Century-Fox.
LAMONT, MOLLY: RKO-Radio.
LANDI, ELISSA: Paramount.
LANGDON, HARRY: Columbia.
LANE, LOLA: Free lance. Write her at Mascot.
LANG, JUNE: 20th Century-Fox.
LANGFORD, FRANCES: Walter Wanger.
LA RUE, JACK: Free lance. Write him at United Artists.
LAUGHTON, CHARLES: Paramount.
LAUREL, STAN: M-G-M.
LAWRENCE, ROSINA: M-G-M.
LAWTON, FRANK: Universal.
LAYE, EVELYN: M-G-M.
LEDERER, FRANCIS: RKO-Radio.
LEE, BILLY: Paramount.
LEE, DIXIE: 20th Century-Fox.
LEE, DOROTHY: RKO-Radio.
LEROY, BABY: Paramount.
LEROY, HAL: Warner Bros.
LEYTON, DRUE: 20th Century-Fox.
LIGHT, ROBERT: Warner Bros.
LIGHTNER, WINNIE: Free lance. Write her at Columbia.
LINAKER, KAY: Warner Bros.
LINDEN, ERIC: M-G-M.
LINDSAY, MARGARET: Warner Bros.
LLOYD, HAROLD: Paramount.
LODGE, JOHN: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
LOMBARD, CAROLE: Paramount.
LORD, PAULINE: Columbia.
LORRE, PETER: Columbia.
LOUISE, ANITA: Warner Bros.
LOVE, MONTAGU: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
LOWE, EDMUND: Universal.
LOY, MYRNA: M-G-M.
LUGOSI, BELA: Universal.
LUKAS, PAUL: M-G-M.
LUND, LUCILLE: Mascot.
LUPINO, IDA: Paramount.
LYON, BEN: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
MacDONALD, JEANETTE: M-G-M.
MACK, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
MacLANE, BARTON: Warner Bros.
MacMAHON, ALINE: M-G-M.
MacMURRAY, FRED: Paramount.
MALA: M-G-M.
MANNERS, DAVID: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
MANNORS, SHEILA: Columbia.
MARCH, FREDRIC: United Artists.
MARGO: Free lance. Write her at M-G-M.
MARCH, JOAN: RKO-Radio.
MARSH, MARIAN: Columbia.
MARSHALL, HERBERT: RKO-Radio.
MARTINI, NINO: 20th Century-Fox.
MARX BROTHERS: M-G-M.
MAYNARD, KEN: Columbia.
McCOY, COL. TIM: Columbia.
McCREA, JOEL: Samuel Goldwyn.
McFARLAND, SPANKY: M-G-M.
McHUGH, FRANK: Warner Bros.
McKINNEY, FLORINE: Universal.
McLAGLEN, VICTOR: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
MEIGHAN, THOMAS: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
MELTON, FRANK: 20th Century-Fox.
MELTON, JAMES: Warner Bros.
MENJOU, ADOLPHE: Warner Bros.
MERCER, BERYL: Free lance. Write her Republic.
MERKEL, UNA: M-G-M.
MERMAN, ETHEL: Samuel Goldwyn.
MICHAEL, GERTRUDE: Paramount.
MILJAN, JOHN: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
MILLAND, RAY: Paramount.
MITCHELL, FRANK: 20th Century-Fox.
MITCHELL, GENEVA: Columbia.
MONTENEGRO, CONCHITA: 20th Century-Fox.
MONTGOMERY, DOUGLAS: Universal.
MONTGOMERY, ROBERT: M-G-M.
MOORE, COLLEEN: RKO-Radio.
MOORE, DICKIE: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
MOORE, GRACE: Columbia.
MOORE, VICTOR: Universal.
MORAN, POLLY, M-G-M.
MORENO, ANTONIO: 20th Century-Fox.
MORGAN, FRANK: M-G-M.
MORGAN, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at Republic.
MORGAN, HELEN: Warner Bros.
MORLEY, KAREN: Warner Bros.
MORRIS, CHESTER: M-G-M.
MORRISON, JOE: Paramount.
MOWBRAY, ALAN: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
MUIR, JEAN: Warner Bros.
MULHALL, JACK: Free lance. Write him at Mascot.
MUNDIN, HERBERT: 20th Century-Fox.
MUNI, PAUL: Warner Bros.
MURPHY, GEORGE: Columbia.
MURPHY, MAURICE: 20th Century-Fox.
NAGEL, CONRAD: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
NEAGLE, ANNA: United Artists.
NIXON, MARIAN: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
NOLAN, LLOYD: Columbia.
NOVARRO, RAMON: M-G-M.
NUGENT, EDWARD: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
OAKIE, JACK: 20th Century-Fox.
OBERON, MERLE: United Artists.
O'BRIEN, GEORGE: 20th Century-Fox.

O'BRIEN-MOORE, ERIN: Free lance. Write her at RKO-RADIO.
O'BRIEN, PAT: Warner Bros.
OLAND, WARNER: 20th Century-Fox.
OLIVER, EDNA MAY: M-G-M.
OLSEN, MORONI: RKO-Radio.
O'NEILL, HENRY: Warner Bros.
O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN: M-G-M.
OVERMAN, LYNNE: Paramount.
OWEN, REGINALD: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
PALEY, NATALIE: RKO-Radio.
PALLETTE, EUGENE: Free lance. Write him at Warner Bros.
PARKER, CECILIA: M-G-M.
PARKER, JEAN: M-G-M.
PARRISH, GIGI: Republic.
PATERSON, PAT: 20th Century-Fox.
PATRICK, GAIL: Paramount.
PENDLETON, NAT: M-G-M.
PENNER, JOE: Paramount.
PERRY, JOAN: Columbia.
PICKFORD, MARY: United Artists.
PITTS, ZASU: Universal.
PONS, LILY: RKO-Radio.
POWELL, DICK: Warner Bros.
POWELL, ELEANOR: M-G-M.
POWELL, WILLIAM: M-G-M.
PRYOR, ROGER: Universal.
QUALEN, JOHN: 20th Century-Fox.
QUIGLEY, JUANITA: Universal.
QUILLAN, EDDIE: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
RAFT, GEORGE: Paramount.
RAINER, LUISE: M-G-M.
RAINS, CLAUDE: Warner Bros.
RALPH, JESSIE: RKO-Radio.
RALSTON, ESTHER: Republic.
RAND, SALLY: Paramount.
RATOFF, GREGORY: RKO-Radio.
RAY, CHARLES: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
RAYMOND, GENE: RKO-Radio.
REED, PHILLIP: Warner Bros.
REGAN, PHIL: Warner Bros.
RHODES, ERIK: RKO-Radio.
RICE, FLORENCE: Columbia.
RICHMAN, HARRY: Columbia.
ROBBINS, BARBARA: RKO-Radio.
ROBERTI, LYDA: Paramount.
ROBERTSON, GUY: Republic.
ROBINSON, BILL: 20th Century-Fox.
ROBINSON, EDWARD G.: Warner Bros.
ROBSON, MAY: M-G-M.
ROGERS, CHARLES: RKO-Radio.
ROGERS, GINGER: RKO-Radio.
ROLAND, GILBERT: 20th Century-Fox.
ROMERO, CESAR: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
ROONEY, MICKEY: M-G-M.
ROSS, SHIRLEY: M-G-M.
ROULIEN, RAUL: 20th Century-Fox.
RUGGLES, CHARLES: Paramount.
RUSSELL, ROSALIND: M-G-M.
SABIN, CHARLES: Columbia.
SAVO, JIMMY: M-G-M.
SCHILDKRAUT, JOSEPH: Columbia.
SCHUBERT, MARINA: Paramount.
SCOTT, RANDOLPH: Paramount.
SEARLE, JACKIE: 20th Century-Fox.
SELLON, CHARLES: 20th Century-Fox.
SELWYN, RUTH: M-G-M.
SEWARD, BILLIE: Columbia.
SHANNON, PEGGY: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
SHAW, WINIFRED: Warner Bros.
SHEA, GLORIA: Columbia.
SHEARER, NORMA: M-G-M.
SHIELDS, FRANCIS X.: Sam Goldwyn.
SHIRLEY, ANNE: RKO-Radio.
SIDNEY, SYLVIA: Walter Wanger.
SKIPWORTH, ALISON: Paramount.
SLEEPER, MARTHA: M-G-M.
SMITH, C. AUBREY: United Artists.
SMITH, QUEENIE: Paramount.
SOTHERN, ANN: Columbia.
SPARKS, NED: Warner Bros.
STANDING, SIR GUY: Paramount.
STANWYCK, BARBARA: RKO-Radio.
STARRETT, CHARLES: Columbia.
STELLING, WILLIAM: 20th Century-Fox.
STEN, ANNA: United Artists.
STEPHENS, HARVEY: M-G-M.
STEPHENSON, HENRY: M-G-M.
STEVENS, ONSLOW: Universal.
STONE, FRED: Paramount.
STONE, GEORGE E.: Warner Bros.
STONE, PAULA: Warner Bros.
STONE, LEWIS: M-G-M.
STUART, GLORIA: Universal.
SULLAVAN, MARGARET: Universal.
SUMMERVILLE, SLIM: Universal.
SWANSON, GLORIA: M-G-M.
SWARTHOUT, GLADYS: Paramount.
TALBOT, LYLE: Warner Bros.
TAYLOR, KENT: Paramount.
TAYLOR, ROBERT: M-G-M.
TEASDALE, VERREE: Warner Bros.
TEMPLE, SHIRLEY: 20th Century-Fox.
THOMAS, FRANKIE: RKO-Radio.
THOMAS, JAMESON: Republic.
TOBIN, GENEVIEVE: Warner Bros.
TOMLIN, PINKY: Universal.
TONE, FRANCHOT: M-G-M.
TORRENCE, DAVID: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
TRACY, LEE: Paramount.
TRACY, SPENCER: M-G-M.
TRAVIS, JUNE: Warner Bros.
TREE, DOROTHY: Warner Bros.
TREVOR, CLAIRE: 20th Century-Fox.
TURPIN, BEN: Free lance. Write him at Mascot.
TWELVETREES, HELEN: 20th Century-Fox.
VALLEE, RUDY: Warner Bros.
VELEZ, LUPE: M-G-M.
VENABLE, EVELYN: Republic.
VINSON, HELEN, Free lance. Write her at Columbia.
WADSWORTH, HENRY: M-G-M.
WALBURN, RAYMOND: Columbia.
WALKER, JUNE: 20th Century-Fox.
WALKER, RAY; Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
WALTHALL, H. B.: 20th Century-Fox.
WALTERS, POLLY: Universal.
WALTON, DOUGLAS: Samuel Goldwyn.
WARE, IRENE: Universal.
WATERS, ETHEL: Free lance. Write her Universal.
WAYNE, JOHN: Republic.
WEBB, CLIFTON: M-G-M.
WEIDLER, VIRGINIA: Paramount.
WEISSMULLER, JOHNNY: M-G-M.
WELLS, JACQUELINE: Free dance. Write her at Republic.
WEST, MAE: Paramount.
WESTLEY, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
WHEELER, BERT: RKO-Radio.
WHITE, ALICE: Free lance. Write her at Paramount.
WILCOXON, HENRY: Paramount.
WILLIAM, WARREN: Warner Bros.
WILLIAMS, CLARK: Universal.
WILLIAMS, HUGH: 20th Century-Fox.
WILSON, LOIS: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
WILSON, DOROTHY: Paramount.
WING, PAT: Paramount.
WING, TOBY: Paramount.
WINNINGER, CHARLES: 20th Century-Fox.
WITHERS, GRANT: Universal.
WITHERS, JANE: 20th Century-Fox.
WONG, ANNA MAY: Paramount.
WOODS, DONALD: Warner Bros.
WOOLSEY, BOB: RKO-Radio.
WRAY, FAY: Columbia.
WYATT, JANE: Universal.
WYNYARD, DIANA: M-G-M.
YOUNG, ELIZABETH: Universal.
YOUNG, LORETTA: M-G-M.
YOUNG, POLLY ANN: Free lance. Write her at 20th Century-Fox.
YOUNG, ROBERT: M-G-M.
YOUNG, ROLAND: United Artists.
YOUNG, TAMMANY: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.



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MILD

The House of Morgan

(*Continued from page 23*)

back from his forehead as if there were nothing more important to be done in the world, just as if she wasn't acutely aware that the die of their entire future was about to be cast, and said: "Exactly, Frank. It's my happiness, too. And I can't be happy unless you are. So you see it really is up to you. Fifteen thousand dollars a year! That's a great deal of money, isn't it? But I'm not sure happiness for some people doesn't cost more than that."

Then, her eyes level with his eyes, she asked, "What do you truly want to do?"

All of which is one of the reasons why Frank today says that Alma is responsible for his success. She believed in him. She was willing to string along on a little when she might have had a great deal. And all of which is also why, taking no credit away from Alma Morgan—that I say Frank is the one who should be applauded. It takes the rarest kind of courage, moral courage, for a man to take his wife at her word at such a crucial time.

Not long ago, I lunched with Frank Morgan in his dressing-room. In an adjoining room, where his valet answered the telephone and pressed a pair of striped trousers, there were riding boots sprawled on the floor and a variety of cravats hung over the back of a chair.

OUTSIDE, a studio worker was painting a bright star on Frank's dressing-room door. The splendid characterizations he has contributed to pictures like "Naughty Marietta," "I Live My Life" and "The Perfect Gentleman," and before this "The Affairs of Cellini," have for some time entitled him to one of the handsomest salary checks any stock player receives and now he has stardom itself. He did well to stick to the theatre years ago, you see, discouraged as he must have been when those with whom he worked began outshining him.

"However," he said, and in his eyes there was that same amused tolerance he shows on the screen, "I've always known I must work for everything, that success never will come quickly for me. I'm not one to shoot ahead like a comet, I must make my own way slowly and painstakingly.

"When I first came to Hollywood I had the same experience. In New York I'd had hits. After playing in 'Topaze' I'd become a fair-sized name in the theatre. But out here they said, 'He looks like a banker!' And I was cast as one banker after another. In spite of my record, it never seemed to occur to anyone that I might be good as anything else. And since my agent never had seen me on the stage he hardly was qualified to argue for my versatility."

The slow Morgan smile so familiar to movie-goers washed across his face. You get the feeling that life amuses him always, even when it goes contrary to the way he would have it go. Which in itself shows a kind of wisdom.

"One day," he said, "I remember I got a little provoked. I suggested to my agent that a salesman wouldn't attempt to sell a car without knowing what was under the hood and I tried to point out that this was exactly what he was trying to do with me. But he only smiled, the way agents feel they have to smile at actors, and I kept right on playing bankers for a long time after that. While I tried to content myself with the large sums of money they paid me."

But to get back to the main story of Frank and Alma Morgan, there was another time when Frank was rehearsing for a play which promised to be a turning point in his career. After the dress rehearsal he and Alma went out for supper. They had a little celebration. Sweetbreads. Champagne.

"Frank," she asked over the sparkling rim of her glass, "just what are you trying to get across there in the second act?"

Storm signals went up in his eyes. "What am I trying to get across in the second act?" he demanded. "Good Heavens, it seems to me I make it obvious enough. As a matter of fact, if ever in my life I did a good piece of work, I do it there."

Telling about this row the other day Frank was amused. "You know how furious we always get," he said, "when someone puts his finger on the very thing about which we ourselves are doubtful. I'd worked hard on that second act simply because deep down inside of me I hadn't been any too sure about it. So, of course, when Alma questioned me I blew up.

"However," he continued, "for hours that night I did considerable thinking. I'd disagreed with Alma and I'd acted darn unpleasant, but the things she said had impressed me."

The following evening when the play opened Frank changed his second act performance entirely. The critics raved. And the play did prove an important milestone in his career. Consequently, this is another time when he gives Alma credit. But, again with praise for Alma for keeping her perspective and having the courage to speak her mind, I think Frank deserves a credit line, too. For not being as set and stubborn as many men would have been in his place. For having the good grace to turn around and change his performance. And, when he came out on the stage in response to the applause he received, for making Alma who was in the audience, such a deep and sweeping bow that waves of color flooded her face, and her heart began thumping in a way too few wives' hearts ever thump once their wedding rings have lost their pristine shine.

IT was here fairly recently that there was apprehension on the M-G-M lot about one of Frank's pictures. His producer thought it might be a good idea to junk the film shot and start on something else. Frank, however, really thought the picture was amusing and that he was giving a good performance. And, contrary to the general belief, actors don't always believe this about themselves, especially intelligent actors like Frank Morgan.

"I'll tell you what," Frank said to his producer, "my wife, as you know, isn't an actress. And she doesn't know why a thing isn't good or how it should be changed. But I've reason to trust her instincts. Let me run the film we've shot for her before I decide whether or not I want to call quits."

The producer agreed. That same night Frank and Alma had dinner in the studio commissary. Then they went over to the projection room. "I want the truth," he told her. In over twenty years of marriage she never had given him anything else and he knew it. But this was important. A great deal depended upon this picture.

"I think it's fun," Alma said when the film had been run. "And I think you're

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splendid. And I may as well tell you I was prepared for the worst. You've taken this part so seriously, I thought you'd probably gotten yourself all tied up in knots and that it showed on the screen. I was ready to admit you seemed strained and to suggest it might be a good idea if you went off on a little tear, loosened up, and then started all over again."

This was all Frank needed. He went to the producer. "Sorry," he said looking anything but sorry, looking downright jubilant, "I've bad news for you. I want to go on with this picture. Alma likes it. So I believe in it."

They finished the picture and it's been a success. Proving once again, according to Frank, that he wouldn't be where he is today if it weren't for Alma. She sounds darn swell, no doubt about that. But I can count on my thumbs the men I know who would admit being influenced by what their wives thought about their affairs. So I certainly think he deserves honorable mention here. Besides few actors or artists or writers ever have sense enough to know that others might have a better perspective on their work than they themselves could have.

So it goes. Frank says he wouldn't be where he is today if it weren't for Alma. And I say Alma wouldn't be where she is today if it weren't for Frank. And as you can see for yourself we're both right. And as you also can see for yourself all of this is why over twenty years of happiness have come to the House of Morgan and why, through thick and thin—which is the only way that counts—Frank's and Alma's marriage has been a success.

She Knows Wives!

(*Continued from page 52*)

any other girl in pictures or out.

"How'd you do it?" I asked Myrna, when I finally caught up with her.

"Do what?" she came back at me innocently.

"How do you know so much about wives? Where'd you get all this dope that enables you to make a girl in one picture one sort of wife and in another another sort. I could name you half a dozen actresses (single), who would have played all those wives alike and another half dozen (married), who would have played themselves every time."

"Well, don't name them," Myrna begged hastily. "I don't want to be a party to your blasphemies against the art of my fellow workers."

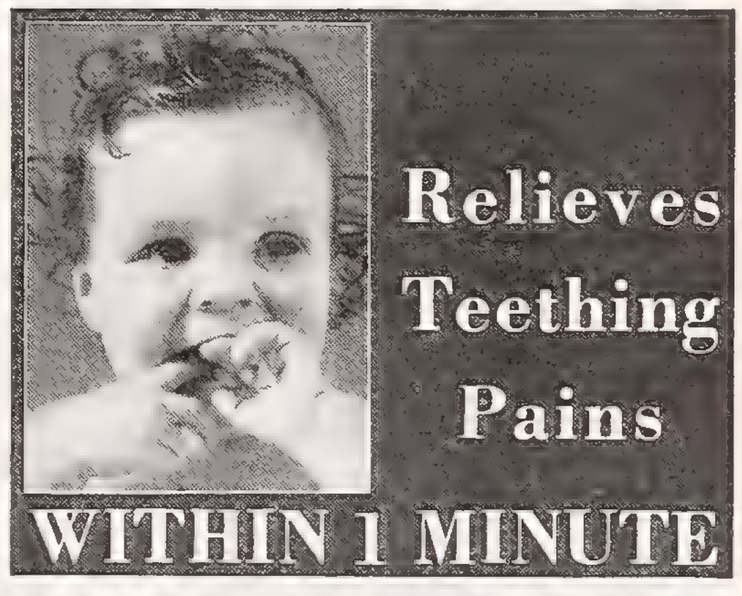
"If I leave you out of my blasphemies, will you break down and give out about wives?" I asked cautiously.

"I don't really know very much about wives," she answered, and then, rather hastily, "or about husbands, either. But here's a thought: Years and years ago when I was but a tot, there was a perfectly swell actress on the legitimate stage named Blanche Bates who was playing in a show called 'Nobody's Widow.' Now, Miss Bates had never been a widow. When someone asked her how she played the part so convincingly, she said that when she was cast for the role she made her friends give dinners for her and she saw to it that at every dinner there was at least one widow. She made a study of them. That has always stuck in my mind because I thought, '*There* is a woman who knows what she's doing. There's no guess work with her.'

"When I was cast for my first wife—



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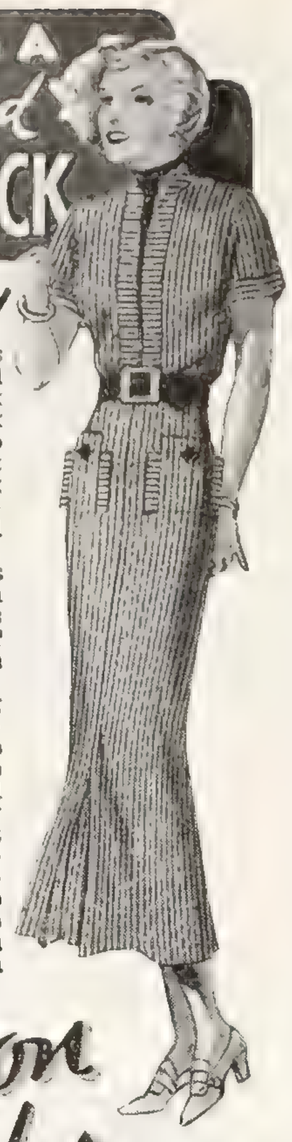
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in 'The Animal Kingdom'—I read the script and my first reaction was 'What a perfectly horrible person!'

THEN I began looking around among my married acquaintances to see if there were any who possessed any of the traits of that girl. I finally found, to my surprise, that there was one girl who was not unlike her. What surprised me was that I had never before thought of this girl as being particularly cold or selfish. She just had seemed human with average faults, good qualities, etc.

"So, I thought that probably this girl in 'The Animal Kingdom' wasn't as bad as I had pictured her. She was a girl who had always had plenty of money, she'd gone to finishing school, she had made up her mind to make a good marriage and when she made it I don't believe she was consciously trying to dominate her husband or regulate his life. She was simply trying to work out her marital problems according to her idea of the dictates of good taste. That that might not also have been her husband's, never occurred to her. She simply had no imagination and she was devoid of a sense of humor. That's how I played her. I simply tried to make her human.

"In 'Manhattan Melodrama,' I was the thoughtful, considerate type."

Myrna paused and drew a breath. In her smart blue outfit, with her hair blowing carelessly about, she looked too kiddish to be discussing marriage and wives.

"Where did you find the prototype of *that* wife?" I inquired.

"Don't use language like that right after lunch," she instructed me severely. "That girl had been through the mill, and I think if it hadn't been for the censors, we might have discovered there was more to her past than met the eye.

"'The Thin Man,' of course, was vastly different. There was the type of wife every girl would like to be—or nearly every one. I suppose there *are* girls who think a 'sense of duty' is more important and that a man's creature comforts should be looked after before his spiritual welfare.

"Anyhow, the girl in that picture had a swell sense of humor. She and her husband were casual about everything. They wouldn't, for the world, let anyone see how much they really cared for each other."

MYRNA raved on in her enthusiasm over "The Thin Man." Personally, my belief is that, whether she realizes it or not, her enthusiasm for this part is due to the fact that Nora more closely approximated the kind of wife she, herself, would be. She has a cryptic sort of humor and she is, I imagine, the kind of girl who would never let her emotions play too near the surface.

At any rate, that wife was every man's dream of what a wife should be—a swell looking dish, a wisecracker, a pal, a girl who never lost her temper, who didn't jump at conclusions AND who wasn't always fussing over a guy.

"'Evelyn Prentice,'" she was saying, "came right after 'The Thin Man' and it nearly broke Bill's and my hearts. Evelyn was the neglected type of wife. We had just built up this marvelous illusion of marriage as it should be, in the former picture, and then, in the latter, we had to turn right around and tear it down. In this one I was just a patient Griselda who suffered and suffered, in silence, waiting for things to get better. I know you've seen that type of wife. Personally, I've always wanted to strangle them.

"I shouldn't complain, however, and the only reason I mention it is because it was at such variance with the one in 'The Thin Man.' Anyhow, it was another and different type in my long career of wives and in the end it turned out to be a rather interesting characterization.

"As I said before, all you can do with any of them is to try to make them human. They don't have to be models of virtue or cleverness if one can just find some way to make them *live*. And that's what I've tried to do."

"What kind of a wife are you playing next?" I mocked.

"Well, as you know, the picture is called 'Wife versus Secretary.' I'm the wife, Jean Harlow the secretary and Bill Powell is the man in the case. You can see I'll have my work cut out for me.

"You know," she went on, "I'm terrified at playing so many wives. They could so easily become a trial. How to keep playing them and make each one different. I'm afraid I'll get so after awhile all my wives will be alike—just as you've seen players of whom people say, 'Oh, he's always the same.'

"Imagine Mr. Powell's calm resignation if I developed into that type of screen wife and when we were cast in 'Some Sweet Day' he'd ask me, before starting the picture, 'Are you going to be the same type wife in this as you've been in the last four pictures we've played in? Can't you do something to make this one a little different?'

"It would be very humiliating. And, even as it is, I've reached the point where I've discovered that husbands are just as different in real life as the wives are. I find myself looking at this man and that, mentally figuring what kind of a wife would suit this one and what kind would suit that one. I also catch myself speculating on the appalling possibility of marrying this man or that one of my acquaintance, wondering if I should have to change my whole personality in order to become the type of wife I'd decided would best suit him—and if I did do that, if the personality of that wife would fit me!

"You can see," she continued anxiously, "it's not a question that can be opened and closed very casually. It's a matter that requires a great deal of concentration and I really haven't time to go into it.

"Oh, yes!" she burst out ecstatically as I rose to go. "I forgot to tell you, some day not too far distant, I return to my first love. We're going to do the sequel to 'The Thin Man.'"

"It couldn't possibly be," I jeered, "that your enthusiasm for that part is occasioned by the fact that it turned out to be your biggest box-office success?"

"No!" she answered promptly. "I'd have loved her if she hadn't made a dime. She was so matter-of-fact about everything I didn't need to use gestures. We Anglo-Saxons like to think of ourselves as being so casual about everything that we don't need to gesticulate to express ourselves or emphasize our meaning."

"How about your Orientals?" I asked maliciously.

Those early Oriental parts of hers are a sore spot with Myrna, but she acted like a little lady and hid her chagrin. "Quiet, please. Couldn't you tell from my characterizations that I didn't know anything about Orientals?"

"Well, we'll skip the Orientals," I conceded, "but you sure know all about wives."

"We'll skip the wives, too," Myrna decided. "This was just a discussion between us. If I'd go on record about wives, all the wives in the country would be down on me. How can a single girl discuss wives? Anyhow, I think the wives are all swell and it's a miracle to me how they do as good a job as they do, considering what they have to put up with. It's the husbands, not the wives, who are the problems!"

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Who is the genius behind Shirley Temple? The answer to this intriguing question is disclosed in the May issue of Modern Screen

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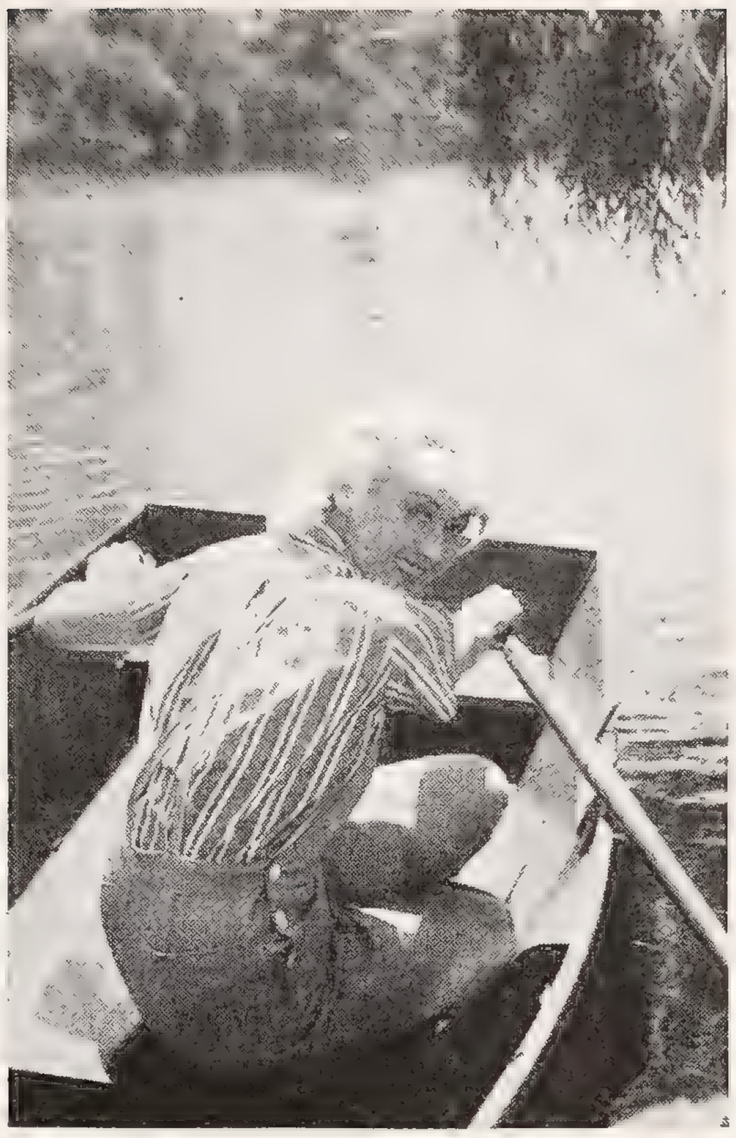
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There's nothing like rowing to keep one's figure in tip top form, is Joan Blondell's sage advice to the gals.

Information Desk

(*Continued from page 14*)

KATHRYN BARNES, De Soto, Mo.—Alan Baxter played the role of Babe Wilson in "Mary Burns, Fugitive." His next picture will be "Thirteen Hours By Air" and he is under contract to Walter Wanger Productions, 1040 N. Las Palmas, Hollywood, Cal.

HENRY WADSWORTH: Here's another who's gone a long way, since he checked out of Maysville, Ky., where he was born. His father was an attorney and Henry was brought up in a large house and in well-to-do circumstances. Having graduated from the University of Kentucky in Lexington, he later attended the Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburgh. Henry had always wanted to be an actor, had earned his college degree in Drama, and had always been the shining light of school plays. Leaving Carnegie he went to New York with his degree, fifty dollars and high hopes. These hopes were dimmed and he was forced to play in vaudeville until he landed a job in a Pawtucket, R. I., stock company, where he was immediately successful in juvenile roles. Then Broadway offered him the lead in one of its shows, "Tommy." Since then he has worked constantly, going from Broadway to various stock companies all over the country, from New York to Hollywood and the movies and back again. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. He is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal., where he recently completed an important role in "The Voice of Bugle Ann." Another recent release is "Ceiling Zero."

LORRAINE FREEMAN, Kensington, Md.—The part of Pinky Parker in "Old Man Rhythm" was taken by Johnny Arledge, whose biography appears in this department.

PRESTON FOSTER: This deserving young man has been getting the breaks lately, for which hooray! Born on October 24, 1902, in Ocean City, N. J., he

. . . The Ruby Keeler Prize Menu Contest is in full swing! Complete contest details appeared in the February and March issues of Modern Screen. Here are the prizes that will be awarded: $1000 in cash prizes, a Crosley Shelvador Refrigerator, a Crosley Console Radio, 5 H & W China Dinner Sets, 15 General Electric Portable Mixers, and 10 Manning-Bowman Toaster Sets. If you haven't sent in your entry yet, get busy!

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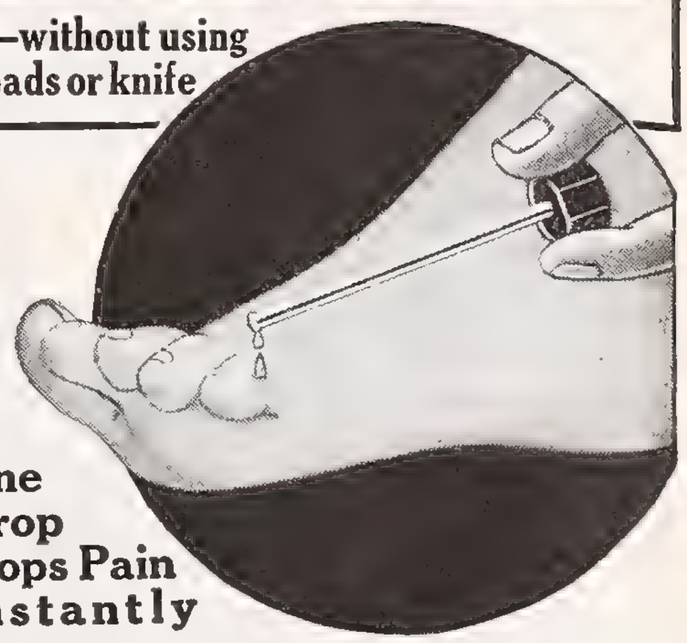
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AFTER





was the son of non-professionals. The family moved to Pitman, N. J., where he completed his education and paid for it by doing odd jobs such as gardening, selling pianos and working in an ice house. Finally he became shipping clerk for the Victor Talking Machine Company at Camden, N. J., where he remained for two years. Possessing a rich baritone voice he began appearing in amateur entertainments, finally gave up his job and began to do concert work, later singing over the radio. Then came an opening in the chorus of the La Scala Opera Company in Philadelphia which gave him an opportunity to work up to secondary, then leading roles in the Pennsylvania Grand Opera Co. Then a brief excursion into vaudeville, followed by dramatic roles in New York stage plays. A Warner Brothers scout signed him to a contract and he has been in Hollywood ever since. Married to a non-professional, he loves the outdoors and his hobby is boating. He keeps in physical condition by punching the bag and the use of a rowing machine. Preston is 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 196 pounds, has brown curly hair and blue eyes. His most recent picture is "Muss 'Em Up," and his next, "Love Before Breakfast," with Carole Lombard. Write him at the RKO-Radio Studios, 780 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

M.S. READER, Baltimore, Md.—You can collect the bet. William Powell is not Dick Powell's father, nor is he any relation to him. Methinks Bill would be anything but flattered!

ELEANOR POWELL: Do you remember seeing this dancing demoness in "George White's Scandals"? Not many do, but that was her first picture. Her full name is Eleanor Torrey Powell and she's nicknamed Ding. Born on November 21, 1913, in Springfield, Mass., Miss Powell attended dancing school as a child and made her first professional appearance at Atlantic City when she was thirteen. For several years she alternated between Springfield and dancing lessons in the winter, and Atlantic City and professional dancing in the summer. In 1929 she started to take tap lessons, then began her New York career in earnest with "Follow Thru," her first show. Then came other Broadway musicals and the title of "World's Greatest Feminine Tap Dancer." She has always loved sports, especially horseback riding and swimming. She names gardenias as her favorite flower, blue as her favorite color and roast beef and ice cream as her pet foods. Miss Powell is unmarried, weighs 122 pounds and is 5 feet 5¼ inches tall. Her hair is chestnut and her eyes blue. After "Broadway Melody of 1936" she returned to New York to appear in a musical show, and her studio is as anxiously awaiting her return to Hollywood for another picture as the rest of us. Write her at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

HILMA TAYLOR, Omaha, Nebr.—Henry Fonda, who was so good in "Way Down East," "The Farmer Takes a Wife" and "I Dream Too Much," will be seen next in "The Moon's Our Home." His leading lady will be Margaret Sullavan, to whom he was formerly married.

ROBERT DONAT: Chalk up another hit for this marvelous male. If you haven't seen "The Ghost Goes West" you've really missed a treat, and further proof that Mr. Donat has what it takes. "The Private Life of Henry VIII" was his first picture. "The Count of Monte Cristo"—which really launched him—was his second, and "Thirty-nine Steps" his next to last. Born in Withington, Manchester, England, on March 18, 1905, he gave evidence of acting ability at a tender age. 1921 marked his professional stage debut which was followed by several years spent in stock and repertory theatres touring the English provinces. Mr. Donat's London success was in "Knave and Queen," which was followed by many others. He has brown eyes and auburn hair, stands 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. He is modest, soft-spoken and has a grand sense of humor, getting a great kick out of the way Americans pronounce his name—Doan-at is correct. Roast beef and American ham and eggs are his favorite foods. He and his wife have two very young children, John and Joanna. Right now there are two pictures for him in the offing. They are "Knight Without Armor" with Merle Oberon, and "Hamlet."

INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN,
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"Chawmed, I'm Sure!"

(*Continued from page* 45)

Pitts. Their eyes met, they smiled. They stopped, shook hands and began talking about which drug store was best in their neighborhood.

It is difficult, Claudette says, to know whether she has actually been introduced or has just seen the person on the screen. All stars are movie fans themselves and the faces of their co-workers are all familiar. Once in New York, Claudette was in the ladies' room of a smart hotel. Irene Rich came in. And Claudette couldn't, for the life of her, remember whether someone had once introduced her to Irene or whether it was just because the face was so familiar, the mannerisms and gestures so well-known that it seemed as if they were old friends. They looked at each other, hesitated a moment and then spoke formally. Each was embarrassed.

AND then there was the time when Claudette Colbert and Constance Bennett, who had never seen each other off the screen before, sat in the same small doctor's anteroom waiting for appointments. Furtively, from behind copies of magazines, they looked at each other. When their eyes met, each pretended a tremendous interest in her own particular periodical. And each fervently prayed that the doctor would arrive soon. But he didn't. Finally Claudette dropped her magazine and said, "Listen, my name's Colbert and I work in the movies."

Connie feigned seriousness. "My name's Bennett. You might have heard of my father. He was on the stage." And then they both laughed and were chatting so intimately when they were called for their appointments that they kept the doctor waiting.

But perhaps one of the most amusing of Claudette's first meetings was one with Shirley Temple. It happened the night that Claudette won the Motion Picture Academy award for her performance in "It Happened One Night." She had, as you know, not expected to win and was called at her home just as she was about to leave for the station to catch the train for New York. They told her to appear immediately, so she arrived at the swanky dinner in a plain brown traveling suit—the rest of the stars were dressed up to the eye-brows.

Just as she was rushing in, she was stopped at the door by a dozen photographers, one of whom deposited Shirley Temple in her arms. The idea was that pictures were to be taken of Shirley handing Claudette the trophy. And, naturally, no one thought to say, "Miss Colbert, Miss Temple."

The cameramen took a long time arranging their lights. Shirley was standing on a table beside Claudette holding the heavy silver trophy. Finally the child began to cry. "I know, darling," Claudette said. "You must be tired and I'm sure you've worked hard all day. But never mind, they'll be through in a minute and you can rest."

Shirley sniffled. "Oh, no, it isn't that," she said. "I'm not tired at all. But I hate being out here. I want to be in there at the banquet. I'm afraid I'm missing something."

ONE of the few people that Claudette met formally was Norma Shearer. It happened at a party, the hostess introduced them and left them alone. Each is a great admirer of the other's work. Each wanted to tell the other so, but it seemed like flattery. They started, at last, to talk about pictures they had recently seen and Claudette told Norma she thought she was swell. And Norma told Claudette she was grand. And that was that.

For a long time Irene Dunne had admired Edna May Oliver as an actress. And if she missed a single one of Edna's screen sniffs she felt cheated. Often she asked the studio to run Miss Oliver's films over and over again for her. They worked on the same lot, but had never met.

One day Irene, her maid in tow, was

hurrying from the set on which she was working to her dressing-room. Coming toward them were Edna May and her maid. The two maids spoke but the actresses hesitated. The maids then, seeing their mistresses hesitating, introduced them to each other. And that was the beginning of a mutual admiration society!

Another friendship developed from a real "fan" meeting. Ann Sothern was an ardent admirer of Joan Bennett. She was as anxious to meet her as you would be. Ann had planned a New York vacation and had made her reservation on a transcontinental airplane. Then she read in the paper that Joan Bennett was going to New York by plane the day before. Ann changed her reservation so that the time of departure would coincide with Joan's. Once in the plane they began to talk and the friendship grew until in New York they lived in the same hotel. They are now almost inseparable.

THE meeting of Mary Brian and June Collyer, however, was not begun with mutual admiration. Mary thought that anyone as pretty as June must be conceited and Mary loathes self-satisfied people. They were introduced by the director, when both worked in a film together. June asked Mary to lunch, Mary declined. But a Hollywood studio is a small world and when Mary walked into the restaurant the only seat vacant was at June's table. There was nothing for her to do but to sit down, embarrassed as she was, but June was so gracious that Mary was put immediately at her ease. She began to like June in spite of herself. They lunched together regularly during the making of the picture, became fast friends and when June's baby was christened Mary was the godmother.

Yes, Hollywood is a small town. By rights everyone should know everyone else. Certainly the faces are familiar enough. So maybe Emily Post should be called in to write a new book of etiquette with a chapter on "Introductions for the Famous." It might save a lot of embarrassing situations in Hollywood. And then again, it might not.



Johnny Arledge and Louise Latimer provide the romantic interest in "Thorobreds All."

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Could this girl sacrifice her ideals, her dreams, to keep the love of this man? Read the thrilling novelette, "WHY THE WEDDING RING?" in the April issue

Sweetheart Stories

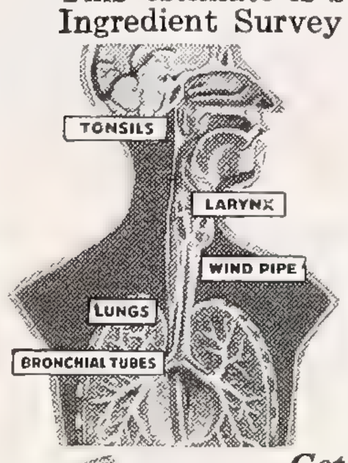
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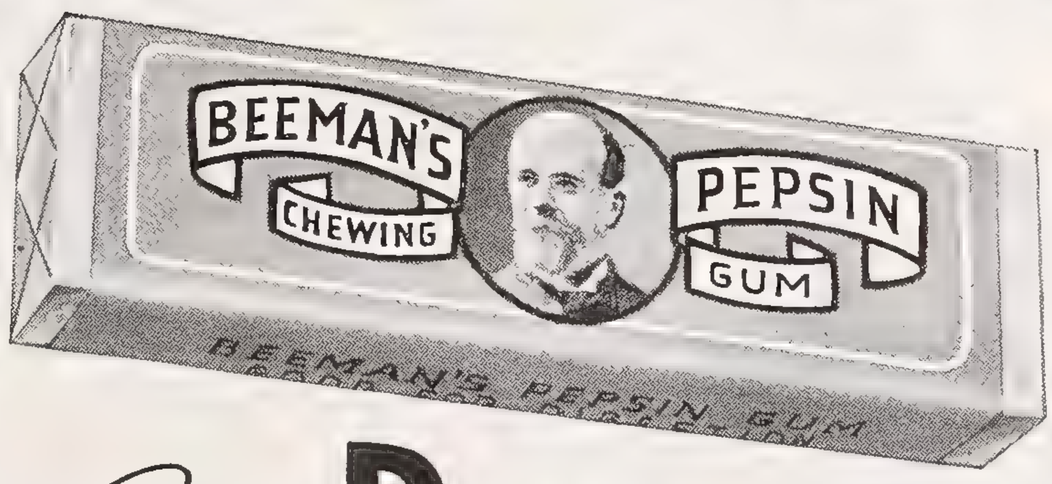
"She Knew Her When" and the writer tells all about Grace Moore in the May issue of Modern Screen

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More Good News

(Continued from page 49)

There's an interesting tale—well, anyway, *we* like it—connected with Paramount's "13 Hours by Air," which has to do with transcontinental air travel. The Fred MacMurray-Joan Bennett opus was purchased a couple of years ago under the title of "21 Hours by Air." Air transportation has speeded up so in the past year that the story, while lying on the shelf, underwent two title changes, "18 Hours by Air" to "14 Hours by Air." Right now it's down to 13, so if a picture arrives in your neighborhood entitled "10 Minutes by Air," you can tell your friends you knew it when.

■ ■ ■

And now Warners are about to remake "Main Street." If it turns out well you can thank director Archie Mayo, who has been hounding the producers for months insisting they re-shoot the Sinclair Lewis classic. The Warner Brothers finally relented, but they compromised with Mr. Mayo. They're going to let him make the picture, but he has to call it "I Married a Doctor."

■ ■ ■

No one has ever questioned the diplomacy of the Japanese, and Joan Crawford probably never will. Recently her gardener asked her out to the Tone garden to show her some of his handiwork. Mrs. T. noted with pleasure a large "JOAN" spelled out in parsley. In the next bed, and also in parsley, the tactful gardner had spelled out "MINA," the name of Joan's cook. "You like it?" beamed the gardener. "I made it for the two ladies of the house."

■ ■ ■

While Shirley Temple may be the sweetheart of 20th Century-Fox, anyone around the lot will tell you that the studio's Number One siren is Jane Withers. The present object of her attentions is Paul Kelly, and she won him by an insidious campaign which began with clipping news items about Kelly and presenting them to him. Next she inquired about his attitude toward Shirley. When she found out he admired her rival, Jane immediately went into "The Good Ship Lollypop," doing a swell impersonation of Shirley, which cinched matters for her. Now, whenever the Kelly attentions waver, Jane merely goes into a Temple routine.

■ ■ ■

Perhaps the most interesting production of the moment is "Princess Charming," mainly because everyone is sitting around waiting for an explosion of some sort. Josef von Sternberg, who is not the most placid guy in town, is directing, and his stars are Grace Moore and Franchot Tone. Miss Moore is no blushing violet when it comes to standing up for her rights in a picture, all of which has everyone on the set keeping their fingers crossed, for when the blow-up arrives they're wagering you can hear it all the way to Pasadena.

■ ■ ■

We're still puzzling about the Jessie Matthews situation. The charming English gal, a British stage and screen favorite, was signed several months ago by M-G-M to co-star in a musical with Bob Montgomery. After the release of her latest picture, "First a Girl," in which she received many nice adjectives from the critics, M-G-M bought off her contract and will substitute Eleanor Powell in the forthcoming musical. It'll be nice to see the Powell lass once more, but it also would have been nice to get a first-hand look at England's best-looking screen star.

■ ■ ■

Things were pretty tense on the Warner lot for a while, too. Out there they're making a screen version of "The Green Pastures," and the cast, of course, is colored. On the next set another group of colored performers were doing a musical number called "Save Me, Sister" for Al Jolson's "The Singing Kid." The "Green Pastures" contingent would have nothing at all to do with their colored brethren on the next set. The air of mystery was finally cleared up by Rex Ingram, who plays De Lawd in "The Green Pastures." "Over there," he said, "they're doing just exactly what we're preaching against in our picture."

■ ■ ■

There is also quite a bit of dissension and looking askance among the members of the cast of "The Green Pastures." During the making of the Heaven scenes, the older actors, who are angels in the production, looked with disdain on the younger element, which devoted its between-scenes moments to truckin' and various other forms of Harlem hot-stepping. The angels feel that truckin' has no place in Heaven.

■ ■ ■

One of the longest single speeches in pictures was delivered by Douglas Dumbrille for a scene in "Opera Hat." The speech was a 750-word number which consumes three minutes of the film. A 3-minute speech is not unusual on the stage, but in picture's it's something of a record—so much so that on each take the extras on the sidelines laid bets with each other as to whether or not Dumbrille would go through it with no errors. Naturally, the scene was shot several times before it was satisfactory. By our watch the speech was recorded for posterity in 45 minutes.

■ ■ ■

There was a surprised gang of cowboys on the "Sutter's Gold" location trip recently, and it's all because of Binnie Barnes. Every day during production Binnie saddled a horse and enjoyed a short ride around the lot. One morning one of the cowboys in the picture tried, as a gag, to lasso her, but he missed. Binnie borrowed his rope, and proceeded to give the boys a neat demonstration of trick and fancy twirling, much to their amazement. What they didn't know was that Binnie started her professional career on the vaudeville stage in Australia as a fancy roper, and she still knows a trick or two.

■ ■ ■

Perhaps this isn't amusing, but it seemed funny to us at the moment. Watching a picture in production at Universal, we noticed, sitting in a canvas-backed chair, a large Indian squaw, smoking a pipe and waiting her turn to go on. On the back of the chair was the hand-lettered inscription: CAROLE LOMBARD.

■ ■ ■

The long-anticipated Astaire twins turned out to be one small boy, weighing somewhere in the vicinity of seven pounds. Fred didn't appear downcast at the solo performance and his wife, the former Phyllis Potter, has two sons now, anyway, one by her former marriage. *(Cont'd on page 126)*

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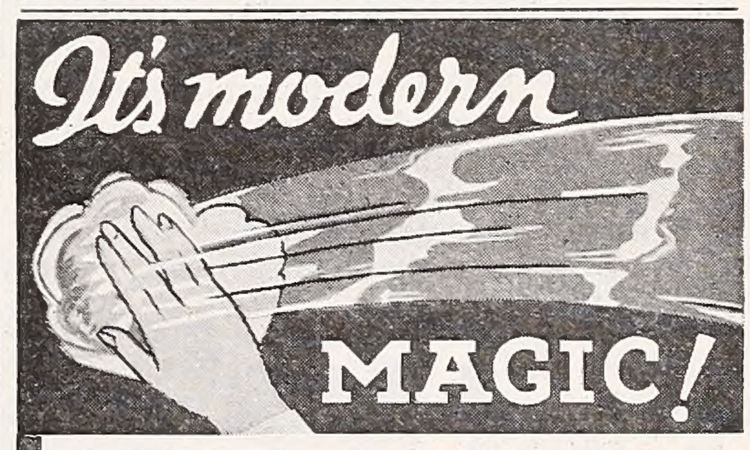
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MORE GOOD NEWS



The younger set at the Biltmore Bowl—Grace Durkin, Dick Cromwell, Phil Reed and Anita Louise—have a grand time.



Irene Hervey, minus Bob Taylor, at the Club Seville. Her escort is Allan Jones, handsome baritone.



Lew Ayres, Phyllis Frazer, Ben Alexander and Ginger Rogers. Ginger went East recently with her mother.

Boris Karloff and Buck Jones, who deal in cold-and-red-blooded screen characters exclusively, aren't that way at all at home. In fact, the Joneses and the Karloffs are in the midst of a friendly rivalry over guess what? Well, if you must know, it's roses. They both grow strange and exotic types of flowers, and when one of them comes through with a new one it's immediately called to the other's attention. Can't you picture Frankenstein's monster out in his garden tenderly nursing a rose, and hoping against hope that he's keeping up with the Joneses?

■ ■ ■

Loud Cheers Department: Kay Francis, regarded by many as cold and rather haughty, can be credited with one of the nicest deeds that has come to our attention in some time. It seems that several months ago Ruth Jones, secretary to the head of the publicity department at Kay's studio, was severely injured in an automobile accident. As a result, she spent considerable time in a hospital in San Bernardino, some distance from Hollywood. Without fanfare or publicity (up till now) the lovely Kay has paid a good share of the hospital bills, and she and Delmar Daves have been Miss Jones' most constant visitors.

■ ■ ■

All is now serene in the Warren William menage, but 'twas not always so. The W.'s, as you may have noted from the pictures, have a bar, the walls of which are decorated with the features of two quizzical-looking monkeys. The trouble all started when Warren purchased a pair of real simians. The flesh-and-blood pair were puzzled by their inanimate brethren on the wall. Finally they took to jumping at them, trying to stir up a little action, but the only result was that the wall took a terrible beating. To keep his home intact Warren was forced to get rid of half of his collection, and the live pair were sent into exile.

■ ■ ■

During the racing season at Santa Anita most of the stars spent their spare time hanging on the rail and betting on favorites. Everyone had his special system of picking winners, but our favorite is Arline Judge's. Arline merely counted the letters in the day of the week it happened to be, and played the horse whose number corresponded. She didn't win a bet that way all season, but the system pleased her highly.

■ ■ ■

Do you want a letter from Bing Crosby? It's easy; just pan him. It's true, for Bing is a very conscientious guy, and handles his fan mail more carefully than any other star in Hollywood. A request for a picture always brings one, and a letter of praise, of which there are many, brings a nice form letter of appreciation. Comes one of the rare letters which denounce him, and Bing sits himself down and delivers a personal reply, hoping thus to straighten out any dislike the letter writer might have. Bing is to be admired for his industry, so please don't pan him unless you mean it.

■ ■ ■

We spent a pleasant hour beside a swamp load of crocodiles recently, watching Wallace Beery and John Boles do a scene for "A Message to Garcia." John and Wally are escaping from something or other, and in order to make their getaway they must cross the swamp. Before going on, it might be well to inform you that the largest and most menacing of the reptiles is a studio concoction of rubber, but the smaller amphibians surrounding it are the real thing, in charge of a crocodile trainer (swell profession!). On the second take Mr. Boles, an agile crocodile-dodger, crossed successfully, but Wally, perched on a rock in the middle of the swamp, slipped backward and stepped squarely on the head of one of them, who resented it enough to take a vicious snap at the Beery foot. Wally calmly kicked back at the crocodile and marched indignantly across the swamp to safety. There is no moral to this tale, except that if any crocodiles are reading it, let them be warned not to snap at Mr. B.



Mary Blackford surrounded by a group of friends—Ben Alexander, Paula Stone, Cecilia Parker, Phyllis Frazer and Anne Shirley.

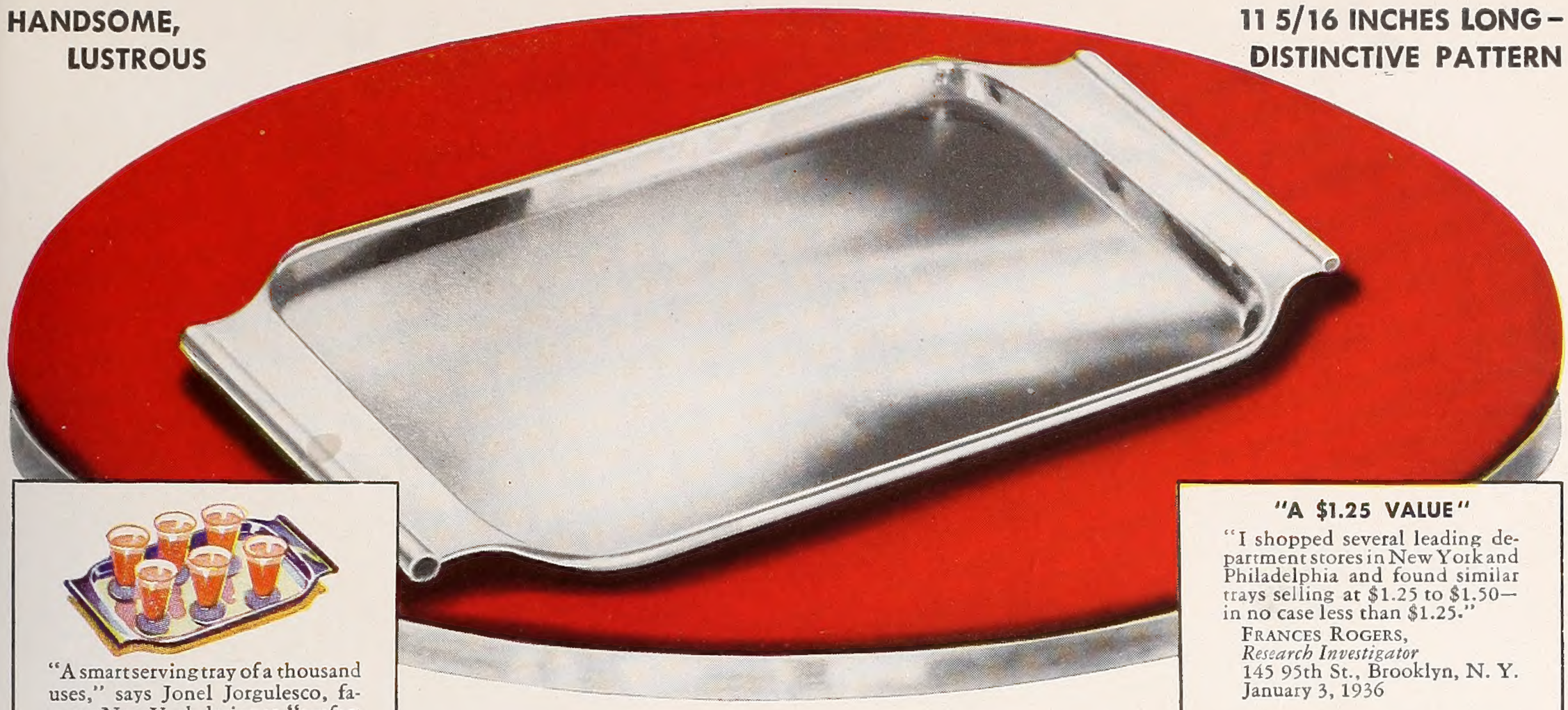


Jan Kiepura and Marta Eggerth hold hands at the Pickford affair. Devoted obviously, they still deny marriage.

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